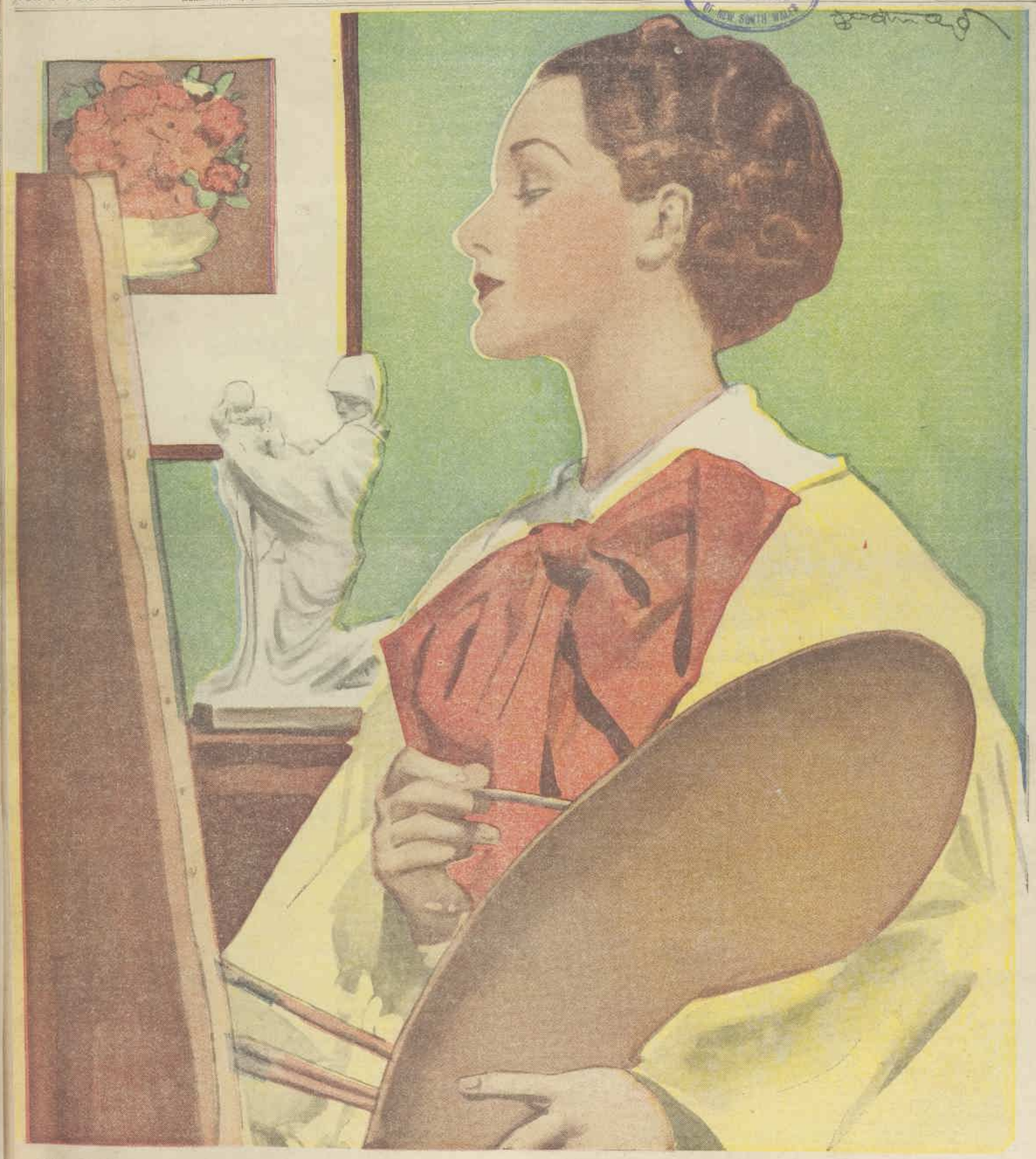
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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On quiet brow, in thoughtful eyes
The birth of inspiration lies,
The vague, elusive thing that seems
In fusion with the artist's dreams.

The ARTIST

In years to come, this canvas may
Immortalise her dream to-day,
And then perhaps the hands of fame
Shall set a crown upon her name.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

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STORK HOVERS — *Mothers Wait for £120,000 BABY*

World's Amazing Birth Contest Ends in Three Weeks

Canadian's Unique Bequest

By JOHN B. DAVIES, Our Special Representative in New York

Seven families are in the running for the 600,000-dollar prize offered in Canada's fantastic "Stork Derby" for the greatest number of children born to a Toronto mother between November 1, 1926, and October 31, of this year.

Who'll be the winner? It's hard to say, for the stork is hovering with one, two, or three more babies, any one of which is likely to be worth £120,000 or so to its mother



MR. G. R. SPROAT, who is trustee of the baby race prize.



MRS. M. HARRISON, one of the entrants in the great baby race, courageously helps nine of her 14 children with their homework. Only eight of her children are eligible to be counted in the race.

THERE is also the possibility of outsiders entering at the last moment.

Already a young mysterious Mrs. X. has joined the race, claiming ten children. She is 24 years of age, and says she was married at fifteen.

The trustees of the prize-money have also decided that unmarried mothers are eligible.

Other entrants, perturbed by threats that their children may be kidnapped and held for ransom, are considering withdrawing from the race.

The seven known leading contenders for the fortune bequeathed by an eccentric bachelor sportsman have had a total of 64 babies since the unique contest began. Fifteen of the children have died and five others were stillborn.

It is the question of whether or not these latter may be counted in the race for wealth that promises a sensational maze of litigation before the actual victor can be announced.

Baby a Year

THE instigator of this weird competition was Charles Vance Miller, whose queer sense of humor induced him to leave one of the strangest wills ever devised.

Practically all of Canada rocked with laughter when it was revealed that he had left his shares of Jockey Club stock to reformers who for years have been fighting race-track gambling. His brewery shares went to some of Canada's most ardent "Drys."

But most curious of all was his stipulation that the residue of his huge estate should be left as a prize to the Toronto resident who, in ten years, should bear the most babies.

The leading women in the contest have averaged a baby a year in the past decade.

Some, not realising in the early years that they would be in line for the prize, are now claiming the right to count stillborn babies, who had not been registered in the proper way. This is the case with Mrs. Lilly Kenny, a French-Canadian, who claims the leadership with 12 babies born in the ten-year period.

Of these only nine have been registered, the other three having been prematurely born. She is making a frantic search for the physicians who attended her at these times, but since the babies should have been registered under the law, it is doubtful whether the doctors will be eager to come forward.

Even if this effort fails, however, Mrs. Kenny is expecting another visit from the stork, and she has high hopes that it may prove to be twins or more. This expectation is based on the fact that she has already had three sets of twins.

As matters now stand the contestants in this strange race might be ranked as follows:—

	Babies registered.	Babies claimed.
Mrs. Alice Timleck	10	10
Mrs. Grace Bagnato	10	10
Mrs. Kathleen Nagle ..	10	10
Mrs. Lilly Kenny	9	12
Mrs. Steffano Darrigo ..	9	9
Mrs. Hilda Graziano ..	8	9
Mrs. Madelaine Harrison	8	8

But it is almost certain that this standing will be altered since Mrs. Lilly Kenny, Mrs. Steffano Darrigo, Mrs. Hilda Graziano, and Mrs. Madelaine Harrison each hope for another baby or twins before the closing date of the competition.

The Leaders

FOLLOWING is the background of the principal participants:—

Mrs. Timleck, aged 37, has given birth to a total of 17 children, of whom three have died. She is the only one who says she will have no more babies.

Curiously enough, Mrs. Timleck's brood was started with an adopted child which she and her husband acquired after they had been told by a fortune-teller that they would have no children.

Mrs. Grace Bagnato, an Italian, has given birth to a total of twenty-four children, of whom 10 are registered in the race. Only four of those born in the past decade have survived.

Mrs. Bagnato is a woman of 43, and in addition to her remarkable record for child-bearing, she has carved an enviable niche for herself in the business world.

She is a competent court interpreter, and has never had to leave her job for more than a few weeks for her confinements.

Mrs. Kathleen Nagle, 34, who bore her tenth eligible child during August, is probably the most ambitious mother of them all. Her goal is to have the largest family in Canada, and whether or not she participates in the "Stork Derby" winnings, **she is determined to go right on having children at the same rate.**

Mrs. Steffano Darrigo, 43, who may or may not rank among the leaders, hopes for her tenth registered child about the end of October, but admits that it is by no means certain that this baby will make its appearance in time.

Mrs. Hilda Graziano only claims nine children in the race, though her husband declares that there was a premature birth which should count. Her main hope is that an expected blessed event will be twins. She is a woman of 37, and the family has been on relief for some time.

Mrs. M. Harrison has had 14 children, but only 8 within the past 10 years. She fears that the arrival of another will be delayed beyond the Derby time limit. In contrast to some of her competitors, Mrs. Harrison is a girlish-looking woman, **and takes great pride in the fact that all her children are alive and healthy.**

What will be the outcome of this strange "Motherhood Marathon"? Most of the families with nine or 10 children registered have made unofficial statements to the effect that they would be willing to share the prize and thus eliminate what promises to be one of the most controversial legal battles in Canada's history.

But it is evident that each of the entrants holds a strong hope that she will get the entire fortune, and it is therefore doubtful if an agreement can be reached on a "share-the-wealth" basis.

This unique contest is arousing world-wide attention, and every birth within the circle of participating mothers becomes international news.



MRS. H. GRAZIANO, with seven of her children.



MRS. GRACE BAGNATO, another one of the leaders.

Last Wag of the First Tail-Wagger

THE first dog to join the Tail-Waggers' Club when it was formed in Australia, in September, 1931, has just died. No. 1 Tail-Wagger was an Irish terrier called Terry, and he belonged to Mrs Sayer, of Toorak.

Since he joined, the membership has grown to over 20,000, and the movement has spread throughout Australia. All proceeds are devoted to animal charities.

MIGRANT *Girls For* DOMESTIC WORK

Government May Pay Passages

By Our Canberra Correspondent

As part of the new scheme of immigration the Government is considering bringing out a large number of young women as domestic workers.

THERE are two reasons why the Government is interested in this type of migrant.

One is because there is a shortage of domestic workers in Australia, girls here showing no inclination for this form of employment.

Secondly, because the girls selected as immigrants are generally of a good type, and after a year or two in the country usually marry and become the mothers of Australian families.

The idea is that the Government will select the girls in England and grant them assisted passages on condition that they take up housework for a stated period.

However, before the scheme is put into operation the Commonwealth is seeking the opinion of the States.

It is possible, however, that the scheme may fall through for a peculiar reason.

Reports from England indicate that there is just as big a shortage of domestic workers there as there is in Australia.

Foreign "Invasion"

BRITAIN, it is said, is being invaded by foreign domestic servants at the rate of 100 a week. The reason is that English girls refuse to take up domestic situations. They prefer work in factories and shops, which leaves their evenings free.

In the last 12 months five thousand permits for foreign girls to take positions in English homes have been issued the chief countries concerned being Austria 1500, Denmark 500, France 800, Germany 1500 and Switzerland 400.

Should it prove to be the case that the Commonwealth is unable to find suitable immigrants in England, the question arises whether girls from any of the continental countries will be given the opportunity of migrating.

In the United States girls from some of the northern countries of Europe are greatly esteemed for domestic employment.

Girls' Story of Royal Courts

Darts are the latest English game craze, according to Patricia and Peggy Leary, daughters of Lieutenant-Colonel T. G. S. Leary, Melbourne physician, and Mrs. Leary, who have returned to Australia with their parents, after attending the Royal Courts.

THEY bought a car and toured England, Scotland and Ireland during their trip abroad.

They found dart boards fixed even in tap-rooms of little inns, which smart young people frequented for the sport.

They were presented at Court at the second garden party.

"We handed cards to the Equerry, who passed them to the Lord Chamberlain, who announced the names," said the elder sister, Patricia.

"All bowed their heads when they curtsied to the King, but it was the only opportunity I had to see him close, so I just looked at him. Most of them had obviously rehearsed their curtsies but we hadn't.

"The older women looked lovely, but the younger ones were not nearly as smart as Australians. Frocks were long and flimsy, with very few dark ones."



Her charm is her daintiness! She uses Atkinsons exquisite Toilet Waters in the bath, on her undies, her handkerchief, her hair! Around her clings the brisk, bracing fragrance of Eau de Cologne or the beguiling sweetness of English Lavender—and always Atkinsons because they are so true and lasting.



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Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Exhibited at Famous Salons

MISS ELMA ROACH, Australian artist, who has spent past eight years painting her way round Europe, is back in Melbourne for a short while before setting out on her travels again. In Europe she studies with Milich, and in England with Knighton Hammond. Has exhibited at the Paris Salon, Salon de Tuileries, and Royal Academy.

Of all places visited, never spending less than six months in each, likes Spain best.



Brilliant Architect

THOUGH domestic architecture has not been his forte to date, Morton Earle Herman, B. Arch., A.R.I.B.A., returning this month after six years' study abroad, may be responsible for designing many Australian homes of the future.

This brilliant young architect was educated at Sydney Technical High School. In 1924 won University Exhibition to School of Architecture, and graduated with first-class honors in 1930. Same year was awarded Australian Medallion and Travelling Scholarship by Board of Architects, N.S.W. He is a son of Mrs. J. E. Herman and late J. E. Herman, Coogee, N.S.W.



Adventurous Australian

MISS AILEEN PALMER, daughter of Vance Palmer, Australian novelist, and Mrs. Palmer, went from London recently as secretary to first British Medical Unit to leave for Spain.

Been in England several years. Accompanied parents to Barcelona short while ago, and had position in Spanish Bureau. Was there when revolution started, and helped many people leave the country before she herself departed. Was not long in England, however, before she donned nurse's uniform and returned to Spain.

QUEENS of EUROPE—*Where are they* NOW?

Brilliance of Court Life Has Dwindled Almost to Nothing

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England. By Air Mail.

Among the ever-dwindling monarchies of the world, queens have lost ground faster than kings. To-day there are only five queens on European thrones. Before the Great War there were nearly a score.

Royal divorces, dethronements, dictators, war, revolution and intrigue have all helped to bring about this position.

IN the past generation the royal purple has faded in country after country. Only in a few nations does a sovereign's banner still fly above the palace buttresses.

Within a few years after the last gun had boomed in the Great War, the score of reigning Queens in Europe had contracted to twelve.

The march of events has reduced that number to five—the Queens of Holland, Bulgaria, Norway, Italy, Denmark.

ON three European thrones kings rule alone, and on one a boy is seated.

King Edward of England is a bachelor, so England is Queenless for the first time since 1553. King George of Greece is divorced. King Leopold of the Belgians is a widower.

In Yugoslavia the boy king reigns under the dominance of regents.

Thus four courts are without the tempering influence of a royal consort.

Dictators, too, rule their countries without personal feminine influence.

No woman shares the reign of the four in Europe—Stalin of Russia, Hitler of Germany, Mussolini of Italy, and Ataturk Kemal of Turkey.



QUEEN ALEXANDRINE, of Denmark.



QUEEN IOANNA, of Bulgaria.



QUEEN MAUD, of Norway.

Outstanding Queen

MOST outstanding of the remaining queens is Wilhelmina of The Netherlands, or Holland, who has reigned for 46 years. She succeeded to the throne when only ten years old. She has a personality vital enough to gild her with radiance, even if her high rank could not give it of itself.

She is the one queen whose influence reaches beyond the scope of the royal coat-of-arms, the court seal, and other emblems of sovereignty.

The last of the brilliant queens of the late half-century, and the last of Europe's woman sovereigns, she can rank with Victoria of England, Elizabeth of Austria, and Christina of Spain—to mention a few.

Queen Mary of England, who has shared such a distinction with her, has withdrawn to the quiet shadows behind the calm English throne since the death of King George in January this year.

The other queens of Europe are hardly known. From the small and peaceful kingdoms of Norway and Denmark there comes little or no news of the two queens.

The name of Queen Ioanna of Bulgaria is seldom mentioned.

Her mother, Queen Helena of Italy, stepped into the news recently, after a long period of seclusion, by dropping her own and her husband's wedding rings into Mussolini's melting-pot to finance the fight against Abyssinia.

These are the throned queens of Europe. Quiet, unobtrusive people they are, almost insignificant beside the vivid and spectacular personalities of history.

Among the romantic figures who lost their thrones was the Czarina of Russia.

With Rasputin she has contributed an imperishable chapter of history.

She was shot dead by revolutionaries while she knelt at prayer in the white-washed basement of her summer palace at Ekaterinburg.

Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, of Germany, after the death of the Kaiserin Augusta, married again. Though living in exile in Holland he still claims the title of Emperor and Empress for himself and his second wife.

Queen Ena of Spain no longer lives with the dashing ex-King Alfonso.

Part of the year she lives at her luxurious flat in Park Lane, London. The remainder she spends at her suite at Fontainebleau, outside Paris. She was a niece of King Edward VII. of England.

The war in Spain has revived hopes of a restoration of the monarchy—and another queen.

Royal Divorces

TWO Queens have been divorced and live in Florence, Italy. They are Queen Sophie of Greece and Queen Helen of Rumania.

Queen Sophie was the wife of King George of Greece, who was recently restored to his throne. She won the disfavor of the kingdom by holding aloft the pennant of her brother, the Kaiser, while she was enthroned in her husband's country.

As a result of the assassination of the King, the Queen of Yugoslavia no longer reigns. She shares with three others the position of Regent over her son, commonly called Peter, the Boy King.

Tragic accidents have removed two Belgian queens from the throne.

The death of King Albert of the Belgians in a fall from the ragged crags of a mountain-top sent his Queen Elizabeth into heartbroken retirement.

Once a magnetic figure beside her reticent and fragile husband, she became a sad woman of faded vitality. She was seeking the peace and seclusion of the convent when her son Leopold's beautiful Queen Astrid was killed in a motor accident at Lake Lucerne, in Switzerland. Elizabeth now looks after Leopold's three children.

The tragic death of Astrid was a severe shock to the Belgian nation. They owed much of their happiness to her. Now they have built almost a legend about her memory.

Her name is commemorated in many ways, including books, lectures, and stamps. Exhibitions, monuments, and national parks carry her name. Pilgrims visit her tomb. Souvenirs of her are sold in the shops.

Continued on Page 18



QUEEN WILHELMINA, of the Netherlands, most outstanding of Europe's present day Queens. Inset: Queen Helena of Italy.



ALFRED J. BRITON

MAKE THIS TEST —TO-NIGHT!

BEFORE you hop into bed to-night, try this. Strip down to your birthday suit and stand in front of your mirror. Look yourself over. What do you see? A fine, upstanding specimen of a MAN, splendidly proportioned, superbly muscled, glowing with health and vitality? Or do you see a flabby, sickly sort of fellow, with sunken chest, bloodless-looking flesh, scrawny arms, neck and legs?

WATCH THEM TURN AROUND!

NOTICE how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad-shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. And you can be that man. Remember, I not only promise it; I GUARANTEE IT. Now don't put it off a minute. Get going to new happiness and real manhood to-day.

WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU IN JUST 30 DAYS!

IN the first 30 days I guarantee to add one whole inch of real live muscle on each of your arms, and two whole inches of rippling strength across your chest. I'll take the kinks out of your back, strengthen and broaden your shoulders, give you a wrist of steel, and a fighting, powerful personality that just yells youth, vigor, and vitality all over. I've done it for hundreds, and I can do it for you!

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GIRLS *Who Backed* EVERY WINNER

How Did They Do It?—They Backed Every Horse That Started

Eight typists in a city office tried out a racing system at Randwick on Epsom Day. They lost—but not as much as most punters, an outsider at 37½ to one in the big race saving the day.

Here was the system they adopted. They threw in £1 each out of the week's wages, making a bank of £8 for the big offensive against the tote and decided to take out tote tickets on every starter.

TWO of the girls took the money to Randwick, and of course, went into the St. Leger, not only because it was the cheapest, but because the five shillings tote allowed greater scope for their modest bank.

Their instructions were to take a "win" tote ticket on every horse in every race on the day.

There was much discussion as to whether Gold Rod's race should be eliminated from the system, but it was finally decided that, as there were only nine starters in that race, it would be better to include it.

In addition to taking a "win" tote ticket on every horse, they had to take an extra ticket on the favorite, so as to help balance the budget in case he came home at a short price.

Only one race, the Spring Stakes, was not included in the system, since it was run while the syndicate representatives were having afternoon tea.

Why They Did It

"No, I don't think you could call us gamblers," said one of the girls of this syndicate after the last race.

"None of us has ever really had a bet on a horse before, although we occasionally take a ticket in an office sweep on the Melbourne Cup.

"We went to Randwick because it is an exciting day out, and the dresses, the crowds, and the carnival spirit, as well as the racing, would appeal to anyone."



THE TOTALISATOR QUEUES at Randwick, where eight typists tried out a betting system which gave tote clerks a headache, since the system demands a ticket on every runner in the race.

Wrong Tickets

THE table below shows the result of the day's operations, which resulted in a total loss of 3/6, or 5d each.

Not many other punters escaped on Saturday with the loss of five pence.

What thrills the eight had when the owners of the rank outsider Capris at 37½ to 1 protested against the Epsom being given to Gay Lover, who would have paid £1/13/6 for a win instead of the £9/9/6 paid by Capris.

Incidentally, it was a lady who won the race for the first time in 30 years on a protest at that, and the girls had a lot of nice things to say about the beautiful style of Capris.

Another thrill, not for the six who stayed at home and listened in to the races, but for the two investing the syndicate's money, was when the tote attendant issued 16 tickets on the second race for a "place" instead of a "win."

While they argued with the attendant, the mechanic had to be called to adjust the totalisator and cancel the tickets and a queue of several hundreds of people was held up for fully ten minutes.

What some of the crowd said about the system which kept them in the line for that time can best be imagined.

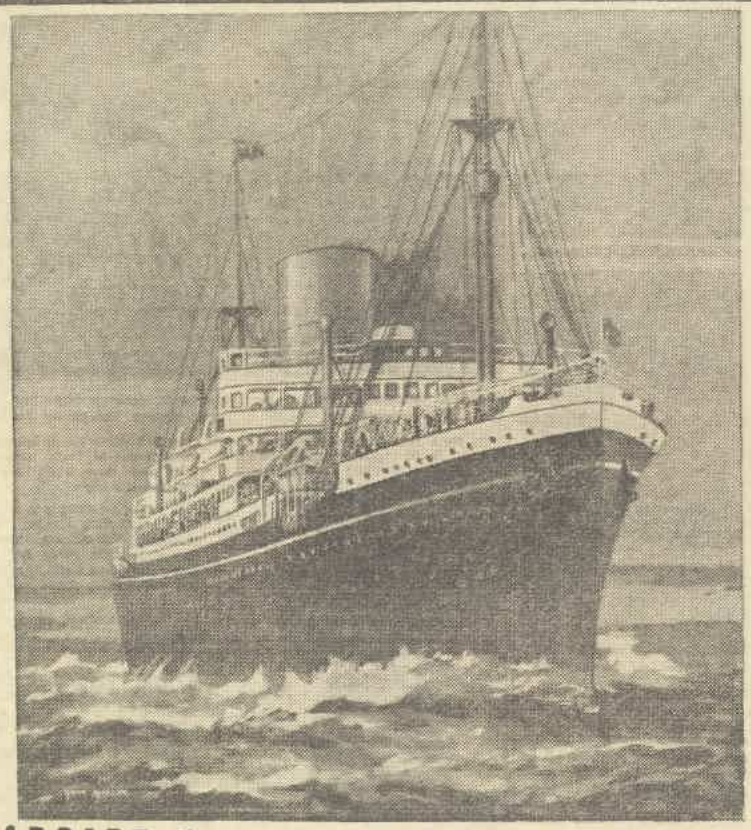
Here is the girls' budget on the day's betting.

	Outlay	Return
Hurdle Race, 12 tickets	£3 0 0	£2 13 0
Trial Stakes, 17 tickets	4 5 0	2 6 0
Derby, 9 tickets	2 5 0	3 16 6
Epsom, 18 tickets	4 10 0	9 9 6
Spring Stakes, no business	—	—
Kensington Hcp., 23 tickets	5 15 0	2 7 6
Total Loss, 3/6.	19 15 0	19 11 6

The girls have not lost faith in their system, which, by the way, has not been copyrighted, and intend to continue with it on each day of the Randwick meeting.

If you're interested, work out the system on the whole race carnival and see how they fare.

TRAVEL *to* ENGLAND



ABOARD A *One Class* BAY LINER

THE One-Class Bay Liners have recently been remodelled. A large number of new single, two and three berth porthole cabins have been provided, also a new entrance lounge. In addition to the cabins mentioned above there are a number suitable for families.

Travel ONE-CLASS and have the run of the whole ship—the use of all decks, lounges, smokeroom, etc. There is a playroom for children. A well-stocked library, sound films, dancing, swimming pool (in the tropics), and other features combine with the happy atmosphere of comfort and friendliness to make every moment of your stay on board enjoyable.

You select your cabin when you book.

Tourist Fares range from £39 (plus Exchange), while a berth in cabins of the Tourist "B" type costs as little as £36 (plus Exchange).

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SCOTT'S BRIDE *Glad Big Air* RACE OVER

Happy Pair May Live Here

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

"I just sat tight and kept smiling," said Mrs. C. W. A. Scott, formerly Greta Bremner, of Melbourne, and bride of a few weeks, when interviewed after her husband had won the Johannesburg air race.

While Scott risked the hazards of the air, in the dash to Africa, his young bride sat in her London flat and fought down her fears.

"I JUST hated the idea," she said. "But I can't expect Charles to give up his life's work. So I determined not to worry, and it turned out all right.

"When he comes back we hope to go to Australia.

"I'm crazy to go back to the sunshine, and Charles is quite keen on the idea of having a home there."

The romance began in Australia, when the tall, broad-shouldered airman made his great flight in 1934, winning the Melbourne Centenary air race with the late Campbell Black as his companion and co-pilot.

She was then a petite, blue-eyed blonde of eighteen, and it was love at first sight when they met at a party on the night he arrived.

She is not much higher than his heart, and just as feminine as can be. Doesn't want to pilot a plane, and hates driving a car.

"One in the family is enough," she said. "Charles does these things so superlatively well I don't need to bother.

"We both adore yachting, and we're more proud of the cup we won together at Burnham Yacht Club that any other trophy."

Marie Bremner, the actress sister of the bride, is still in Sydney, and the rest of the family live in Melbourne, so Greta couldn't have any of her family at the wedding.

Incidentally, she was the first bride to wear Coronation-purple for her marriage at the Caxton Hall Register Office.

A few days earlier she had been hurrying around Bond Street in an effort to find purple antelope shoes to match her wedding gown—a creation of lilac lame, designed by Maggy Rouff.

It was cut on simple lines and belted with bright purple. On her pale gold hair she wore a tiny open cap of purple velvet covered with a veil of stiffened net. A short ermine coat protected her from the first chill of autumn.

Among the trousseau suits is a very smart and original model cut on the lines of an R.A.F. uniform. It is carried out in blue-grey tweed, slim as to skirt and much-pocketed coat. For the lapel there's a tiny aeroplane brooch set with rubies.

The wedding ring is a circle of square-cut diamonds.

The honeymoon was spent in Paris. They flew there of course, and shortly after their return, the airman left for Southampton to overhaul his plane for Johannesburg—and victory.

Pictorial Flight To Africa

Scott's victory in the England-Johannesburg Air Race last week has stimulated interest in the country over which he flew. This week The Australian Women's Weekly takes you on a pictorial flight of Africa. ***See Page 17.***

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NOTHING is SAFE

Illustrated by FISCHER



THE story of Terry and Julia, two delightful children, and what happened to them when their parents became divorced and married again. It's a modern story, full of unusual appeal. Witty, poignant, utterly human, entirely enchanting, it will hold your interest from the opening lines. Meet Terry and Julia in the first chapters of this enthralling story.

Commencing Our New SERIAL

By ...

E. M. Delafield

The Captain finds 12-year-old Terry playing with toys. He bursts into a roar of laughter which makes Julia feel as though something had hit her. An incident in our absorbing serial.

CHAPTER 1

EVEN in what Julia now thought of as "the old days"—a year ago, and more—Terry had always minded things.

Whenever anything went even a little bit wrong, he was almost certain to be fearfully upset. Sometimes he cried, even at twelve years old.

Daddy said Terry was a neurotic little ass.

Mummy said he was highly strung, and that she'd been the same herself as a child.

Julia just thought that it was bad luck on Terry, being like that. And although he was two years older than she was, she took care of him as far as she could, and tried always to prevent the kind of things that he minded from happening. But now, thought Julia disconsolately, I really am done.

Terry always hated paying visits and meeting strange people, and now—so far as Julia could see—they were going to do nothing but pay visits for the whole of their lives.

They couldn't be at home, for the simple reason that home didn't exist any more. First daddy had gone—to stay at his club—and then mummy had said the house was going to be sold, and that they wouldn't live in Hampstead any more.

The fact was that mummy and daddy, after appearing to be just like other parents all their lives—well, all their lives since Julia had known them—had decided that they didn't really love one another a bit, and didn't want to live together any more.

Mummy had told them one afternoon in the garden. Julia hadn't paid very much attention at the time, partly because mummy was using the kind of voice that she hated — a smothered voice, Julia called it — and partly because she was watching Chang watching the birds. But all the same, she must have heard some of what mummy said, even without listening much, because, oddly enough, she could still remember certain bits of it.

"It isn't that daddy and I aren't friends any more. We're quite friends. I hope we always shall be.

"Nowadays, lots of people do what we're going to do. It just means that they can have a second chance.

"When you're older you'll understand. You'd want me to be happy, wouldn't you?"

Terry had said: "Yes."

When Julia looked at him he had on his frowning look, and was fiddling with a piece of grass, staring down at it hard.

That was when she'd first realised that he was going to mind, very much, about this. Perhaps because of Chang? If daddy and mummy weren't going to live together any more, which of them would have Chang?

THIS question had preoccupied Julia more than any other.

She could get no reply to it, although she asked mummy outright. Instead of answering, mummy had begun to explain that she and daddy were both terribly fond of Terry and Julia, and were going to divide the holidays between them, so that each of them would have the children for part of the time.

"But Chang!" said Julia in an agony. Mummy had paid no attention. She was watching Terry.

Julia was accustomed to this, and took it for granted. She would have to ask daddy about Chang.

Then—or later—she realised that it was quite a long time since she'd even seen daddy.

So he'd actually gone already.

It was rather startling, in a way. One hadn't realised that anything was happening. The only thing Julia could remember noticing was that daddy, for ages and ages, hadn't called mummy by any name at all. He didn't say "Daphne" or "darling" or even "dear."

Just nothing.

If daddy had gone, then he wasn't going to have Chang. So it must be mummy. But mummy didn't in the least understand dogs, and she never went for walks, and Chang wouldn't have any fun at all while Julia and Terry were away at school.

Oh, poor little Chang!

Julia had thought of nothing else for a long while.

But the very next holidays she and Terry were sent to stay with grandpapa and grandmamma at Chepstow — and there was Chang!

It was marvellous! More marvellous than the large house, and the Daimler, and the river, and the meringues on Sunday, although all these were things that Julia adored.

Even Terry quite liked staying at Chepstow, and he was as pleased as Julia was when them found that Chang was living there "for the present."

Grandpapa and grandmamma, although fussy as ever in their old-fashioned way, were kind, and arranged many treats. They were, Julia saw, for some grown-up reason of their own, sorry for her and for Terry.

Except for the absence of mummy and daddy—mummy only came for two week-ends and daddy not at all—everything was much as it always had been whenever they stayed at Chepstow.

Those were the short Easter holidays.

It was the following term that daddy came down to see Julia at school, and brought with him somebody called Petah.

Julia at first was not very pleased about this. She knew only too well what the conversation could be like when there were two grown-up people to one child. They pretended to be paying attention, but really they were only interested in one another.

Daddy, before, had always come with mummy, and once or twice by himself. Never with a stranger. Nor did he, at first, seem very cheerful.

Julia glanced at him surreptitiously once or twice as they went, all three, to the car left outside the school gates.

She thought that he might, somehow, look different because so many things seemed to have been happening lately.

But he didn't.

He wore his blue shirt and his leather jacket, and his felt hat very much on one side of his head, and he rolled and smoked his cigarettes just as fast and as frequently as ever.

And when Julia politely inquired after his writing, he said—as usual—that the paper was all right, and the editor was a fiend incarnate.

IT was in the act of eating a banana split that Julia began to understand that daddy and this Petah person were, or soon would be, married.

"Do you like her?" daddy inquired casually, when Petah had gone to powder her nose in the ladies' place.

Aware that he wanted her to say "Yes," Julia obligingly said it, but added: "Why does she wear such funny clothes?"

"They suit her type," said daddy. "And I dare say you don't realise it, but she's very young. Only twenty-two."

"Gosh!" said Julia, really impressed. "Why, she must be years and years younger than you are!"

"Yes," said daddy. "She is. You're coming to stay with us in the holidays, when mummy can spare you. We've got a marvellous little flat in a mews, and Petah's painted it all herself."

"What color?"

"Mostly blue and yellow. You'll like it. We'll go to the Zoo, shall we?"

"Or Madame Tussaud's," suggested Julia, who knew that Terry hated to see animals in cages.

"Anywhere you like," daddy assured her. "I thought you liked the Zoo."

"Well, I do, but Terry doesn't."

"Oh, we shan't have room for both of you at the same time, I'm afraid. Terry can be with mummy while you're with me—with us—and then change over. See?"

Julia saw, and didn't like it at all. It would never do. She and Terry wanted to be together. And besides, she could see very well that this Petah person wouldn't understand how to manage Terry at all. She'd worry him to death, and ask him questions, and make personal remarks—all the things that Terry most hated.

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The DRESS SHOW

A delightfully-written story of hard work . . . and sometimes the heartbreak that lies behind a mannequin parade



Illustrated by FISCHER

"Dear me, how very touching." They had not heard the door open, and both turned in startled surprise. Brenda was standing framed in the doorway.

A Long Complete Story ... by

Marigold Watney



THE whole of the staff of "Maison Thora" was in a state of seething excitement, for it was the day of the dress show. Everyone had come early and was working at top speed, but no one seemed to mind. Everybody was in a good temper, even Miss Dawson, the head fitter, who suffered from chronic indigestion and a querulous disposition.

There was one face, however, where the smile on the painted lips was purely mechanical and where a faint tinge of rouge tinted the pale cheeks. Freda Owen, the principal mannequin, had spent a sleepless night which had left tell-tale traces which she must try to hide. Hour after hour she had tossed and twisted, listening to the striking of the church clock while her heart quaked with fear. When morning came at last she had sat in dismay at her dressing-table, staring at her reflection in the mirror. That afternoon she would be expected to show all the most exclusive and expensive models, and there was her face, looking as faces will after a fear-ridden night.

She had done her best to repair the damage, with a sparing use of cosmetics, and then had gone into her little kitchenette and made herself some strong coffee, that would help her over an hour or two.

Outside the morning was raw and cold, and she turned up the collar of her coat as she hurried to the underground station. The platform was crowded with people who pushed and jostled when the train came in, but Freda hardly noticed the scrimmage, her mind was too intent on the letter in her handbag. The letter that had come the previous evening and was the cause of her sleepless night.

The general confusion at Thora's had the merciful effect of distracting her thoughts for the time being. Already two men from the confectioners had arrived; they were unpacking cups and saucers and little gilt baskets that presently would be filled with colored sugar cakes that most of the customers would refuse out of respect for their figures.

On a table stood an array of small glasses and bottles of preserved cherries. These were for the cocktails which all customers would accept with a splendid disregard for figures, both physical and at their banks. Customers often became quite reckless after the cocktail trays had been round.

When Freda went to the looking-glass to remove her hat, she noticed with relief that the cold wind had brought a little natural color to her cheeks and as she passed a comb through her hair, the thick waves sprang back into place. Only her grey eyes stared back at her, wide and frightened.

"Miss Owen, unpack that box of jewellery," mumbled Miss Dawson, her mouth full of pins.

OBEDIENTLY Freda untied the string round the cardboard box and, taking out the artificial trinkets, began arranging them on a tray. Long strings of milky pearls that looked deceptively real as they slid through her fingers. Sparkling paste ornaments and glass and painted wooden beads, amber and rose and sapphire. She sighed enviously as she laid them out on a black velvet cushion.

"Miss Owen, just come and help me arrange the chairs in the showroom."

"Miss Owen, just see that the crockery and glass have been properly washed."

"Miss Owen, just slip on the mist-blue ninon, it wants raising on the shoulders."

Miss Owen here, Miss Owen there—would it never end? She only had time to eat a sandwich hurriedly, before the show began.

Before three o'clock women began drifting into the showroom. Women of all descriptions, tall, short, stout, thin, women with fat, foolish faces, and others with thin eager ones. Debutantes thrilled with the idea of dance frocks, dowagers, warily looking for garments suitable for their age. Freda knew most of them by sight, they came regularly to Thora's biannual shows. Some bought lavishly, some prudently, just one or two dresses that would be useful and could be worn on any occasion. Some never bought at all.

Madame sat at the door, calling out the name of the frock on view as the mannequin sauntered into the room. Three girls took it in turn. Maude, small and piquante, would enter with a jaunty step, wearing the more daring of the models with a confident smile. Gertrude was dark and tall and stately; it was her role to tempt the older women. Freda, slim and white and golden haired, could be relied upon to show any dress to the best advantage.

"Autumn Leaves," called Madame.

That was Freda's cue to enter in a dark brown suit and an old-gold jumper and hat. As she wandered round the room she recognised several familiar faces, but amongst the new customers one girl caught her attention. She was lounging back in her chair with a nonchalant, indolent grace, and her scarlet mouth looked like a gash in her dead, white face. She was smoking cigarette after cigarette in an amber holder and her painted nails were almost mulberry color, to match her frock and hat. She had shrugged her shoulders free of her stone marten fur coat, which hung over the back of her chair, showing its expensive lining. She had two friends with her to whom she whispered and laughed; the sort of laughter that is apt to embarrass other people.

Freda could distinctly hear their conversation as she strolled about the room.

"My dear, what a hat."

"Makes her face look as yellow as a lemon."

"It would be all right for you, Brenda, you could carry it off easily."

"I wouldn't have a thing like that in my trousseau if you paid me."

So mulberry nails was a bride buying a trousseau, Freda concluded. Madame would make much of her presently.

"The Heart of a Rose."

That was her cue again; this time Brenda was more interested. She called the girl in an insolent drawl:

"Come here a minute. Turn round, slower, please. Now I want to feel the material."

She pulled up the hem of the skirt and scrutinised it closely, then scrawled the name on one of the slips of paper provided by Maison Thora for that purpose.

It was a relief when four o'clock came and the hired waitresses started handing round trays of tea and cocktails. That meant the show was nearly over, and the employees began to look forward to their own tea and a short rest before the putting away of the stock.

Freda, whose only refreshment since early morning had been a cup of coffee and a sandwich, began to feel faint and dizzy; the floor seemed to rock up and down in a most uncomfortable manner, and voices sounded blurred and indistinct. It was all she could do to stand steadily on her feet while Miss Dawson put the finishing touches to the bridal gown.

Pinning the coronet of orange blossom over the tulle veil, clasping the pearls about her throat and fastening to her shoulders the long, shimmering train with the shell pink lining.

"The Bride."

Miss Dawson flung open the door and the lovely bride, minus bridegroom and bridesmaids, advanced with a quiet dignity.

There was a hush at her appearance, even cocktail glasses were suspended, half-way to lips. There came whispers of admiration. "Beautiful!" "Lovely!" "Worth while being a bride to wear a dream like that!"

The room, with the subdued lights, was rocking more than ever, it was almost indistinguishable through the white tulle. With a graceful movement she raised both arms and flung back her veil, and found herself face to face with Stephen Fenwick.

He had evidently slipped into the room since her last appearance, and had come to fetch Brenda, for he was standing beside her, his hand resting on the back of her chair. For a moment Freda stood absolutely still, as only those are still who realise that their lives have reached a sudden crisis.

It was not the man himself that held her spellbound, nor his lean height, nor the clear-cut features, nor the thick dark hair with the slight frost of grey at the temples—it was his eyes. They were the most intensely blue eyes she had ever seen, and their gaze was startling with a strange wizard quality of penetration. She felt that he not only saw her there in her shimmering finery, he saw her mind and soul. It was almost as if he saw the letter that had caused her such misery, and knew how her brain had grown exhausted by worrying and fretting over the same frayed thought.

SHE did not know then that many women had felt the same about Dr. Stephen Fenwick. Women who visited him as patients in his consulting-room. Sometimes the understanding and sympathy in his eyes gave them a sense of security and confidence, but sometimes they found it hard to return that piercing gaze with composure.

"Steve," Brenda looked up with a casual indifference at the man she had promised to marry in two months' time, "Steve, don't you call that quite too divine for words?"

"I am sure I shall think so when you wear it," he answered, smiling down at her indulgently. What an irresponsible little thing she is, he reflected, like a child clutching at one glittering object, toying with it for a while, then tiring, and chasing after something new. It was her youth and light-heartedness that had first captivated him, and he often marvelled that she could find it in her heart to love him—a man fifteen years older than herself. Once or twice during the last few weeks he had fancied he had discovered a streak of hardness in her nature, but he had dismissed the idea, telling himself that he was growing old and intolerant. For once in his life his keen insight into human nature had played him false, he had forgotten to take into consideration that love is ever blind.

Please turn to Page 16

Surprise

Like a cautious, timid mouse,
Someone stole into my house,
Filled my room with lovely things,
Tall green stems with colored wings.

Laughing poppies greeted me,
Flaunting, gaily calling "See!
Someone left us here to make
Patterns for a dreamer's sake.
Dancing shadows where you tread,

Fantasy to turn your head,
Left the sweetest offering
That a loving heart can bring!"
Now I wonder who could know
That I needed beauty so?

—Yvonne Webb.

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FRESH MATERIAL

Complete Short Story

A happy story of a young couple who seek fame in Hollywood and stumble on it accidentally.



By . . .
FRANK CONDON

IT certainly gives me genuine pleasure to make out these minutes concerning Babe and Lennie Sims, recently residents of the Bronx, for I am able to set forth a vast improvement in their affairs. Things are definitely on the up for Lennie and his bright-eyed bride, who stands by him loyally and helps him puzzle out life's problems. Six months ago the report would have been dismal indeed, but now it is full of cheer and the goose hangs high.

Nobody will believe it, but those two innocents are out in Hollywood, 'pon my word, living in a pink stucco cottage, with a white garage and a clipped hedge. Babe has a dog that looks like a cat. They either own or rent an open roadster with red wheels, and every workday morning she drives him to his job like a proud and friendly wife.

I presume any normal person would regard Leonard Sims as a mild eccentric, of the studious or harmless literary type—a dreamer, thinker, delver into the unknown. Babe was a chorus girl once, so she is not like that and likes to eat three times a day.

It may be that Lennie is a genius, which only means different from other people. I never could say, and gave up trying long ago, but at any rate, when he and Babe were married and but less than a year ago, I was the staunch friend who stood up with them. Without the slightest sign of a honeymoon or any merry-making, Lennie tucked his bride under his arm, went on uptown to his old flat, now their mutual home, and finished work on his "Yellow Summer."

I may say here that "Yellow Summer" is a novel, or something like a novel, as it has blue covers and pages with printing and in one place it says: "By Leonard Sims."

Two hours after his wedding ceremony in a ministerial back room, Lennie was again whanging away at "Yellow Summer," and the blue-eyed Babe was wandering about, wondering if two adults could ever squeeze by in such tiny quarters, which they could and did.

After the Simses move up to the Bronx flat, I am out of town selling cigars and do not see Babe or Lennie for six months, but upon returning to New York, I wander at four in the p.m. into a joint on Fifteenth Street and there stands Leonard Sims, leaning his person against the bar, in close communion with a glass of milk and seltzer. He looks paler and thinner.

LENNIE and self shake hands, pound each other on the back, I have a drink and buy him one, hot milk and seltzer, and at five p.m. he suddenly cries out:

"Joe, you old scallawag, you come on out to our place and have dinner. Babe is dying to see you. How is she? She's glorious. She's one of nature's rare flowers."

So out we go on the subway, ring the bell, walk up three flights, and there is Babe in a flouncy white apron, prettier than ever and very happy to see me again. Three times she shakes hands all over, and says she is glad, and then adds in her own cheery tones:

"It is very nice of you, Joe, to come out for dinner with Lennie and me, and wouldn't it be lovely if we had some dinner to offer you? There is some cold chop in the icebox, a loaf of bread and a pint of milk, not very sour, and why should we lie about it to you?"

Whereupon I discover literature has petered out for the bounding Simses and they are on the rocks of poverty, but not despair. They haven't a dime.

Lennie is still steaming from the drink and acts quietly dignified, so I speak to Babe, hasten down three flights to a grocery and return with enough food to start Russia all over again. We have a filling meal and talk candidly.

Literature, as Babe begins to visualise it, is a nice clean trade, but doesn't seem to keep the meat man happy. "Yellow Summer" was a sublime flopjo, as I could have informed them long in advance. I read it, and could not understand it, and I am bright enough. As a novelist, young Sims went in heavily for the esoteric, with a dash of spiritual and some strong, suggestive symbolism, all of which is lovely, but non-paying.

WELL, I loaned the defunct firm a little money, but they continued to fall behind with the tradesmen, the gas company and the landlord. And then, out of a cloudy sky, came the miracle. The struggling house of Sims attracted the attention of the cinema, or at least "Yellow Summer" did, and an official sent Lennie a hurry-up telegram, advising him to drop into the New York office without delay and see Mr. Horace Blagden, editor-in-chief of the monster corporation. It was Babe who opened the telegram, expecting a death in the family. She read it, and began dancing about the room and hugging her husband.

"I told you so all the time," she cried delightedly. "I told you 'Yellow Summer' was a swell book. Now they're finding out, the stupids. You hustle down this morning and see Mr. Blagden and put on your other shirt without the hole."

That morning, in the New York office, Mr. Horace Blagden had informed him: "We will give you a contract for three months, and pay you one hundred and fifty a week. You start at once for Hollywood, where you will work in our studio under Mr. Williams, the general manager. It is quite possible they may wish to do something with your book, 'Yellow Summer.'"

LENNIE hurried uptown with the thrilling news, some advance money in his pocket, and a railway ticket for himself only. Babe praised him and declared she always knew it. Hastily she packed his bags.

"You just be patient, darling," he consoled her at train time, "and I'll be sending for you. You'll be out there in Hollywood with me as soon as I find out what's what and, meantime, you might try to sub-let the flat."

"Mustn't worry about me!" Babe smiled, kissed him, shoved him towards the train, and went back to the empty abode.

Novelist Sims rolled into Hollywood on time, hunted out a neat hotel on Vine Street, hired a two-room suite, and reported at the studio, where he was led in and introduced to Manager Williams, the care-worn man, whose troubles showed in his eyes. No time was wasted.

"Here is an English novel," Williams said. "Take it and read it. Your job here is to adapt it into a motion picture. You will be helped by Harry Fletcher, one of our scenario men."

He handed Lennie "Angels in the Dust," made a few pleasant remarks, and an office lad escorted the newcomer to a small office in the writers' building. In the adjoining cubbyhole sat Harry Fletcher, plump, cheerful, and without illusions. He walked in at once, shook hands, and introduced himself.

"I'm the guy that shows you how to do this," he grinned.

"Anything you want to know about the movies you ask me and I answer quick, as I have been in Hollywood since Balbon came around the bend. I'm what they call a continuity man."

"Thanks," Lennie smiled. "I don't know anything about the movies, nor do I know why they sent for me. But I am drawing one hundred and fifty a week and need it, so here I am. I'm a novelist."

"Yes, I know, but don't worry about that. You are to adapt 'Angels in the Dust' and I'm to steer you, when you feel like shooting what the man thinks. And if you care to know, you are heading into a chore."

"WHEN I started from New York, Mr. Blagden said they might be interested in my book."

Mr. Fletcher shook his head.

"They have to make 'Angels,' because they own it. They bought it and paid for it in swell gold notes, fifty thousand. They have never quit trying, and right now they are as far away from a film as ever. In one way and another this thing has cost the studio the round sum of six hundred thousand dollars, and it's worth all of a nickel."

Leonard Sims read "Angels in the Dust." Read it carefully from cover to cover, and then re-read it to make certain he had not missed some of the nuances. It was apparent to him that the volume dealt with a strange people, not like Americans or anybody. They lived in a strange land. They ate odd foods. Their conversation was peculiar, their customs were mysterious, and, look as he might, Leonard could find no love story.

From time to time Harry Fletcher strolled in and cheered Lennie on his way.

"Practically every white voter in Hollywood has had a try at it," he grinned. "We've given it to novelists, playwrights, poets with and without hair, song writers, sob-sisters and anybody that can write, or even says he can write. Twenty-one of them have gone over the falls trying to gouge out a treatment."

"Which is what?"

"Well, a treatment is a couple of hundred pages covered with interesting scenes for the director to shoot, the whole making a fascinating movie."

"Then our job is to make up a new story, or a good story, and hook it somehow into this book?"

"That is not our job. That is your job."

Undismayed by the outlook, Lennie plunged into his adaptation and worked like a beaver.

The days became weeks. Lennie concentrated until his head ached, wrote down novel situations, grafted in sections of new story, chucked out everything in the book, and conferred frequently with his assistant. He likewise split his cheques evenly with the adored Babe and wrote her sunny letters referring to their future among the palm trees of Hollywood. Never did he disillusion her about "Yellow Summer."

When the task was completed, Lennie had done his level best to inject a suitable story into the studio hoodoo and Harry Fletcher had labored nobly; between them, they had a job of 241 pages with dialogue, description, gags, stunts, and brisk action.

Lennie's contract had some time to go, and on the day he turned it in he had nothing further to do but sit, smoke and wait, like many another. Harry swore it was a capable job.

"You have plenty on the ball," he assured the young man, "but don't be having any rosy dreams."

The 241 pages were neatly bound, like all the others, and the treatment was not called "Angels in the Dust." It was described simply as Production 3389 in the studio records, and in due time the front office sent for Mr. Sims. Lennie responded and smiled as he passed Harry Fletcher's open door, and the continuity man, already hard at work on a new task, wished him the best of luck and a new contract.

Manager Williams was sitting in the same chair, and as Lennie entered, he glanced up.

"Sims," he said, "your contract expires shortly. We are not going to renew it. I'm sorry, and thanks for your work on 'Angels.'"

THERE was a brief pause, and Leonard leaned on a window.

"You mean my job here is ended?"

Williams nodded slowly.

"My—story—my treatment isn't any good?"

"It's good enough, but not what we want or can use. The assignment was difficult, for many others have failed. That's about all, Sims. See the cashier and he'll fix things up."

The young novelist walked slowly back to his office, and Harry Fletcher knew at a glance that the old iron ball had fallen again. He swore vigorously and advised Lennie not to be downcast, as it happened all the time in studios.

Please turn to Page 26



"Yes," she informed people, with a proud and happy note in her voice, "my husband is Leonard Sims, the novelist."

Illustrated by FISCHER

Money in the Movies

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

CULOTTES *for* ALL SPORTS

● THE CULOTTE with matching blouse which has the appearance of a dress, a particularly useful garment for week-ends. This one is done in blue shantung, with tie and sash of navy, spotted in the light blue. The trousers are flared and very full.



● A CULOTTE for summer golf and a most suitable garment for this game. The skirt and trousers in this case are made of lightweight jersey and give all the freedom and comfort necessary.

● THE CULOTTE for tennis, carried out in white pique, is very becoming. It is made like a dress with very brief top, neckline low in front and almost backless for sun-tanning. The divided skirt is full and flaring.

● FOR ALL active sport with the first version of the culotte, which is just well-fitting half-mast trousers, one must wear short tops. It is definitely wrong to top trousers with anything but a tailored type of shirt. The energetic lady doing a spot of cycling made hers of jersey—the trousers black, the shirt yellow. She could easily have made the same in linen, pique or shantung, but finds jersey is so comfortable; it never creases nor does it soil easily. Her large cowboy hat is yellow light straw

● FOR THE beach, of course, one must have a culotte. For this one I have chosen a new color for the beach, dusty-pink, carried out in heavy tweed linen, made like a divided skirt, with deep box pleat in front. It boasts a navy suntop which is quite backless

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RANDWICK Racegoers In SPRINGTIME GARB



● *AT LEFT: Guests at Admiralty House for race week. From left to right: Miss M. de Pledge (West Australia), and her sister, Miss Patricia de Pledge, both wearing navy patterned in white; Captain Robinson, A.D.C., and the Hon. Anne Vanneck, in black-and-white spotted crepe.*







● *ABOVE: From left to right, Mrs. Geoffrey Carter, whose black suit was adorned with cuffs of silk flowers; Miss Marie Dumas, wearing a brown-and-yellow striped tunic with a brown skirt and hat, and Miss Frances Angus, in a smart white pique jacket over her black frock.*

☆ ☆ ☆

● *LEFT CENTRE: Miss Midge Nelson (Dubbo), wearing a tailored frock of oatmeal mesh linen embroidered on one shoulder with a spray of red and blue flowers to tone with her broad bangles of red and blue glass. Her upturned sailor hat was in the same oatmeal tint.*

● *ABOVE: Lady McMaster in black georgette and a large black hat, cyclamen orchids shoulder spray, and Miss Thelma McMaster in white-and-green printed silk crepe, a wide brown baku hat, and large shoulder spray of lily-of-the-valley.*

☆ ☆ ☆

● *AT RIGHT: Miss Sheila Smart, wearing a most attractive German model of black satin back crepe, the cleverly-cut draped sleeves inset with a pleated panel of white chiffon. The neckline fitted to the shoulder with sunray tucking. A big black stitched silk hat.*



Amazing

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure obtains its amazing results WITHOUT the use of narcotics. Doctors are fighting for many a life to-day because a "simple cold" was neglected in its early stages. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S, there would be fewer cases of Pneumonia.

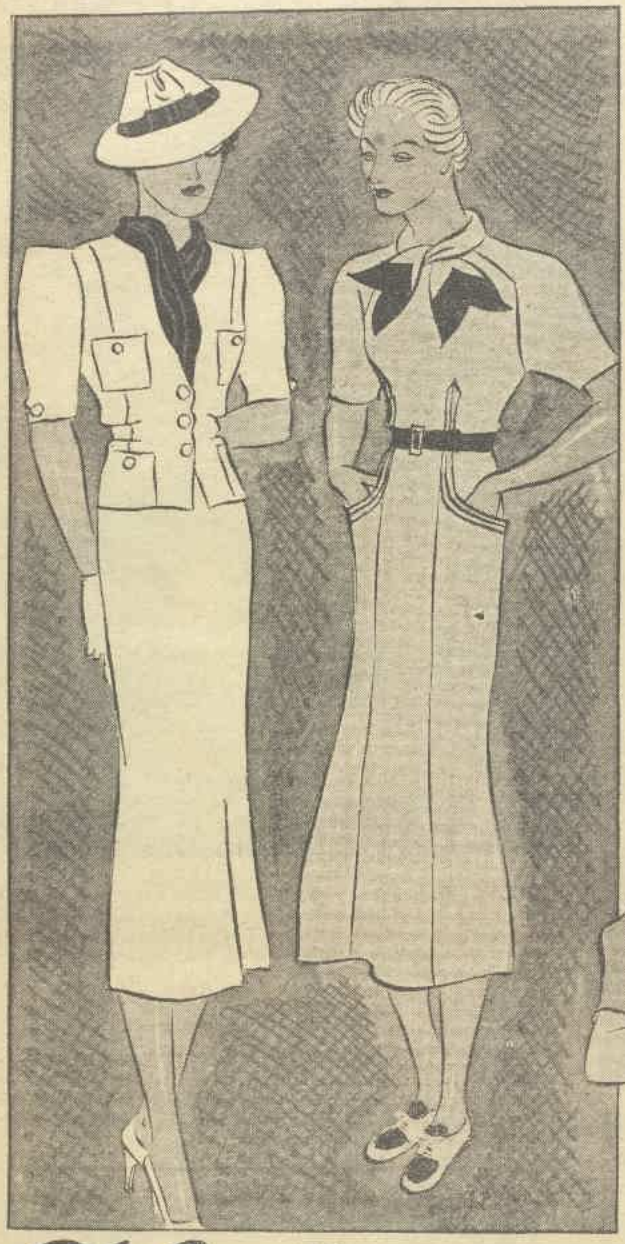
HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

C12

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Iaif, sketched by Petrov







- *A TAILORED SUIT to wear at ports with different blouses. This one could be made of white or pastel tweed linen or white piqne.*
- *DRESS of pale pink silk linen with scarf collar edged with navy linen and navy belt. It is worn here for deck wear with navy-and-white sports shoes.*
- *EVENING DRESS of glazed chintz, a black background with pink flowers. Pink-and-black linen bands outline the hem and make the belt.*
- *THE NEW shorts—slightly longer and fuller than last summer. These are made of bright yellow uncrushable linen, and so is the backless blouse.*
- *PRINTED cotton play suit —can be worn on deck for sports or over a bathing suit. It consists of shorts, halter neck top, and wrap skirt.*

Your Summer Cruise Wardrobe

Summer cruise clothes can be made to serve many purposes. Any of the frocks or suits can be worn on hot days in town, and all the "play clothes" will come in useful for summer holidays and beach wear.

YOU do not require an extensive wardrobe however long the cruise; serviceable, washable clothes should be your aim.

Cotton fabrics can be used for your entire outfit; this will keep down the cost and give you a practical collection.

Linens, piques, seersucker, and all the vast range of non-transparent cottons will make your day clothes; printed or plain linens and piques, chints and challis and muslins can make your evening frocks.

Sporting Type

DAYTIME clothes for board ship wear, whether you play sports or not, should be of the sporting variety. Plain tailored lines, wide skirts with pleats or gores or buttoning up the front or side, short sleeves and simple necklines or backless bodices.

White is the ideal color for your cruise wardrobe, alone or with colored scarfs and belts and blouses. After white, any pastel color is smart—pink, yellow, green. Do not have an entire dress or suit in a dark or bright color, these are all right only if combined with white—for example, a red-and-white printed linen backless dress, a navy skirt and white blouse and jacket, a brown-and-white spotted frock.

All kinds of "play clothes" can be worn all day long—shorts with scanty backless tops and little tailored jackets, culottes (below - knee - length wide trousers) divided skirts, split-skirts, knee and ankle length skirts, buttoning up the side or front. Bodices might be in one piece with the skirt or separate. If you intend getting sunburnt there are countless attractive backless bodices. Some of these are high in front, others low both back and front, the majority are halter-necked, which leaves the back completely bare to burn evenly. Little jackets in matching of contrasting colors accompany these frocks and can be slipped on after sports.

If you are young I suggest that your entire cruise wardrobe — except for evening frocks and a costume for sports—be composed of these play toys—shorts, odd skirts and blouses, backless dresses and jackets. If you think out your color scheme beforehand you will be able to ring the changes very often and with three outfits get seven or eight variations.

White or pastel linens and pique are used for shorts, dresses and skirts and jackets, floral and spotted cottons for backless dresses, jackets and skirt-blouse-shorts ensembles. A clear-cut pattern on a white ground or a white pattern on a colored ground if the design is floral. Sports can be small or the size of a two-shilling piece. Gaily striped seersuckers make cool, washable dresses and such inexpensive materials as Cesarine and Indian Head are ideal as they are absolutely fadeless.

For wearing at the ports you will want either a linen or crepe dress and jacket, or a tailored suit. Keep these dresses plain too. A printed crepe-de-chine dress and jacket could be worn, still choose light colors or a bright color combined with white. If you have a suit, use tweed linen or a heavy cotton, in white or a pastel shade with a contrasting blouse.

It would be just as well to pack a thin wool sweater and cardigan—have navy-blue or some color that will go with all your skirts and frocks. A bathing costume is essential, as there is sure to be a swimming pool on board—in place of a surf coat you could wear one of the backless dresses.

You will need a pair of white shoes with rubber soles for deck wear and a pair of high - heeled white shoes for ports and a large white hat. You probably won't wear a hat on board, if you do a small brimmed white felt or panama. Colored scarfs and belts will be useful to wear with your white frocks. Short wool socks in white or colors you will wear with or without stockings.

For evening it should not be necessary to buy new frocks if you already have some, but it is not advisable to take good satin or taffeta frocks as the sea air might spoil them. Chiffon, lace and cotton frocks are ideal as they will not crush, the latter can be worn on hot nights and washed out the next day. Cotton fabrics most suitable are white pique, floral linens, spotted pique, chints and printed challis. These frocks can be made very simply with low decolletes and narrow shoulder-straps, tight waists bound by colored sashes and belts, and flared skirts very wide at the hem. Trim little cotton jackets contrast in color with plain pique frocks, some are printed. For cool nights a wrist-length loose jacket of velvet or sheer wool can be worn over any evening frock. There is no set color for evening wear—white and pale shades, of course, look cooler, the only thing to avoid is elaborate fussy looking dresses. Simplicity and freshness should be your goal when collecting your cruise wardrobe together.

FLOWER FANTASIES

TUCK long delphiniums into the waist of your pink evening gown. Wear a bolero of scarlet poppies over a black organdie dress. Have buttons made of violets down the front of a mauve chiffon evening gown.

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THE Medico's MALADY

A TEN-MINUTE STORY

By . . . Enid Delalande



IT was Kelly who made us see how serious Mansell's case was. He and Mansell, Endersby, Dodd, and myself, together had taken a summer camp at beautiful Mandurah, in West Australia. We all had just graduated, Mansell in medicine, the rest of us in law.

Now, if Mansell had been going in for law, we might have taken his vice less seriously. But with him as a doctor, the position was very different. None of us wanted to see him tried for murder. "And that could easily happen if he let himself go during an operation," Kelly reminded us.

When we invited Mansell into our group, we had no inkling of his weakness. At the University he had been out of our division. We had seen him only at games. It had happened at a breaking-up celebration, and represented, more or less, a friendship made in wine.

Not that his trouble was the alcohol instinct. It was worse. He was suffering from a chronic over-production —of words.

"He'll spoil our holiday, and we'll go back dog tired," Kelly declared, one night soon after our arrival. He had crept into my room very late, and we talked it over in whispers, fearful of waking Mansell, who would have hastened to join us and keep us awake till he could talk no longer.

"He talks like fun from sun to sun," Kelly went on. "I hate going out with him. He has no shame. Down on the bridge fishing I have to get on to an old detached pylon where there is only room for one. Even then he comes and stands opposite and tries to talk across the water, frightening all the fish away. Then he'll go and attach himself to anyone he sees alone, and you'll see them almost tugging to get away after half an hour of it. He chased Dodd and me yesterday when we went out shooting. I got so nervy with him in the end that I nearly shot Dodd in the head."

I had an instance to tell, too. That very day the girl at the restaurant had been threatened with the sack for keeping customers waiting. It was not her fault. "But he will keep me talking, and I can't get his order. When I try to get away, he holds my apron. I can't insult a customer."

It was the same in the billiard-room. If there were no onlookers, Mansell would talk ceaselessly to the players while they were playing. The marker, who had looked forward to a good season, was in despair. His tables already were becoming unpopular. He began to go to the bar when the room was empty, but soon was denied even that solace. Mansell would come looking for him, and it was no use asking him to play. He did not care for the game. Talking was his sole recreation.

Kelly and I discussed it for hours without coming to any plan. I thought as I fell asleep that it looked like our holiday being busted up. But surely we could do something.

Next day brought an unpleasant surprise. Kelly was called back to Perth. His mother was very ill, and he barely had time to say good-bye.

Mansell became, if anything, worse, and by the end of the week I had to broach the subject with Dodd, a fine little chap who would rather hurt himself than make another uncomfortable. He was very pessimistic about it. Then Hamilton was called in, and it was he who provided the plan of action. It was this: We all liked Mansell and wished him well. We would try to get him to admit his vice to himself, and to undertake whatever course we prescribed for a cure—"place himself in our hands," Hamilton put it. "I think he would agree if only he knew what a nuisance he is. The only problem now is to find the power that will 'gie us the gift' to make him see himself as others see him."

DODD came to light with a plan. He knew a little stenographer named May Abbott, who was doing a rest cure down there. Next day we improvised a desk in the living-room and put a bit of a screen around it, brought down May's machine, told her what we wanted, said we were doing it for a bet, and that Mansell knew all about it, but must not be spoken to about it.

It cost us three guineas. We invited Mansell in one afternoon to have a drink, explaining that May was only doing a bit of writing. We sat him down with his back to her "office," and at the end of three hours we let him go. Rather, he let us go. Je shook hands with May. "I'm afraid you must have been bored with all our chatter," he told her. "You know how it is when old schoolboys meet."

"I think he's awfully nice," May told us. She managed to maintain her good opinion next day, too, though it must have been difficult. She had thought to type her stuff that afternoon, but it took her all that day and the next morning. Her rates went up, and she was impatient with us by the time she finished and handed us the result.

We added it up in round figures, counting so many words to the slip. Of course nobody wanted to read it.

Mansell, in the three hours, had spoken 14,400 words. Hamilton was a poor second with 270. I was third with 180, and Dodd said only 15.

That night after cards, all feeling pretty nervy about the job in hand, we talked to Mansell as a friend. He had nearly all the reactions there are. At first he was mightily amused. Then his medical knowledge came in. Of course, he had to admit to himself that he must be abnormal. Did not the great sheaf of typescript prove that beyond question. He was convinced, and then terribly sore with us. It was his business, he said savagely, and he guessed he was only as nature had made him.

Hamilton suggested a drink, and we yarned a while to re-establish harmony. Though I couldn't be sure, not having had the watch on Mansell—so to speak —I went to bed reflecting that his flow of words in that last half hour was not so unbroken as usual.

AT breakfast, Mansell looked worn. Afterwards, he sought us out, wearing rather an embarrassed grin. He was a fine chap at bottom. Finalities proved it. He told us it was a poor man who could not bear a laugh against him, or who was not willing to improve himself if others thought it necessary. He would agree to do as we ordered for six weeks. So the treatment began at once. Mansell said he was ready to start straight away, but he was hardly prepared for the suddenness with which Hamilton took him up.

"We will do without a talk now, then, if you like," he told the patient. "It's ten o'clock. See if you can do without till 12. Go for a bit of a walk on your own. If anyone speaks to you, don't answer. If they persist, give them in charge. We'll stand by you."

At lunch, whenever Mansell began to talk we interrupted him. This, by arrangement. He had only a poor appetite. About three o'clock, noting that he was beginning to look very nervy and was talking of "going over to the billiard-room for an hour," we took him for a walk—and a talk. He made a bit of an orgy of the talk, but we had agreed to remember above all that we must not attempt to break him off the habit of a lifetime too suddenly. After dinner we let him talk again, and before he went to bed I gave him a book of rules we had typed out for him. These we felt would be a great guide to him.

We had a dashed good patient. So we reckoned after a month; and we were almost sorry that he looked certain to lose the 10/- he had bet that we couldn't fix him up. As he grew daily more silent, or less talkative, he became exceedingly popular. Each day one of us gave him a lesson at snooker or golf, exacting as a fee one hour's complete silence from him in talking hours.

Ah, how stupidly jubilant we were. Little did we dream as we studied his case from all angles (thinking we were modern scientists), and persisted and made him keep on persisting, that we came near to wrecking his whole career, to driving him into utter tragedy.

It had been necessary for Mansell to tell May Abbott all about the plan.

You see, on the very first morning of the treatment as Mansell went his solitary way, looking every little while at his wristlet watch to see how much longer he must go without a word, he ran into her lying sun-baking. She had greeted him in her frank and charming little way, but Mansell had pretended not to hear, had just passed by like the Levite, though he admitted to us afterwards that he thought she was "a bonser kid." She had run after him for a few yards, pelting him with shells to make him look, but all in vain, and when she came to lunch it was evident that she had been having a little lonesome weep. That afternoon she came down to the bungalow and demanded an explanation. It was Mansell himself who had suggested telling her everything.

Then, when everything seemed to be turning out so well, and Mansell was reckoned to be just about cured, trouble began to happen.

First Kelly came back. His mother had recovered. He brought with him for company an old retired builder named O'Connor, and one of the cutest little Irish fairies ever, Sheilah, the old man's daughter. Kelly had planned a trip for them. About a mile up the huge estuary, where two big rivers met, there were a number of wonderful islands "from 50 to 1000 acres. These could be rented from the W.A. Government for a nominal sum per week. They were great for shooting, fishing, swimming, everything. Some had tennis courts.

Kelly had rented one of them, and went straight off up to it on his return, taking Sheilah, with whom he evidently was infatuated, her father, and —we could not understand why—Mansell.

MAY ABBOTT was down at the big bridge when they set off on their skiff with a heap of gear, including three tents. She did not look too pleased about it.

"Our fasting friend is getting very secretive," she remarked, with just a whisper of sarcasm in her tone. "He never told me he was going. I wonder who will be the odd man out by the time they've been up there with the sweet blonde person two days."

May was dark, and sturdy—pretty, though, had brains too.

"Mansell got whisked off at a moment's notice," I told her. "Kelly only landed back an hour ago."

That wasn't so bad, she seemed to think. "Mr. Kelly's a goat, though; if he is batting well with her, why not leave well alone? Any girl would take a fancy to a fellow like Mansell."

So that's how it was; but we were amazed at what did happen. In four days the party returned. "No fish, no hares, no quail." Kelly explained gruffly as he tied the skiff up, while Mansell helped Sheilah out.

But when he got us to ourselves he soon made it evident that he was considerably peeved.

"What the devil has come over the chap, I cannot make out," he spluttered. "Here am I pitching for the finest little long-bobbed mate in the world. Old man with tons of cash, too. I get him to come for a trip, thinking that if I can get Mansell to come with us I'll have Sheilah all to myself while he keeps the old man amused. All the old dad wants is someone to talk to him, and I would have bet pounds to pennies that I couldn't get a better man for that job than his royal nibs. That's why I asked him. Why else would I?"

"Tell us more," suggested Hamilton, unable to suppress his grin. "What happened?"

Please turn to Page 40

GIRLIGAGS



"THE summer resort hotel managers who advertise that their hotels overlook seas, lakes and mountains, fail to state they also overlook good food and the other comforts of life."



"THREE-THREES" ALWAYS LEAD

"The Secret's in the Blend"



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CORK-TIPPED AND PLAIN

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An Editorial

OCTOBER 10, 1936.

AUSTRALIA AND THE OVERSEAS TOURIST



AUSTRALIAN Governments are now fully aware of the value of advertising Australia as a tourist resort, but, so far, much of this publicity seems to have developed in the wrong direction.

The tourist is the unofficial advertiser of the countries he or she visits; the casual visitor, rather than the member of some official delegation, is the individual who, on returning home, actually "puts Australia on the map."

American tourists in particular are beginning to travel to Australia in a steady stream. A high proportion of these are women, frequently school-teachers on vacation.

Consider the "attractions" which at present they are offered on arriving here. They are shown modernised cities (paralleled by the score throughout U.S.A.); scenic caves (they need travel no further than Kentucky); "National Parks" (Colorado is at their doorstep); or big dams and bridges, which they can view in America at cost of a rail ticket to Muscle Shoals or the Golden Gate.

Small wonder that to the average tourist Australia is "just another stopping place." In place of these sophisticated "sights" our bait for tourists should rather be those Australian bush features which are unique.

It is significant that at present the Australian koala has become a "craze" in the United States.

Magazines are full of pictures and articles featuring these quaint animals, and every American tourist demands to see a "living Teddy bear" as soon as he reaches an Australian port.

The obvious corollary is that Australia's best draw-cards for tourists are our unique flora and fauna; the kangaroo, emu, wallaby, wombat and koala; such unequalled possessions as the strange trees of Queensland, the fantastic wildflowers of West Australia, the age-old palm oases of the Centre, or the weird sea-life of the Barrier Reef.

Above all, Governments should make some effort to show the overseas visitor the Australian aboriginal, not as a "civilised" half-wit (in white man's garb), but in a bush-camp, living his tribal life, a living relic of the Old Stone Age.

When these unique attractions are fully made known to the world, the real rush of tourists will set in.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN.

Bottled Harvests

THE farmer, as well as the old grey mare, will soon be missing, according to American professors, who have decided that harvests can be produced out of a bottle. It will not be necessary to cultivate the soil—crops will be produced by placing bottles of chemicals in tanks of water. A whole orchard may be grown in the space of a window-box, while the back verandah will become a wheat farm.

This seems to have solved the back-to-the land problem. Little Willie, who yearns for farm life and the wide, open spaces, can go all rural with a few bottles in the corner of the flat, while still under a motherly eye. Better still, he can have all the thrill of farming without the worry of drought and other unpleasantness associated with a life on the land.

Still, it's only a professor's "bottle dream" so far, and men will sit on the fence watching the wheat turn brown for a long time yet.

Home In One

IT has been said that women like sport because it presents an occasion for which they can dress the part, and carry a whole armory of kit.

Miss Gloria Minoprio, English woman golfer, gives the lie to this by playing and winning her match in the women's championship with only one club. She said that she was convinced that a successful game could be built up with one club.

Perhaps that's what has been wrong with our game—we have had too many clubs. But everything is going to be all right now.

The Old Adam

AFTER the war many novelists attracted quite a public to themselves by blaming the conflict on the Old Men. It became the fashion to fix responsibility for Armageddon on to the grey heads on the Home front.

Mr. R. B. Bennett, ex-Prime Minister of Canada, at present visiting Australia, has a different view on the subject. He says, "The war killed the choicest men of every nation, and the older generation had then to take on a responsibility for which it was no longer fitted, and the younger generation duties for which it was not yet trained."

Which is a very accurate summing up of the position, and perhaps an explanation of the mess we are in at present. The war responsibility rests less on the Old Men than on the old Adam in all of us.

Reading Matter

AUSTRALIA appears to be very badly served in the matter of public libraries, particularly in the outback districts. In fact, Mr. Ifould, one of our foremost librarians, after a seven-months' tour of the world, hardly touched Fremantle on the return trip before giving us a sound rating for this lack in our artistic development.

Sydney, the second largest white city in the British Empire, has a municipal library of 40,000 books, while to conform with other parts of the world the library should have at least 2,000,000 books. He said cities the size of Adelaide and Perth overseas are spending up to £100,000 a year on libraries, whereas Sydney spends less than £10,000.

This lack of adequate reading matter is a serious business, which tends to make us self-satisfied and static.

With educational progress as extensive as it is in this country, surely there must very soon be a nation-wide move to give us adequate libraries for the people. If they are free, so much the better.

Catch 'Em Young

A PROMINENT Y.M.C.A. welfare officer, recently returned from abroad, was appalled at the spread of juvenile crime in London. He said that a boy of seven was the leader of a band of lawless children.

About the same time Sir Philip Street was telling the Boys' Brigade that much may be done with any boy if he is taught when young.

This is the legitimate way out. Environment can make a potential criminal of a lad who, in happier circumstances, would have been a useful and law-abiding citizen.

In a world of shifting standards the problem of the children is a very grave one, but the solution seems to lie in Sir Philip's suggestion "to catch them young and train them in the way they should go."



AUSTRALIA HAS SEEN isolated scooter races, but in London scooter championships, organised by the school-children on sound lines, are frequent events during holidays. Here the young Clerk of the Course is shown receiving entries for a race conducted by the Poplar Scooter Club.

Lyric of Life

AN OLD ROMANCE

The pages of the book are stained with age;
An unremembered poet of the past
Whose little sentiments and sighs still last
Only in printed lines across each page.
And yet this rose that must have blossomed red
Before some lover plucked and pressed it here
In poems that were sweet and somehow dear
Has triumphed over all the years long dead.

In some romantic summer it was blown
For ardent hands in tenderness to take,
Pressed to the lips that we have never known
And heard such vows as we shall never make.
Strange how a book, a rose, now dead with years,
Should bring these sudden, rather wistful tears.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

New Novel Is Greatest Written Here

This article is an appreciation of a brilliant new Australian book, "Inheritors," by Brian Penton.

It ranks Penton as one of the notable writers of to-day—a contemporary of the great names of England and America.

IN the monuments of its great men and women, Australia has commemorated explorers, politicians, philanthropists galore, and one writer—Henry Lawson. Just one statue to inform the inquirer that we have any sort of national artistic culture.

The status of Henry Lawson represents him with billycan and swag—not so dignified as Westminster Abbey.

Well, Lawson was a casual writer and had perhaps too little regard for literary dignity to rank among the great names in the libraries of the world.

Yet his sketches of Australian life in town and the bush are so vivid that they may well be regarded as the foundation-stone of an Australian national literature.

They are eye-witness accounts of the life and philosophy of everyday Australians in the most vital and formative period of this country—the '90s. That was the period when the native-born began to outnumber the British-born. All the emphasis is on the Australian's free and independent spirit, and the beginning of a cult of national assertiveness.

"For we know more than England,
And more than Europe knows."

But, despite their genius, Lawson's works remain mere fragments.

Drama of '90's

THE foregoing may seem irrelevant. But it is important for the reason that many people think of Australian literature in terms of the Lawson school of writing, and it is necessary to state with emphasis that a mature and accomplished author has now appeared.

Brian Penton is the first writer to appear in Australia who can present his country in formal works of fiction with authentic literary genius.

"Inheritors," his new book, is the second great book to be written by an Australian, the other being "Landtakers," his first book. "Inheritors" was published as a sequel to the first, and a third volume is promised.

It would be desirable to write about "Inheritors" from two standpoints—(1) As a novel dramatising an epoch of Australian development; (2) As an Australian novel in relation to contemporary and classical literature.

Of course, judgment of the second aspect depends largely on the validity of the first. As to this there can be no doubt. Some critics in Queensland have shown resentment because they think Penton gives a sordid origin to the "squattocracy" and the founders of Brisbane society of a generation ago. But such criticism evidences a very hasty reading of the book.

Penton is not writing a history of Queensland, but the story of one man—Derek Cabell. "Landtakers" told the story of his early days as a squatter, with convicts and myall blacks figuring in a sinister background. "Inheritors" continues the story, through the '80s and '90s, to the close of the century.

His Men and Women

IT is interesting to note that "Inheritors" concludes in the '90s, the period which Lawson vividly vignetted with the fervor of resurgent democracy. Lawson wrote about shearers and miners and seamen and teamsters and stockmen and house-painters, and wharf-laborers. Settlers' wives, landladies, barmaids, and shy bush girls were mainly his women. There were a few swells and nobs and "gentlemen once."

Penton has these characters, too. And his picture of them is as authentic as Lawson's. But entirely different. Lawson was sympathetic, and himself was stirred with the elation of having lived in the days "when the world was wide."

Penton is critical, unsentimental, unflattering; it could be thought, even, that he is unsympathetic of the bush democracy of the '90s; that he looks at the shearers and small settlers with the hostile contempt of an arrogant squatter.

But the answer to this is that the central character of the book is a rich and arrogant squatter, and all the people in the book move in his shadow. Not only the shearers and working men and small selectors, but the squatters and political and social lights of the period.

The disparaging picture of "the Brisbane mob," old Cabell's term for the social people, is Cabell's picture. Cabell, the son of an English county family, an exile in a grim country, with his heart always in England; Cabell, ruthless, relentless, physically powerful, cruel, dreaming always of nothing but a return to the peaceful shady lanes of his youth; Cabell, feverishly seeking a fortune to restore him to social dignity in England, married to a convict wife who had been flogged in the streets of Sydney; Cabell, frustrated of his ambition, striving to realise it through his daughter.

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BLONDIE

Stories Without Words



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4610080

IT'S A NUISANCE *Being Inspector of* NUISANCES

L. W. Lower Bicycleoanalyses Himself and Finds His Vocation

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated By WEP



Inspector Lower, of the Public Nuisances Department, admits he has found his true vocation at last, and provides Wep with an excellent opportunity to even up scores.

I have inspected myself thoroughly.

I have bicycleoanalysed myself, been grilled by Mrs. Lower, been questioned about expense accounts by the Head Accountant, lectured by the Boss, cursed by the lift-driver, and publicly warned by the police for not walking across at right angles. Up till that occasion I had always thought it was triangles. I am coming to the point in a second.

It was when I was able to silence a barking dog by a mere wave of the foot and a bellow of "SILENCE!" that everybody within a radius of three miles became aware of the fact that I had discovered my true avocation.

I am determined to become an Inspector of Nuisances.

THE office of an Inspector of Nuisances carries a lot of responsibility, but it also has its privileges.

For instance, on getting up with a liver full of gravel in the morning, you could don your uniform—I am not sure whether Nuisance Inspectors have uniforms, but I shall certainly insist on having a uniform. Red stripes down the pants and epaulets on the cuffs. Peaked cap and stick for whanging stray dogs. The stick will have a knitted leather wrist-band. Where was I?

"You were getting up in the morning, feeling gravellish."

Yes. Well, one has the privilege of walking sternly down the road and saying, "I don't like the shape of the lid of your dirt-box. Attend to it."

On the Box Seat

THE owner of the dirt-box may mutter under his breath, but you can turn on him and say, "Wassat? Another crack like that, my lad, and I'll inspect your drain."

And while you're slamming the gate you turn and point a warning finger at him and hiss, "And if I hear another crow out of that rooster of yours, you're for it."

Then we come to the responsibilities of such a position. Pulling up noxious weeds day after day. A back-breaking job. Sniffing about the district for obnoxious effluvias and aromas.

Then there is the job of rounding up stray goats which may be wandering around the streets. This part of the work provides the main reason why I must wear a uniform. I'd look a fool if I found myself in the pound one morning. I'd be the butt of the town. (Joke.)

Then there is all the study one has to do. What, for instance, is a public nuisance within the meaning of the Act?

One immediately asks oneself, "What Act?"

Complications set in.

Knotty Problems

ONE says to oneself, "Why did I ask me that? I know blooming well that I don't know the answer."

Is a man entitled to throw rocks on his own roof at one o'clock in the morning? A knotty problem.

Is the smoke from rubbish burning in an insinuater harmful or does it come under Section 56, Clause B?

Supposing that residents of your particular district start complaining about snails in their milk, or Alsatian dogs eating their children and leaving the bones all over the place?

The Mayor may call for an immediate report. No use blowing up a brown paper bag and bursting it and remarking jocularly, "How's that for a report?"

There's a lot of clerical work to be done, too, just like traffic policemen. I've often watched those poor fellows going about putting pencil marks on the tyres of parked cars and then writing down things in books. I dare say there's a lot of good journalists going to waste in the police force.

Wife Scores

AND there's a lot of good policemen going to waste in the journalistic profession. (I hope he reads that and it sinks in).

When my wife heard about my ambition to become an Inspector of Nuisances she never said a word. She just smiled. Inscrutable, that's what she was.

"What are you looking at me like that for?" I asked, slightly entriggered . . . intruged . . . anyhow it doesn't matter.

"If ever you want to know anything about the inspection of nuisances, let me know. I've had a ton of experience."

That's all she said, but it intrigued (How's that?) me. I'm the only bloke in Australia game to write a sentence like that last one.

Intrigued. A nice Oppenheim-ish word. I claim it.



How can you get a Slender Line

YOU, too, can have an attractive slim figure so much admired by the opposite sex. You, too, can get that lovely line, and keep in radiant health, by taking Bile Beans at bedtime.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable and can be taken regularly with perfect safety, for they not only improve your figure but your health as well.

So, if you want to gradually melt away all that unwanted surplus fat safely and without special dieting, just remember to take a couple of Bile Beans nightly.

"I take Bile Beans each night and think the world of them. When I say Bile Beans will ensure a slim attractive figure and keep one youthful and brimful of energy I speak from personal experience."—Miss D. C.

* * *

"I was putting on weight round the hips, body and legs. Everything was a trouble, for I tired so quickly. But I feel quite a new woman since I began to take Bile Beans regularly. I am gradually losing all superfluous fat, and enjoy much better health."—Mrs. J. M.

SLIM WHILE YOU SLEEP BY TAKING

BILE BEANS



£3,564 if he died TO-MORROW

WHEN William Pitt Wenderson became a member of the A.M.P. in 1908, and paid down £36/6/8 as the first year's premium on an A.M.P. policy for £2,000, he established an estate that, if he had died the next day, would have yielded £2,000 cash.

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(Print in Block Letters)

ADDRESS



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NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

SPLENDID NOVEL *of a Doctor & His Career*

Rinehart at Her Best

Mary Roberts Rinehart has written many brilliant stories, but she has done nothing better than "Noel Arden, M.D.," her latest book, which is the story of a young doctor in an American town.



CAPT. W. B. MAXWELL, English writer, who has followed "Tudor Green" with a similar novel, "The Emotional Journey." It is not a sequel, but is connected by method and general scheme.

HERSELF the wife of a doctor, Mary Roberts Rinehart has used something of the surgical treatment in the telling of her story.

The sentimental glamor has been cut to the bone, the telling is as terse and as matter of fact as a medical case history, and the material is humanity.

As a result, the life story of the young medico, Noel Arden, is something more than a novel—it is an absorbing human document.

Noel is all doctor. He lives and breathes for his calling. Or perhaps it would be better to say that he was a good doctor, which is another way of saying he was a humanitarian.

Possessed of no bedside manner and few, if any, parlor tricks, he found his life-work among the poor of the city in which he lived.

He took the material cares of the world on his own broad shoulders as well. A patient dies and leaves him the burden of caring for the family with whom he lodged; Lily, the slatternly wife; Katie, the hard-surfaced daughter; and Dick, the never-do-well son.

Around these people is woven the story of his life. Busy fashioning for himself a career, he takes people at their own valuation and is disillusioned and hurt by their subsequent conduct. He makes an unfortunate marriage—more from sympathy for the girl than anything else, while the woman he really loves also chooses elsewhere.

Tragedy comes to him when his sensitive surgeon's fingers are injured in a motor accident, and he goes to the country, his career ended, and doomed to the hard work of a country doctor.

He recovers, however, and returns to find that career and romance can have a second blooming.

The main charm of the story is to be found in the everyday happenings of the doctor's life, and the fine sympathy between the doctor and his patients.

Character drawing is splendidly done, and the book is well salted with humor and keen observation. Although it's the story of one man's life, women will like it for its humanity and its sincerity. (Cassell. 7/6.)

New Novel is Greatest Written Here

Continued from Page 12

BOTH books are very long, yet they are episodic rather than narratives. The sequence of episodes builds up an unforgettable portrait of old Cabell, but the other people in the book do not stand out so clearly. They seem to have wilted under the impatient, cold, unsympathetic eye of old Cabell.

One person in the story has a sense of humor. Two have any kindness. About three are interested in horse-racing. This should convince anybody that Penton is not writing a history book.

Creates Own World

THE second point of view about Penton's book concerns its place in established literature. In the three or four weeks since "Inheritors" was published it has been given high praise by critics and reviewers.

That praise will be continued and will increase, so that Penton will become a classic.

Penton writes dramatically and forcefully. His English is that of a scholar. He has a sense of perspective and proportion that enables him to see Australia objectively.

He shares with the great English writers something that must come from the gods. He creates his story, his characters, and his background. He does not seem to be merely reporting and classifying.

The England of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Galsworthy, of Hardy has in each case a wonderful resemblance to the contemporary England of each author. But each has also a certain quality of being a specially created England; the same quality as the landscape and people in "Pilgrim's Progress." Something of the quality that dreams (and nightmares) are made of. So with Penton's Australia.

There's nothing so insubstantial in "Main Street" or "An American Tragedy." Therein Penton is superior to the Americans.

Freed from the tyranny of the old man, will the young generation in Penton's next book lend themselves to more intimate treatment?—G.W.W.

Short Reviews

"VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE." **Barrie Benefield.** An excellent book. Carrie tells her own story in the first person, and there is a valiant honesty about her and her observations, which are both witty and refreshing. Carrie was the type of person classed as "not nice" by small-minded people of the town in which she lived. In the telling of her story Carrie proves that character is above reputation. Her fight for her two children in order that they may have a decent chance in life is told without sentimentality and without mock heroics. It rings true, and she salts the tale with wit and lively imagination. As a human story of a brave woman it can be thoroughly recommended. (Heinemann. 7/6.)

"NO PLACE LIKE Home." **Beverley Nichols.** This bright young man who wrote his own biography at 25 is certainly improving with age. Having cut his literary wisdom teeth on some pretty hard material, he has developed into a writer of charm and tolerance.

As an Englishman travelling abroad he has nice things to say of the people of Europe. He is still the reporter with his eyes open for a good story, and the best concerns King Carol and Queen Marie, of Rumania. Palestine under the new regime he finds most interesting, and the national and political situation there is brilliantly outlined. The lighter side of the book is a clever mixture of shrewd observation and refreshing humor. A mellow tale which you will thoroughly enjoy. (Cape. 7/6.)

YOUR KIDDY'S TONGUE tells the truth about CONSTIPATION



"SHOW me your tongue," says the doctor. Why? Because the tongue tells the story of internal cleanliness. A coated tongue, or a tongue which looks unclean, is one of the first indications of constipation. Look at your child's tongue every day—and your own as well! Immediately your bowels cease to be absolutely regular in their action; immediately nature departs from at least two actions per day—take Nyal Figsen! Nyal Figsen is the gentle, natural laxative which does not purge or gripe, yet which ensures complete elimination of all waste matter and poisons. Constipation clogs the system, undermines health and saps energy. Figsen ensures absolute freedom from constipation in young and old alike—without distress, without unpleasant and weakening after-effects. Pleasant to take, gentle yet sure in its action, Nyal Figsen is the perfect laxative for every member of your family. Sold by chemists everywhere. Price 1/3 for a tin of 24 tablets.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



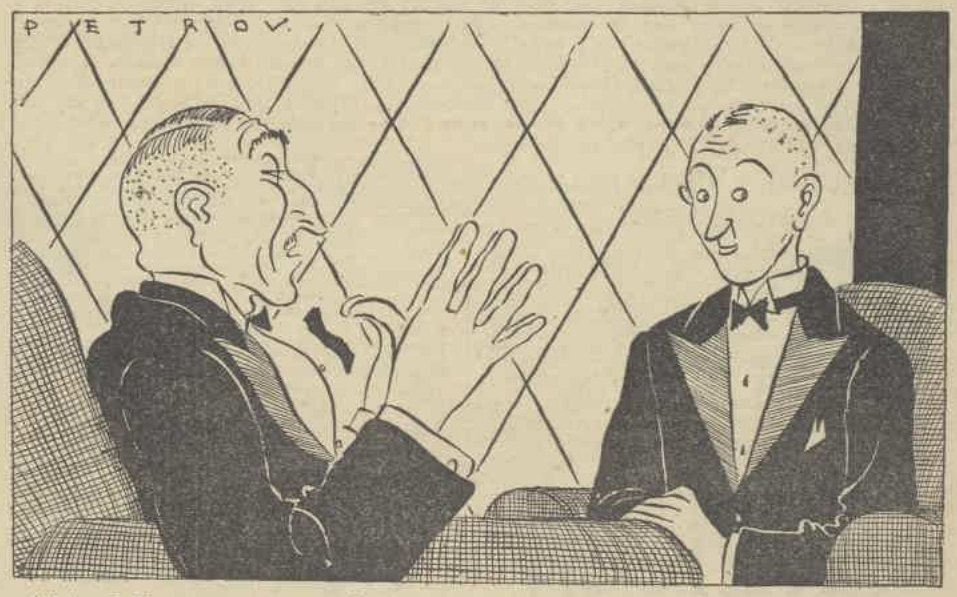
MERLE: This lace scarf is forty years old.
PERLE: Really! You must have started to knit early.



FIRST HUNTER: Ha! At last some lion tracks.
SECOND HUNTER: Ye-e-e-s, I'll g-go back and see where they came from.



BROWN: What will you give me for my daughter's piano?
NAYBER: I'll give you £1 a lorry load for it—sawn, split, and delivered in my woodshed."



"Before I allow you to marry my daughter, I must be assured that you can support a family."
"Oh, easily, sir!"
"That's all right then—there are six of us, you know."



Make "THEIR ROOM" a bright and cheerful place—with

B·A·L·M DULUX

SUPERSEDES ENAMELS



"Dulux" is easy to apply, costs only a few shillings, and a damp rag will keep it spotless.

"Dulux" is scientifically formulated to dry quickly. HARD, and with a polished brilliance that ordinary enamels can't approach. "Dulux" won't crack or chip—this is an essential feature for furniture that must be kept hygienically clean. Use "Dulux" only—it's the finish that supersedes enamels for all purposes.

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OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

SMALL Bowler: 'Ere, Willie, you've been caught once, bowled once, stumped once, and run out. I reckon you ought to retire now even if it is your bat!

MISSIONARY: What do you do when one of your wives disagrees with you?
Cannibal Chief (airily): Oh, I just take a pinch of carbonate of soda.

LANDLADY: I wish I could let my room to a chess champion.
Lodger: Why?
Landlady: They don't move often, and then only after careful consideration.

"WILLIE," said mother, severely, "when I went out there were two pieces of cake in the cupboard. Now there is only one. How is that?"
"I don't know," said William. "But it was dark, and I suppose I didn't see the other piece."

GERT: Poor Mr. Jones has lost his hearing.
Bert: Does that mean he will lose his job?
Gert: Oh, no; they've transferred him to the complaints department.

"YOU cannot claim insurance, lady, your late husband only had a fire policy."
"Yes, but he has just been cremated."

CUSTOMER (in barber's chair): Why in the world did you drop that boiling towel on my face?
Barber: Because it was too hot to hold, sir.



Oh boy! Shipwrecked with a whole island full of Hula girls to myself—and me in my Bond's Athletic!

Bond's Athletic vests are plenty smart. Streamlined up top—and they *do* give you ample tuck-in below the belt. Every vest carrying the Bond's label is guaranteed. Bond's athletics are knitted from only the finest super-carded cotton yarn. That is why they are so comfortably light in weight, and the longest wearing vests in Australia to-day.

Bond's Athletic Vests

Look for the Bond's label — it guarantees you more for your money. . . . Cotton Athletics 1/6 to 2/6.

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The Miracle of Feminine CHARM

by Kathleen Court

Most girls to-day appear better-looking than the girls of 30 years ago—most married women now avoid that "married look" once so common. Charm and beauty are now cultivated, like flowers or good manners. Motion pictures are helping by revealing lovely women who are experts in the use of modern beautifiers. I have studied the movie-folk, as I have studied beauty culture. I myself have been employed by English, French, and American Film Companies, and my Beauty Aids are bought AND USED by the film studios. The Kathleen Court Beauty Aids are as good as any you can obtain, regardless of price. The home-treatment I here describe can be recommended as a quick, sure and simple way to greater loveliness.

KATHLEEN COURT BEAUTY TREATMENT



Cleanliness of the skin pores is the basis of beauty. FIRST, you should remove the embedded impurities by applying Kathleen Court Cleansing Cream. This cream cleans the pores to the depths, absorbs deep-seated impurities, "firms" sagging muscles, combats lines and wrinkles, and nourishes the entire face. Next wash with "Paris" Facial Treatment soap. For outdoors most women use foundation cream and powder. These require careful selection. Ordinary vanishing creams dry the skin and cause ugly "pore rings"—never use them! Instead, use "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream, which beautifies as it disappears, giving a smooth, flower-like bloom of EXQUISITE loveliness—instantly, healthfully! Follow with "Velvet Skin" or "Facial Youth" Face Powder. For a touch of colour "Rose Petal" or "Seventeen" Rouge and a touch of one of the thrilling Kathleen Court lipsticks. Now, since lovely hair lends such a wondrous charm—shampoo with "Hennafoam"! This truly marvellous Beauty Shampoo brightens, tones, and re-vitalises the hair—it positively does not change the hair colour in any way, but it really does transform it to wonderful new beauty. . . . This is a simple way to greater loveliness—no other is so sure, so easy, and, results considered, so inexpensive. Each preparation bears the name Kathleen Court, and because of that, each bears my personal guarantee of complete satisfaction. Any good Chemist or Store can supply you.

PRICES: "Paris" Facial Soap 7d. Cleansing Cream 2/3. Facial Youth Beauty Cream, 1/-, 1/9, 2/6. Hennafoam, powder form, double size 6d., liquid form 1/6. "Velvet Skin" Face Powder 1/- and 2/-. "Facial Youth" Powder, (2 types), smart wallets 3d. "Rose Petal" Rouge 1/9. "Seventeen" Rouge 1/6.



kathleen court

EVERYBODY IS DOING "QUOTATIONS," ARE YOU?



£25 "QUOTATIONS" MUST BE WON

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL who like a good competition! Here is the ever-popular picture-puzzle in a fresh and fascinating form. Try this new puzzle this week—you may win £25 the very first time.

THIS IS THE PUZZLE: You simply have to complete six words only! In the panel on the left you see six quotations from the works of six well-known authors—but in each case one word has been enlarged, and a picture or so inserted in place of letters. The missing letters are the INITIAL LETTERS of the little illustrations! Thus, with "puzzle" word No. 1, you spell out:—

A—P—(P for Penny)—L—E, making Apple,

which is, of course, the correct answer. In the same way, read each other quotation in turn, and spell out the "puzzle"-word, adding in the FIRST LETTER ONLY of each picture you come to. Use your knowledge and judgment, and remember that the missing words must be identical with those in the books from which the quotations were taken.

When you have read the six quotations, make a list of your six "puzzle" words in ink on one side of a sheet of paper, sign your name and residential address, and post your entry to:—

QUOTATIONS No. 7V, BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

This competition is conducted by C. J. BROWN & CO., 275 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY. READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY. All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16th. Results will be published on OCTOBER 31st.

THE PRIZE of £25 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution is correct or most nearly correct. In the case of ties, the prize-money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. No competitor may win more than one share of the prize-money.

SEALED solution and £25 prize-money is deposited with "Women's Weekly." A postal note for 1/- must accompany each entry. Postage stamps (1/1) accepted if postal note unobtainable. Post Office addresses not accepted.

NOTE.—The quotations in this puzzle are taken from the works of the following authors: Joseph Conrad, Geo. Goodchild, Jeffery Farnol, Alice Eustace, Bertie Buck, Dorothy Gardiner.

RESULTS OF QUOTATIONS No. 4.

The following entrants tied with correct entries, and the Prize-money (£25) will be equally divided between them:

NEW SOUTH WALES: D. Scott, Lake Wyangan. J. Meade, M. Meade, Dunmowan. E. R. Burgess, G. T. Caldwell, F. E. Burgess, Mrs. G. T. Caldwell, Molong. Mrs. R. Williamson, Mrs. Jones, M. Jones, V. W. Williamson, E. Jones, A. Jones, Brighton-le-Sands.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Mrs. D. L. Casey, Adelaide. Miss M. Masterman, Kimba.

QUEENSLAND: Mrs. H. Jones, Ayr. J. H. Shuttleworth, Verendale. W. Shaw, Clayfield. W. Nicoll, Charters Towers. B. O'Bryen, D. O'Bryen, A. James, A. O'Bryen, Clayfield. Mrs. J. Simson, M. Bleasel, Home Hill. A. Austin, B. Ryan, Brisbane.

VICTORIA: G. Clarke, Condah. Mrs. McCready, Mrs. G. Clarke, M. Clarke, W. McCready, Byadnk. J. E. Cook, Belgrave. T. Cook, N. Cook, Tooms.

SOLUTION:

1.	Nut. (The Shining Cloud)	Margaret Pedler
2.	Glares. (The Poison Belt)	Conan Doyle
3.	Can (Possession)	Olive Wadsley
4.	Further. (Thirty-nine Steps)	John Buchan
5.	Wood. (Old Pybus)	Warwick Deeping
6.	Lying. (The Spy)	Sydney Horler

Prize-money will be posted on Friday, 23rd October.

The DRESS SHOW

Continued from Page 6

"IT'S so sickening one can only wear a dress like that once in a lifetime," and there was an unusual note of sincerity in her voice. Her tone was quite different when she turned to Freda.

"I want you to walk up and down once or twice, so that I can see how the train falls with the movement," she demanded.

The customers were gradually melting away, either slipping out unobtrusively, or waiting to have a word with Madame or Miss Dawson. Brenda's two friends had left some time ago, and she and Stephen Fenwick were the only people left in the showroom.

Madame came and sat down beside the prospective bride, ingratiating and smiling.

"Exquisite, is it not, Moddom, the line from shoulder to hem is quite perfect. I hope Moddom has enjoyed the show?"

"I think your things are lovely," Brenda told her excitedly. "Will you tell your girl to put on 'The Heart of a Rose' and 'Midnight Mist' again? I want my fiance to see them before I definitely make up my mind."

"Of course, Moddom. Miss Owen, slip both dresses on as quickly as possible."

"Let me see them another time," Doctor Fenwick said hastily. "We are keeping everyone hanging about when I expect they want to pack up and go home."

"If you aren't interested why not say so; don't stay if you're bored."

There was a cool insolence in Brenda's voice which he resented. She had taken to speaking to him in that tone lately if he crossed her slightest wish. It hurt him, but he would forget about it afterwards in her softer moods. A few careless caresses on her part would reassure him.

Madame was quick to notice his annoyance.

"Indeed, Moddom, there is no hurry, I assure you. Miss Owen, quickly, please."

The dressing-room was deserted except for Miss Owen. Gertrude and Maude had seized the opportunity of slipping away downstairs.

Carefully the older woman helped the girl out of the clinging white satin and into the deep blue ninon that looked like a wisp of trailing mist.

"You look all in, I must say," Miss Dawson remarked sympathetically, as she slipped a chain of sapphire beads over Freda's head. "It's a shame keeping you hanging about like this; some people have no consideration for others, and that's a fact."

Once more Freda entered the showroom, but this time she did not get far. She tottered forward for a few steps, then put her hands up to her forehead in a frantic effort to still its throbbing.

"I'm sorry," she said faintly, "I'm most awfully sorry."

For one minute she stood there swaying before she fell.

The last thing she remembered was an exclamation of annoyance from Madame, and the noise of chairs being roughly pushed aside as Dr. Fenwick dashed forward to catch her as she collapsed.

SHE wished they would let her lie there for a little while in merciful forgetfulness, and she was so tired, so dreadfully tired, but they would not leave her in peace. They dabbed her temples with cold water, and held smelling salts under her nose and forced sal volatile between her lips. As she regained consciousness she moved her head restlessly from side to side as her fear returned. Fear, worse than ever, since now she had disgraced Thora's establishment and would probably be given a week's notice in consequence.

"You're quite all right," someone said in a reassuring voice. "There's nothing to worry about."

She realised then that the speaker was supporting her with a protective arm, and that her head was pillowed on a most comforting shoulder.

Nothing to worry about! How little they knew! Not that it mattered, nothing mattered except her longing to get home, to hide herself from their prying eyes, and to sleep.

She tried to sit up but directly she made the effort the room started going round and round in that curious manner in which it had been behaving for the last half hour. In spite of her dizziness she noticed that "Midnight Mist" had a jagged rent along the hem where her heel had caught it in her fall. The sight sickened her; out of all the new Paris models "Midnight Mist" was Madame's favorite.

"Thank you so much," she said unsteadily. "I'm very, very sorry to have been so silly. I am quite well enough to go home now." Her voice quavered; she was horribly near tears.

"Of course you shall go home in a little while," the same voice assured her; a man's voice, quiet, and low, and commanding. "Where do you live?"

"Rather a long way away," she said wearily, "at the end of the Cromwell Road."

There was a light laugh from the other end of the room. Brenda Collins was tapping the floor with her foot and her plucked eyebrows were raised in an impatient frown.

"But I always thought the Cromwell Road had no end, like eternity, it just went on and on for ever. Stephen, if you have finished your professional administrations it's time we were going."

"If you are in a hurry, don't wait for me; I'm going to take this young lady home in my car; she won't be fit to travel by train to-night."

A deep flush crept over Brenda Collins' face, and she bit her painted lip with her sharp white teeth to keep back the furious words she was longing to utter.

"I see, then please don't bother about me; we will cancel our engagement for to-night and Jim Lorrence will take me out somewhere, I expect. His time does not seem as precious as yours."

THE journey home, usually so tedious, had never passed so quickly for Freda. Dr. Fenwick's car slid in and out the traffic and passed the crowded buses with a gliding movement that was infinitely soothing. She would have liked the drive to last for hours. She stole a look at her companion, his face was still and tense as he drove in silence. Only once he spoke to ask her if she was all right.

She felt a sneaking shame when they drew up outside the house where she lived. Never had it looked so dark and mean. A card, hanging crookedly in a downstairs window, advertising "Bed-sitting room to Let," added to its sordid appearance.

He helped her out of the car and up the steps, his hand beneath her elbow, and while she fumbled in her bag for her latch key he tore a slip of paper from his notebook.

"This is a prescription," he told her. "Have it made up to-morrow, and come and see me in three days' time. I expect half-past six or seven o'clock would suit you best."

Please turn to Page 22



Summer sunshine calls for this dainty model in Soral Spun de Chene. Sent on FREE APPROVAL to any address in the Commonwealth. Specially created by our Expert Fashion Designer to suit Australian Spring and Summer conditions. The neckline has Peter Pan Collar of self-material finished with flared trimming of white organdie to outline the vee front. Sleeves are short and finished with band of self-material. Belt is finished with neat buckle and the skirt features pleats back and front to form neat panels.

FULL PRICE: 19/6 (S.O.S. 2/6 extra.)

SIZES: S.S.W., S.W., W., and S.O.S.

COLOURS: Blue, Pink, Green predominating.

BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me, on approval, floral Spun de Chene frock (trimmed with organdie) at present bargain price of 19/6. S.O.S., 2/6 extra.

Size..... Colour.....

I enclose Postal Note for 2/-, as deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance either in one sum or in fortnightly instalments of 2/- till full price is paid. If not satisfied and I return frock unworn within 7 days, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon with Full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address clearly written on separate sheet.

No. 9 Women's Weekly 10/10/'36 — No. 27

Post your order to FELIX ARDEN A.C.A. Building, York and King Sts., Sydney.

DON'T NEGLECT A CUT



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Pictorial Flight Round This Modern Africa



LET US TAKE a pictorial flight around Africa, where airmen in the last few days have been thrilling the world in the England—Johannesburg air race. This is an air glimpse of Johannesburg, Africa's famous gold-mining city. Now celebrating its fifty years jubilee, it claims the title of the "world's most prosperous city," and hopes to attract over two million visitors with its festival programme. Its streets run in straight lines to the points of the compass.



"NO GRAMOPHONES for us, thank you; we want the last thing in wireless sets." This is a family group at a kraal near Durban. Last week, probably, they were tuning in to the wirelessed descriptions of the air race and making bets on the result.



HUMEWOOD BEACH, Port Elizabeth, has the same sunshine and care-free air that are familiar to Australian beach devotees. Port Elizabeth was founded in 1820, and was named by the then Acting-Governor, Sir Rufane Donkin, in memory of his wife. The town extends for six or seven miles along the shores of Algoa Bay.



THE PICTURESQUE Zulu rickshaw boys are one of the most interesting tourist features in Durban, and mingle with motor traffic as they thread their way through the streets.



UGANDA SCHOOLBOY going home for vacation, but not in the European manner. All his belongings are packed together and carried on his head.



TAKING HIS apple a day. A child study in Basutoland, which is sometimes styled the Switzerland of South Africa. The climate certainly seems to make the piccaninnies grow sturdy.

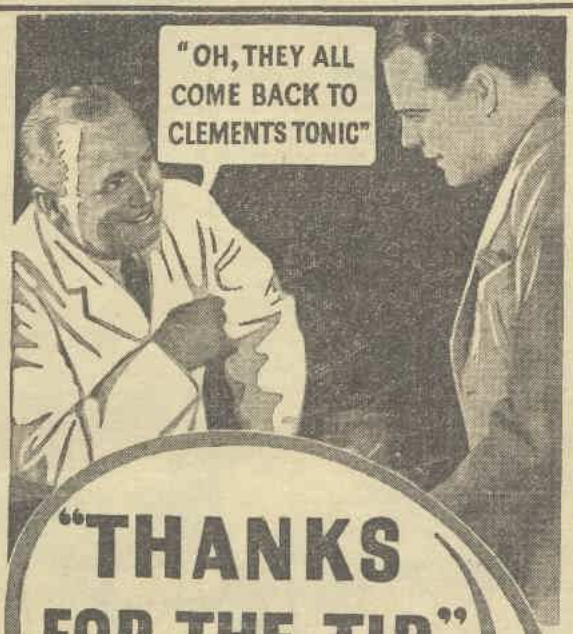


TO CRUISE IN SUNNY SKIES. Africa is a land of long distances, just as is Australia; but air transport is making the continent grow smaller. Passengers embarking at Capetown for a holiday trip by air. The constant passage of planes is making even the natives blase about the white man's "flying birds."

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THE LADY AND THE PELICAN—A picture story in three acts. Act 1: The pelican has an eye for beauty, as you can see by this one's interested expression as he admiringly surveys Miss Nellie Barnes, of the "Yes, Madam?" company, whom he met at the Zoo last week. Act 2: When the petite star decided to add a little more color to the beautiful landscape, her admirer, friend Pelican, visibly impressed with the result, hastily flapped his wings and began to fluff his bib and take more pride in his appearance. Act 3: A graceful swan, gliding by, paused to watch Beauty and the Bird improving on Nature.



"THANKS FOR THE TIP"

You cannot make a tonic that will earn a 50 years' record of successes, like Clements Tonic, by cutting out vital ingredients in order to pander to somebody's palate.

Clements Tonic is a nerve and blood food, compounded precisely and scientifically to do everything that is claimed for it. It enriches the blood, builds up the tissue, strengthens the nerve system and aids the digestion. Thousands of "run-down," nerve-weary people have testified to its marvellous results, and naturally, when they find the need for a genuine tonic, they all come back to Clements.

Was Nervous Wreck.

Trangie, N.S.W.

"For four years I have been a complete nervous wreck, and had tried several tonics without the slightest improvement. I had almost given up all hopes of recovery, when I decided to give Clements Tonic a trial. The results from the first three bottles were astounding, and I am now a new man. Thanks alone to Clements Tonic for the restoration to my nervous system, the vitality I knew four years ago."

(Mr.) A.K.

Effected Complete Cure.

Gloucester Street, Sydney.

"After being a nervous subject for many months and trying many medicines, I took two bottles of Clements Tonic and effected a complete cure.

"I have only the highest praise for your Tonic, and always have a bottle in the house."

(Mr.) F.D.

(Original letters on file for inspection.)

Prices in Capital Cities of the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.



CLEMENTS TONIC

There is no substitute 7/226

Queens of Europe—Where Are They Now?

Continued from Page 3

In the eyes of the Belgians she has become a symbol of beneficent sovereignty—the greatest achievement of queens.

An example of queenship badly carried is provided by the Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania. Once she planned to become a powerful Queen Mother of the Balkans.

Her plans to do this by having daughters or daughters-in-law on the thrones at Athens, Belgrade, and Bucharest met no success.

She further lowered the world's opinion of her by publishing too much about herself and her life. Great ballyhooing, when she visited America to raise money for her country, destroyed the remains of her dignity.

Another Dowager Queen is Amelia of Portugal. She lives in obscurity.

Dictators' Romances

DISASTER has overtaken the romances of two of Europe's dictators.

The young wife of Stalin died four years ago, and he has not married again. He now lives alone with his two children, a boy and a girl, in a modest flat in the Kremlin.

Ten years ago Ataturk Kemal divorced his wife, a young woman whom he considered had become too interfering.

PASSION

There is a flame that burns, but dims at last
Like colored candles sideways blown and chilled
With some faint breath that whispers that its death
Is near, and naught but passion's hour has been fulfilled.

—Norma Hawley.

A vote was one of her ambitions, but politics were not Kemal's idea of a woman's interest.

However, in the meantime, he has done much to improve the living conditions of women in Turkey. But he has not married again.

No part in public life is taken by the little-known Dona Rachel, wife of Mussolini.

As a matter of fact, the only woman who can influence Mussolini at all is his daughter Edda. She is not afraid to face up to him and even joke at him.

The most womanless dictator is Hitler. Not that he has any special hate for women, but he keeps out of their way.

The only two women who have been close to him are his sister and Leni Riefenstahl, a film actress.

It is perhaps a curious coincidence that this absence of womanly influence in the homes of the mighty comes at a time when the dark cloud of turbulence is hovering over Europe.

But more remarkable still is that these mantles of queenship, with all the power and brilliance they offer, should be thrown into the discard at a time when women are advancing in nearly every sphere of public, social and industrial activity.



Good bye TO ALL THAT!



BY taking a glass of Wolfe's Schnapps every day, I've said good-bye to dull eyes, heavy head, aching back and leaden feet. I no longer fear those periodical attacks of lassitude and depression. Wolfe's Schnapps is a pure spirit, unequalled for kidney and urinary disorders—a *tonic*, a *medicine*, and a *stimulating drink* in one. Try it with lemon or iced tonic water, or just as your palate prefers it.

Always Keep a Bottle in the Home

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

W.S. 103.18

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

"So they Say"

HOW TO WRITE

Answer one of these letters, or try writing one yourself on a new topic.

Letters must be short, concise, with full name and address attached. Addresses are given elsewhere in this issue.

ADULT FAMILIES

SHOW me the family in which grown-up progeny live really happily with their elders. I don't mean to say with actual fisticuffs, either physical or verbal, but in true amity and contentment.

It can't be done.

Living under a parental roof means living according to someone else's views, instead of according to one's own. And that means a daily, nay, an hourly, source of irritation.

We were never meant to submit to it.

£1 for this letter to Miss J. Bell, Milbong, via Roadvale, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

CHILD MASTERY

I NOTICE with disgust the complete mastery of child over adult. It is not the welfare of the child but the cessation of annoyance to a lazy mother which seems to be the main factor.

Every day, both in city and suburban shops, pathetic examples of child mastery attract the attention. After a few half-hearted refusals, mothers buy silly, useless articles with the remark: "See if that will keep you quiet!" What child would not make a scene for so certain a reward?

Surely these women realise that the future man or woman lies in their hands, and how can they expect them to learn self-control if they behave this way?

Bern Pearson, Lourdes, Larkhill Avenue, Peakhurst, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

QUITE a number of people contend that the first impression gained on meeting a person always turns out correct.

But I think first impressions are usually wrong. Many times we find ourselves attributing certain qualities to people on first acquaintance, and, as we get to know them better, some little incident suddenly shows them as they really are.

Let us not be too hasty in forming opinions; time will show people in their true light.

Mary F. Neville, Mt. Marlow Station, Yaraka, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

PLANNED MARRIAGES

SO many women seem to take it for granted that they are the only ones to be considered when choosing a husband, that it is refreshing sometimes to hear of a girl inviting the opinion of her parents before becoming engaged.

If such a course were followed always, there is no doubt much unhappiness would be avoided in after years.

There is a great deal to be said in favor of parents choosing and deciding who is the most suitable partner for their daughter.

The average young woman cannot be expected to understand fully that without solid financial backing love doesn't last. Let us, therefore, have planned marriages.

When they were the rule, there was less matrimonial misery in the world.

Miss D. K. Gemcroft, 6 Royal Avenue, Sandringham S8, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

HARMFUL PSYCHOLOGY!

I THINK that the emphasis placed on psychology these days is apt to make people selfish egotists. We read, for example, that every dream reveals the sub-conscious mind; and so we become absorbed in psycho-analysing our every thought and action, and find no time to think of other people or their needs. What do other readers think?

Miss L. Cox, c/o. Mrs. H. A. Cox, Thynne Road, Morningside El, Qld.

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ENCOURAGES DIVORCE

WITH so much talk about divorce, unhappy marriages, and the need for wives to force their husbands to pay them a wage, it would seem that husbands and wives are being taught to regard each other as natural enemies instead of dearest and closest friends. Surely this is having a very bad effect on the youth of our country and augurs ill for the many unions of the future!

Mrs. S. Reynolds, c/o C. W. Howell, High St., West Maitland, N.S.W.

Why Men Don't Fuss With Their Shopping

I THINK the correct reasons for the speed and ease of men shopping as compared with women (as is apparent to Miss Madden, 19/9/'36) are as follows:

Firstly, a man knows what he wants, asks for it, and goes about his business; he has neither the inclination nor the time to waste, looking at something he does not want.

Secondly, a man is generally too considerate to put people to unnecessary trouble.

Thirdly, a woman generally makes a day of shopping and gets pleasure just from looking, though she may only want one small article.

H. J. Shelley, Argyle Street, Picton, N.S.W.

Men Dislike Shopping

THE majority of men dislike shopping, and are therefore always glad to get it over. Very few men are as fastidious over their purchases as the fair sex. They don't trouble much, and are satisfied with the first thing to hand.

Women are natural shoppers, and better judges.

Miss W. Porter, c/o. Mrs. F. Stanley, 220 Agnes St., Rockhampton, Qld.

Women's Styles More Varied

WHEN men go shopping they usually have an idea of the approximate amount they wish to pay for an article, and as they haven't as much variety in their styles as women have, it is an easy matter for them to choose what they want. On the other hand, a woman wears many different colors and wants so many accessories that many things have to be seen before choosing.

Miss G. Walsh, Fourth Avenue, Joslin, S.A.

Show Consideration

A MAN, when shown two or three articles in a store, usually finds one out of the three to suit his taste.

We men are not fastidious in our purchases, and rather than cause ill-feeling to any of the employees of the shops, we make our purchases as quickly as we can, and "beat it."

Anyway, most men prefer to let their women-folk do their buying.

Mr. Reg. Hyett, 97 Sydney Street, Mackay, N. Qld.

Not Interested

MEN are less fastidious and quicker in selecting clothes, because they haven't got the interest in dress that women have.

To see this you have only to read through the papers and magazines, where fashions for men are rarely mentioned, and pages are devoted to women's styles.

Still, it is noteworthy that, within recent years, men have blossomed out, and their interest has increased in proportion with the greater variety of clothes, showing how they are much more fastidious in selection than before.

J. Stewart, High Street, Westonia, W.A.

Haven't the Time

A LOT of those women Miss Madden mentions, women who take a great deal of trouble selecting their purchases, are housewives spending a day in town



WOMEN have more time to shop than men.

shopping. Men haven't the time to waste in selecting and have to be quick.

There is, of course, a certain amount of shyness when men are buying. Peculiarly enough, men who are fussy over their clothes are laughed at and dubbed "feminine."

Rita Reynolds, High Street, Launceston, Tas.

Could Women, United, End War?

I AGREE with Mrs. Whitby (19/9/'36) who suggests that women of the world should band together into a strong league and preach against war. The women of the world could stop war, if only such a league were formed by influential women, as she suggests. War outrages all our finer instincts, and we shall outgrow it as we have outgrown slavery and human sacrifice—so why don't we women do something?

Miss Jean Rutherford, 2 Hodge St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Strengthen Defence

THE only way to prevent war is to strengthen the defence of the country. Until we have an efficient air force and an army consisting of well-trained men, we are in danger of invasion. Be strong and other nations will be afraid to attack. This is a lesson we learn in everyday life.

Miss J. Hope, Lerida, Corfield, Qld.

Include Men, Too

I THINK such a league as Mrs. Whitby suggests would be a very good thing if organised properly and if it had the whole body of women behind it.

Women have a powerful influence for good—and splendid organising ability to boot, but why limit the league to them alone? Let a league be formed of women and men. This would be greater and more effective.

Jerome Peterson, Victoria Avenue, Unley, S.A.

Wouldn't Do Much

RATHER an amusing idea, Mrs. Whitby. It reminds me of Ruskin in "Sesame and Lilies," when he said that if women had to wear black or some such drab clothes, for the whole period of the war, there would be no war.

I don't believe that women organised would accomplish much. Men, I am afraid, would tend to laugh at them, and go their own ways. And really, would women be interested enough to organise properly? Observe their lackadaisical attitude towards that most important concern, municipal affairs!

Peg Wilson, Kelly Street, Battery Point, Hobart.

Need More Than That!

IT would be very comforting to feel that an organised band of women could influence people and end war, but I think we need much more than that.

Greed and jealousy among nations seem to be the main causes of the present state of world affairs, and I am afraid that no amount of moral suasion can counteract these things unless men can learn to trust their fellows more.

Mrs. N. H. Pope, Avonlea, Donald, Vic.

All Helps

I WOULD like to thank Mrs. G. A. Whitby for her very sensible letter. If there is a grain of truth in the old saying that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," then it is high time that we women did something to abolish war, for do we not suffer most through it? What a dreadful thought; to think we are rearing lads for destruction in war.

Let every women exert her influence against war at all times, and she will have done her worthwhile "bit" for her country.

Mrs. J. Marshall, Moortangi, Kolan Rd. South, Bundaberg, Qld.

Engaged Couples Too Possessive?

SHOULD an engagement ring be so binding that neither of the affianced ones may be seen entertaining exclusively another member of the opposite sex? I have heard of a dozen good combinations being broken up because one party was too jealous to overlook a little mild flirtation on the part of the other.

Surely it is ridiculous to expect a person to be so taken up with the beloved as not to be even moderately interested in any of the dozens of other people met. Women are the chief offenders in this matter. Is there any sensible reason for them to be so possessive?

Miss M. R. Pearson, 36 Corunna Ave., Colonel Light Gardens, S.A.

Does Discipline Rob One of Initiative?

NO, Mrs. W. S. Arthur (19/9/'36) Discipline is not stultifying, nor does it destroy initiative. Because a person does the same job year in, year out, it does not follow that he cannot do anything else. Initiative cannot be developed, neither can it be lost. Some people are born to lead and see for themselves; others to follow.

Herbert L. Nicholls, Pari-y-Prior, Brighton, S.A.

Discipline Is Good

DISCIPLINE is not stultifying.

Admittedly, you find many persons living or working under discipline, who are quite without initiative, but it does not follow that that is to blame.

Discipline definitely builds character,



DISCIPLINING his Workers!

forms good habits, and teaches self-control. It does not affect initiative, which is born in people.

Mrs. W. M. Wells, Kallamunda P.O., W.A.

Obviously Discourages

I THINK that discipline does discourage initiative, does prevent people from carrying out ideas of their own. This is obvious. Working under discipline, you are forced to stick to a definite routine. You are not permitted, in general, to branch out on your own. You find a job of work is most acceptable if done in accordance with orders, and ambition and initiative soon die.

F. L. Marshall, Hillside, Waratah, Tas.

SYSTEM IN THE HOUSE

WHY is it that housewives are so reluctant to use pen and paper in connection with their work?

We would never attempt to supervise an office or any other business without some kind of book-keeping system, yet it is extraordinary to find how few women these days use any kind of housekeeping book.

It is an easy—and interesting—thing to jot down in a book the expenditure of each day and balance it at the end of the week.

Mrs. R. Dickinson, 74 Wellington Pde., East Melbourne, Vic.

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BLESSED COMPARISONS!

WHAT a dull existence we should all lead if our lives were not made up of comparisons!

With how much less enjoyment would we view our holidays if we had not to work hard all the year; how little would we value a healthy body if we were not sometimes stricken with sickness; and I am sure people could not appreciate wealth to the same degree if they had not suffered the misery and privations of poverty.

We probably do not realise when we grumble about monotony or lack of money that when better times arrive we shall appreciate them to a much greater extent than if our lives were just "one grand sweet song" all the way.

What do you say?

M. Francis, 1 Burra Road, Artarmon, N.S.W.

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FICTION IDEALS

DOES the modern novel or motion picture, with its strong, silent heroes, and its inevitable happy ending give us a wrong angle on real life?

I think this romantic stuff often sends the suburban Cinderella on a futile search for her Prince Charming, and leaves her disillusioned because Jim at the office or Jack across the street doesn't look and act like Clark Gable, but merely takes a sober view of life.

The result of this romanticism is that flesh and blood men become boring to many women.

As a sedative the films and novels are useful, but the danger is obvious.

Miss Dorothy Liddicoat, The Plateau, Summit Drive, Eaglemont, Vic.

Perfect Eyesight without Glasses

THROW AWAY YOUR GLASSES AND HAVE GOOD NATURAL SIGHT



THERE is a way—a Natural Way—to have good, clear sight again. You can do it, with the aid of EYE CULTURE—and can dispense with glasses.

At last, with Eye Culture, it has been discovered that most people wearing glasses to-day, NEED NOT. It has also been proved definitely by EYE CULTURE that those who fear that they will need glasses are FEARING NEEDLESSLY.

It has been found that Glasses do not cure an eye weakness or defect—they merely relieve a condition, which, instead of getting better, gradually becomes worse. This is evidenced by the fact that, as time goes on, THOSE WEARING GLASSES MUST FREQUENTLY CHANGE THEM AND GET STRONGER LENSES.

If you are already wearing glasses, Eye Culture can improve your vision, and in the majority of cases enable you to discard the glasses.

IF YOU DO NOT WEAR GLASSES, BUT your eyes are causing you anxiety or worry from

EYESTRAIN	OLD AGE SIGHT
ASTIGMATISM	SQUINT
EYE HEADACHES	EYES TURNED IN
LONG SIGHT	EYES THAT CANNOT
WEAK SIGHT	STAND GLARE, ETC.

or your eyesight is failing, then a few minutes each day with EYE CULTURE can obtain or regain for you normal eyesight without resorting to glasses.

The following reports indicate how quickly patients obtain relief:—

"I am very glad to be able to inform you that from the very first week I commenced your Eye Culture treatment I had no further trouble with my eyes, besides feeling one hundred per cent. better in my general health. I have had no difficulty in following the instructions so clearly set out in the course, and have done and will do my best to interest others in this excellent and inexpensive treatment."

"I have been able to read without my glasses after doing Eye Culture for the past 2 weeks. It takes one a long time to go a short way, but hope to get better as I continue, as time is young yet. I am writing this letter to you without glasses, which I could not do before taking the course."

If you suffer from any of these eye weaknesses or defects, you should call and see me personally (consultation is free), or if this is inconvenient, send 3d stamped addressed envelope for our booklet, "PERFECT EYESIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES," and learn what Eye Culture can do for you.

NOTE OUR NEW ADDRESS:



EYE CULTURE

C/o Irvines Pharmacy, No. 1, Assembly Hall, 2 York St., Sydney, N.S.W. 'Phone B3308.

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FAMILY'S *Adventurous* TRIP *Round* AUSTRALIA

"Roughed It" On Overland Tour of Never Never Country

Right round Australia by motor-car, from Sydney to Port Darwin, and thence through Northern and Central Australia via Tennant's Creek and Alice Springs, and over the Nullabor Plain to Perth, was the form of a holiday tour chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Glossup, of Punchbowl.

They took their small son, Eric, and daughter, Alma, and the family dog Toby with them on the four and a half months' trip, which Mrs. Glossup describes in the following article.

By Mrs. E. W. GLOSSUP

FOR four and a half months I have been a fugitive from the workaday routine of a suburban home.

Now I am back once more and I have surprised myself at the facility with which I have settled again into the domestic round with all its little problems and cares.

Home—it is so real, so thrilling when you reach it after 9000 miles of motoring.

When my husband suggested the round-Australia trip to me, I jumped at the idea with an eagerness which surprised him.

My girl, Alma, 9, and my boy, Eric, 12, were naturally keen to start right away. But there was a lot of planning to be done.

While my husband studied maps, consulted books by those who knew the overland route and generally equipped himself with all available information concerning the roads we were to travel, I got busy with the commissariat.

Made Damper

I LEARNED to make damper; fitted out a complete first aid kit, including medicines necessary for the children in case of illness; chose pots and other utensils for my open air kitchen and went over my lists a hundred times so that I would not forget anything that might be needed, but determined always not to overload the car.

We set out on Friday, May 15 . . .

From then on we didn't worry much about time. We just ambled on.

There was the thrill of adventure, the excitement of complete freedom.

We progressed for three days at an average of eight hours a day, and looking back, I wonder how we did it.

Everyone liked my damper, which was most satisfactory to me as treasurer. Bread, when it was available, as at Alice Springs, was 1/- a 2lb. loaf. Butter was 2/6 a pound.

Sick Drover

AT Helen's Springs we were stopped by a drover, who was very sick with malaria. He asked us to drive his mate and him to Newcastle Waters, 96 miles away. He wanted to hire an aeroplane to take him to Darwin Hospital. We were glad to be able to help him and took the two men along with us.

They offered us £5, but naturally we refused. We were happy to have this opportunity of returning in a small way the hospitality and kindness which were shown us by the outback people during the whole of our trip.

Australians are said to be a kindly people. But outback everyone is your friend. No introductions are needed.

It is really amazing the kindness of these people, living so far from our beaten tracks.

We visited the old Northern Territory station which was the setting for Mrs. Gunn's story, "We of the Never Never." A few posts and some stones skirting what was once a garden plot are all that remain.

It was hard to realise that this quiet, deserted spot was once a busy cattle station, the scene of love and romance.

We stayed there the night, sleeping in the open as we always did. They were warm, pleasant nights.

To my children it has been even more than to us—a great adventure. Two hours each day they devoted to their lessons. But the rest of the day was theirs. They loved every bushland noise, they looked expectantly around every turn in the lonely tracks.

They will find it harder than us to return to the old routine.

We had to "rough it" more than we liked at many stages. But it was all part of a delightful journey.

Whether we were chopping our way through the brush, or lying with a sense of complete relaxation under the desert stars, it was all very thrilling.

And now we are home again. We enjoyed our holiday immensely, and I can't imagine how any Australian woman with the available time could find greater satisfaction than by seeing Australia first—the overland way.

Dared Crocodiles, Waded Through River

I THINK the most thrilling experience of the whole journey around Australia, says Mrs. Glossup, was when our car became stuck in the sand while we were crossing the Fitzroy River.

We were in the centre of the river bed. There was a deep channel of water between us and the bank we hoped to reach. We used a winch on the bank to pull the car across, but had to wade through the channel to get our gear, which we had left on the sand.

I shivered. But it wasn't because the water was chilly. I knew crocodiles abounded there, and, needless to say, none of us wasted any time in getting across.



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SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, SYDNEY (At Chatswood) ANNOUNCES
TWO FREE LECTURES
on
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
By Mr. PAUL STARK SEELEY, C.S.B., of Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.
Member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
On SUNDAY, October 11, at 7.30 p.m., in the CROW'S NEST THEATRE, and on TUESDAY, October 13, at 8 p.m., in THE CHURCH EDIFICE, corner of Albert Avenue and Victor Street, Chatswood.
The Lecture in the Church Edifice will be amplified into the Sunday School adjoining the Church. Christian Science Literature will be given away after the Lectures.
THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND.

INVISIBLE MENDING
Damaged Garments INVISIBLY MENDED and Cleaned and Pressed at SYDNEY WEAVING CO.
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DRINK HABIT CONQUERED

SECRETLY or voluntarily. Happiness restored to homes made miserable through Liquor. 30 YEARS SUCCESS all over Australia. Grateful Testimonials from hundreds of users of EUCRASY. SPEEDY, safe, and NOT COSTLY. A boon to wives, mothers, and drinkers who want to be sober. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Booklet, Testimonials.
Dept. B, EUCRASY CO.,
237 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY

ASTROLOGY
Will I always be unlucky?
When will my conditions improve?
What is my Lottery luck?
Will I realise my ambitions?
What are my future prospects?
All questions answered and full Astrological Reading for 2/6. Send P.N., Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope.
A. Moore, Box 3427R, G.P.O., Sydney.

Result Film Stars Competition No. 4

Fifty-five competitors submitted correct names totalling 704 points, and they share the prize: Queensland: H. McNeilly, Mrs. A. Shaw, Miss O. Walsh, J. A. Walsh, P. Tanner, Mrs. C. Smith, R. Fuller, N. W. Shaw, Miss F. Cameron, Doug. Brown, Mrs. R. L. Marden, Mrs. C. Parsons. N.S.W.: H. Connelly, M. A. Francis, Miss L. Francis, M. Birnie, H. Murphy, Mrs. L. Higgins, A. Wilson, Mrs. H. MacLean, W. Major, Miss B. Pentey, L. Cummings, Mrs. J. Hunter, Mrs. M. Morris, Mrs. W. Colley, R. Brown, C. J. Bennett, A. J. Hunter, Miss R. Anderson, D. R. Ward, W. T. Collins, Mrs. L. Jack, P. T. Simmonds, Mrs. H. MacDonald, A. MacDonald, Miss Joy FitzGerald, K. T. Taylor, Mrs. G. Morgan, Mrs. M. Watt, Mrs. E. Samuels, Mrs. J. Moro, J. Shean.
Victoria: N. B. Rimes, R. Wilton, S. E. Lowe, Mrs. C. Negus, Mrs. S. Harrison, Pat Ward, W. Burgess, A. H. Carlson, G. N. Lewis.
S.A.: Mrs. A. R. Fox, Mrs. R. Burton, W. Murray.

WINNING NAMES:—
(1) BREARER. (2) CHEVALIER. (3) ANGEL also NAGEL. (4) DENNETT. (5) CODY. (6) MONTGOMERY. (7) HULL. (8) SAGE. (9) HARLOW. (10) ERNST also STERN.



DOROTHY HELMRICH, the noted Australian mezzo-soprano, renewed acquaintance with Dr. Malcolm Sargent, whom she had known in London, when she returned to Sydney from Perth to sing in Verdi's "Requiem," under his conductorship. Miss Helmrich's farewell recital at the Conservatorium was arranged for Wednesday night this week.

FAMILIAR *With Music But not with* ENGLISH

So Musical Director of Russian Ballet brings his Dictionary

Australians will have the same soft spot for Jascha Horenstein, musical director of the Russian Ballet, as that which prompted those on board the Oronsay to teach him English. Before boarding the boat he was quite unacquainted with the language.

HE is the first arrival of the sixty members of the Monte Carlo ballet now en route to Australia, and preceded the others for the purpose of organising and rehearsing the orchestra.

Aged 38, Beethovenish in appearance, and wearing a moderate Yankee Doodle shirt of fine red and white stripes and bright blue tie, he carries an English dictionary smaller than the old-fashioned miniature Bibles.

Born in Russia, of an Austrian mother, he went to Austria when five years old, studying there and in Berlin, assuming the conductor's baton with the Berlin Philharmonic Choir at the age of 22.

He has waved it with confident precision as guest conductor throughout France and Germany.

Despite his Aryan appearance, it is significant that the conductor directorship of music at Dusseldorf Municipal Opera House ceased in 1933, and his work took him on a French tour, and to Moscow, Warsaw and Vienna whence he comes direct.

His wife and three-year-old son are in Vienna. His wife is a German singer, who formerly sang two seasons at Covent Garden under the name of Rose Landwehr.

HEALTH *Films for* PUBLIC

With the object of educating parents, particularly mothers, in the care of their own and their children's health, the Department of Public Health has had three films made.

THESE feature the work of the pre-natal clinics and Baby Health Centres conducted by the Department, and also the "Tresillian" Mothercraft Homes, at which the Health Centre sisters receive their post-graduate training in mothercraft.

The St. George Baby Health Centres have arranged for these films to be shown at Rockdale on October 8, as part of the Health Week Campaign in conjunction with the Tresillian Homes appeal for £2000.

The first film deals with medical supervision of mothers prior to the birth of their babies, the second shows the work of the pre-natal clinics and Baby Health Centres, and the third deals with the subject of immunisation against diphtheria.

These films are both interesting and instructive, and they are proving of real value in impressing upon women the necessity for pre-natal care and expert mothercraft advice in rearing healthy babies and safeguarding the health and well-being of our mothers.

Already wonderful success has been achieved in reducing our infant death rate, mainly by the dissemination, through the Baby Health Centres, of accurate knowledge of feeding and care of babies.

There are many country mothers, however, particularly those living outside the towns, who cannot avail themselves of the opportunities provided for securing expert advice, and through the medium of these films the Department of Public Health hopes this will be rectified.

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2/6

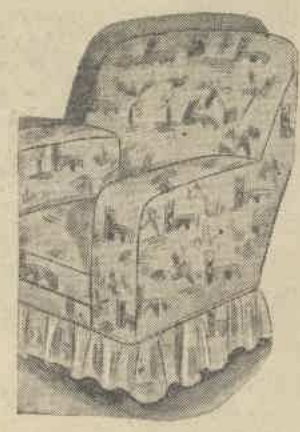
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2/9

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Beach Towels

The Towel of the season and our special introduction. In rose, blue, gold or green. An excellent wearer and very absorbent.
Hand size, 15 x 27 inches, 1/4½;
BATH, 24 x 48 inches, 2/9;
WASHER, 12 x 12 inches, 6d.;
ROLLER, 16-inch, 1/7½ yard;
SURF ROBING, 33-inch, 2/11

SHEET LENGTHS from a factory, 325 only—British made—all perfect goods, unhemmed, to be sold at REMNANT PRICES. 170 for Single bed, 2½ yards long. Usually 1/6 yd. Sheet Lengths for 2/9
155 for Double beds, 80-inch, 2¾ yards long. Usually 2/6 yard. Sheet Lengths for 4/10.

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"The first story I sent to America has been accepted."

"I received more for my stories while studying with you than I paid in fees."

"I received £6/2/6 for two stories in the 'Australian Journal.'"

"'The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/18/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £5/12/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £3 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships.'"

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The DRESS SHOW

Continued from Page 16

SHE hesitated, flushing scarlet. She was down to her last ten shillings. It was all she could do to hang on until the next pay day; doctor's fees were out of the question.

He seemed to read her thoughts. "Don't worry about that," he told her kindly. "I attend any amount of patients free," and with that he was gone.

Freda lived through the next few days torn by many emotions. The letter still remained unanswered, and at Thora's she worked under the cloud of Madame's disapproval. Maude and Gertrude pestered her with questions during slack spells in the dressing-room. Maude was merely inquisitive, but Gertrude was envious. She had always been jealous of Freda. Fred was the favorite with Miss Dawson; she showed all the best models, and now she had staged a dramatic faint, and had been driven home by a man who was what Gertrude called "posh," in a super "posh" car. If Freda got the sack it would mean promotion for Gertrude. That was a pleasant thought; she tried to make things as unpleasant as possible for the principal mannequin.

When the day arrived for Freda to visit Harley Street, the hours seemed to creep by with maddening slowness. As ill-luck would have it a customer came late, and stayed dallying and chattering, filling up time before her next engagement. The girls were in the act of putting on their coats when the summons came that a mannequin was wanted.

Panic-stricken at the thought of being late for her appointment, Freda turned to Gertrude:

"I say, do be a brick and take my place in the showroom. It's terribly important that I shouldn't be late tonight. I'll do the same for you any other day."

Gertrude looked at her with a smile of gratification. She told herself here was a chance of getting her own back on Freda. It would do her good to be put in her place.

"Sorry, old thing," she drawled affectedly, "but you aren't the only girl that's got a date with a boy friend; though I expect you're a bit excited about it, seeing as you've never had one before. That old cat's good for another hour," she added spitefully, as she flounced out of the door.

"Would he wait for her? Would he understand that it wasn't her fault if she was late?" Freda asked herself as she pulled off her hat and coat and struggled into "The Heart of a Rose."

The customer was garrulous, she made little labored jokes and smoked a cigarette in short, self-conscious puffs. She was trying to appear worldly, wealthy and unwise, but she did not take in Madame, whose eyes had grown uncannily sharp in twenty years of running a successful business.

It was nearly seven o'clock when Freda was eventually able to slip away. Once round the corner she hailed a passing taxi; she could ill afford the extravagance, but she would have parted with her last farthing rather than keep Stephen Penwick waiting a moment longer than she could help.

As she rang the bell of the large imposing house, her heart was pounding uncomfortably, and there was an unusual tightness about her throat.

A stately manservant showed her straight into the consulting room. There was an electric lamp on the desk that illuminated Dr. Penwick's face. Freda had time to notice the weary lines about his eyes and the bitter set of his lips. The light also shone on a photograph in a silver frame, but she averted her eyes hastily; she did not want to think of Brenda Collins at that moment.

HE greeted his nervous patient cheerfully, and made her sit down in an armchair, while he studied her with a veiled scrutiny. He asked her a few questions which she answered simply and truthfully, then there was a pause. He seemed to be turning something over in his mind.

"Miss Owen," he said gently, while he picked up a pencil and started drawing designs on the blotting pad so as to avoid the embarrassment of meeting her eyes, "I am going to ask you a question which you are under no obligation to answer; but is there something troubling you? I mean something that is preying on your mind, and perhaps preventing you from sleeping? Sometimes it is a relief to get a thing off one's chest, and also, just occasionally, advice is helpful."

She sat silent for a moment, twisting her hands together in agitation before she answered in a voice so low that he could hardly catch the words.

"Yes," she whispered, "there is something."

"Would you care to tell me? I want to help you, if you will let me."

Without a word she drew the letter from her bag, and handed it to him. He smoothed out the crumpled sheet, and read it slowly.

"I should be obliged if you would send me another £2 to same address as before, not forgetting that I know about your dad, and having kept silent all these years out of kindness."

There was no signature and no address.

"So it's blackmail," he said thoughtfully.

She nodded, then broke out in a torrent of explanation.

Please turn to Page 38

A HUSBAND'S CRITICISM



BY SPRAYING ONLY MORTEIN
you will insure absolute preservation of your dresses & furs without any possibility of harming or staining the most delicate fabric.

INSIST ON MORTEIN
BUY NOW from your Chemist or Store



when FILM is
linked with these conditions

Make sure you use the special film-removing tooth paste which removes film *effectively* and *safely*.

It vitally concerns you that most dental authorities agree on the dangers of film. Many consider it the greatest cause of "off-colour" teeth, decay and serious gum disorders.

The way to remove film safely

Common sense says that dangerous film should be removed and kept away regularly. But how? Many dentifrices may *claim* to remove film. But are they safe? To millions of people, Pepsodent is known as the special film-removing tooth paste.

The simple reason for Pepsodent's efficiency is the use of a revolutionary new cleansing and polishing agent. This material is unexcelled in film-removing power. No other leading dentifrice contains it and it is so safe that in impartial tests Pepsodent has been proved the least abrasive . . . therefore *softest* —of 13 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders.

So, if you really want naturally white teeth and greater freedom from common mouth disorders, take the first step now. Start removing ugly, dangerous film daily with Pepsodent Tooth Paste.

Along with daily brushing, eat foods your dentist would advise to promote strong, healthy teeth. And be sure to see your dentist regularly twice a year.



To help keep breath pure

In many cases, offensive breath may be traced to decaying food particles between the teeth. Daily brushing with Pepsodent Tooth Paste helps remove these food particles . . . thus acts to combat one of the most common causes of unpleasant breath.

SAVE MONEY!
Buy Pepsodent in the *new 10% larger tubes* at the old prices. You can't afford to take chances on cheap "bargain" brands now that it costs no more to insist on the special film-removing Tooth Paste.

PEPSODENT
the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste
THE 2/- SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

Phar Lap's Story

AT last the true story about Phar Lap's death has been told.

After four years of silence, Tommy Woodcock, who took Phar Lap to America, has lifted the veil that shrouded the mystery of the "Red Terror's" death.

"Phar Lap was done to death," he says, and proves it.

This story has been secured by the Daily Telegraph, and will commence on Wednesday, October 7.

Every event in Phar Lap's life is told by the man who practically lived with the horse from the time he was imported from New Zealand till he died in America.

It's a great story about a great racehorse.

It is the most unusual and absorbing story of the Australian turf ever written.

Don't miss a word of this splendid new series.

Get the Daily Telegraph on Wednesday, October 7, and every day after that.

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WINCARNIS

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Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:—

MANDRAKE: A magician with a taste for adventure, and
LOTHAR: His faithful Nubian servant. They meet
SIR OSWALD: An Englishman, who has just completed a two months' hunting expedition, and who takes them home with him. Here they meet
JANE: His beautiful daughter, and discover that for the two months of Sir Oswald's absence,
SAKI: World's cleverest thief and master of disguises, has been impersonating him, and has made off with the Star Sapphire. Saki returns disguised as
INSPECTOR DUFFY: The man who had captured him before, but leaves just before the real inspector turns up. Mandrake and Lothar follow in pursuit. Two belligerent Shropshire men cause some delay but are completely routed, first by Mandrake's magic, then by Lothar's mighty fists. Mandrake and Lothar continue in pursuit, and meet a roadside pedlar, who tells them which way to go. NOW READ ON



































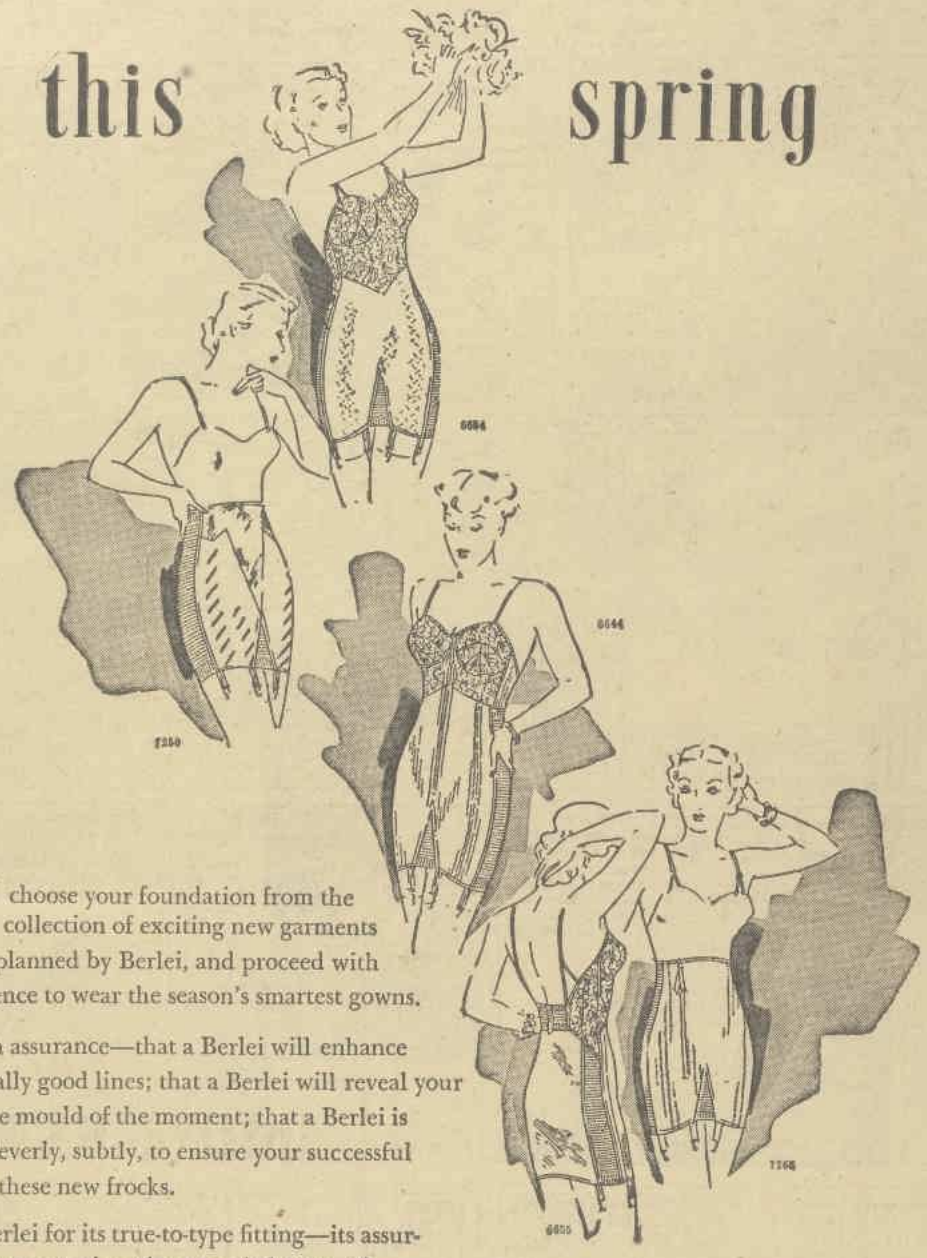






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this spring





choose your foundation from the collection of exciting new garments planned by Berlei, and proceed with confidence to wear the season's smartest gowns.

choose with assurance—that a Berlei will enhance your naturally good lines; that a Berlei will reveal your figure in the mould of the moment; that a Berlei is designed cleverly, subtly, to ensure your successful wearing of these new frocks.

choose a Berlei for its true-to-type fitting—its assurance of figure restraint where needed most, of freedom where freedom should be. And with thought for the future, choose a Berlei to preserve the lithesome lines of youth.

Luxury indeed! A step-in of diagonal-striped satin accented with shaped sections of shimmering plain satin. Opens to a depth of nine inches on the left side, so that it's easy to put on. No. 7250. Sway Back type. Sizes, 21-28.

Half spot batiste makes this "Princess Youth" Controlette. Distinguished by its three-way pull which uplifts the bust, slims the waist, and controls the hips. A boned lining keeps the abdomen flat. No. 6654. Hip type. Sizes, 32-38.

A Talon-fastening Corselette of shadow-striped satin. (The Talon-tailored closing gives a flawlessly smooth line.) The lace brassiere top has intriguing little plush sections for firm uplift. No. 6644. Average type. Sizes, 30-35.

Another "Princess Youth" Corselette in the new Etamine cloth, an English fabric with a fascinating basket weave. Exquisite lace brassiere top gives youthful uplift. Non-slip satin shoulder straps. No. 6655. Average type. Sizes, 30-35.

A chevron-striped satin Step-in with modern Talon fastening. Berlei uses the new *perfected* Talon . . slides smoothly, locks automatically. Invisible boning gives perfect curve control. No. 7265. Sway Back type. Sizes, 21-28.

Berlei foundations

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HOME *for Crippled* CHILDREN

Man's Monument to Wife

With a £12,000 home for cripples at St. Ives, a Sydney business man, Mr. Andrew Reid, of Wahroonga, is planning a noble and inspiring monument to his late wife's love for sick and crippled children.

DURING her lifetime Mrs. Reid showed the keenest interest in philanthropic work of all kinds, her particular interest being the care of crippled children of the poorer classes.

Mrs. Reid died two years ago, and now her husband, has finalised the plans for an enduring monument to his wife, in the form of a grand project to carry on the work in which Mrs. Reid was so interested.

Mr. Reid, who is the managing director of the well-known firm of James Hardie and Company Limited, of Sydney, is erecting a memorial home for the after treatment of crippled children. It is being built on a block of five acres of land purchased by him at Pittwater Road, St. Ives.

The buildings and equipment when completed will cost about £12,000 and will be under the control of the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children.

Accommodation will be found for 40 patients.

Proper Care

IT IS intended that the institution shall be used as a place of rest and recuperation for crippled children after their treatment in the public hospitals.

In many instances, in the absence of such an institution as this, children, after being discharged from the public hospitals after operations and treatment, have been compelled to return to their homes in the slums.

As a result, the full benefits of medical science have been lost to them, because their parents have been unable to provide them with proper care and nourishment in their convalescence.

Some years ago, Mr. Reid made a valuable contribution to philanthropy by erecting and endowing one of the Burnside Homes at Parramatta.

The foundation stone of the home, to be called the Margaret Reid Memorial Home, will be laid by Mr. H. P. Fitzsimons, Minister for Health, on Saturday, October 10, at 3 p.m.

DON'T . . . FORGET

The latest supplementary function for the Kanimbla Ball is an informal dance to be held at the Royal Motor Yacht Club House, Broken Bay, on Saturday, October 24. The Kanimbla Younger Set are organising this and tickets are 5/- each, and are available at the ball office, Grave Building.

A card party has also been arranged at the Grand Central Hotel on October 22, at 8 p.m. Reservations, MA5023.

☆ ☆ ☆

The committee organising the St. Vincent's Hospital Ball have elected Mrs. T. H. Kelly as their president, and have decided to hold the ball at the Trocadero on October 21. The Governor-General and Lady Gowrie have signified their intention of being present.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Nelson Training Depot is holding a ship's company dance at the Mosshean Hall, Darlinghurst, on October 21. For further particulars ring Mr. Fairlie, FX1593.

☆ ☆ ☆

Lady Murray Anderson will open the Australian Market, an annual effort of the Presbyterian Church to raise funds for its social service work, in the basement of the Town Hall on October 30.

☆ ☆ ☆

Lady Murray Anderson has promised to open the fete at Elwatan, Castle Hill, the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Dixson, on November 14. Proceeds will aid the funds of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street.

☆ ☆ ☆

Sir Kelso and Lady King have made the lovely grounds of Quambi, Woollahra, available for the annual fete of St. Columba Church on Saturday, October 10.

☆ ☆ ☆

A lantern lecture by Lady Snowden will be given on October 20, at the Canterbury Town Hall, in aid of the District Memorial Hospital.

☆ ☆ ☆

Plans are already well forward for the dance aboard R.M.S. "Strathaird" on December 9, in aid of the Navy League, the Sydney Sailors' Home, and the Mater Misericordiae Hospital.

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What Women Are Doing

Memorial Gate

PUPILS and ex-pupils of the Buranda State school, Brisbane, when they enter the school grounds will always be reminded of Miss A. E. Crosser, who was for 18 years headmistress of the girls' section, and who retired last year. Their reminder will be a gate erected at the entrance to the school, which is to be known as the "Miss Crosser" gate.

❖ ❖ ❖

Something New in Book Societies

MRS. MAURICE POSNER is the hon. organiser for a new movement just formed in Melbourne—the Free Book Distributing Society. Its purpose is to supply books free to all charitable institutions, including orphanages, hospitals, sanitariums, and road camps within 25 miles of Melbourne.



Mrs. M. Posner —Bromhern.

This movement has only been in existence for about three weeks, and already over 500 books have been collected. A voluntary fleet of cars calls for books at all times, and an appeal is being made for more helpers.

For some time now Mrs. Posner has been giving literary talks to women each week over the air. She also wrote a travel book which has been broadcast, and is vice-president of the National Council of Jewish Women.

❖ ❖ ❖

Interesting Visitor From Overseas

A WOMAN who is known throughout the English colony in Egypt, Mrs. A. W. Murdoch, lovely mother of Mrs. C. E. Hughes, wife of the War Graves Commissioner, Colonel Hughes, is now visiting Australia.

She has many Australian friends, for during the war she kept open house at her English home at Alexandria.

Her husband, who died two years ago, was an engineer in Egypt for 52 years. He never lost his Scottish accent, giving rise to the popular joke that his natives talked Arabic with a Gaelic accent!

One daughter and two sons were born in Egypt, but were unable to go to school in England during the war, so the daughter was helped in her lessons by an Australian soldier visitor who afterwards became her husband.

Returns to Army Work in Australia

MRS. R. HENRY, wife of the new Territorial Commander of the Salvation Army in Southern Australia, was revisiting her home when she travelled from headquarters in Melbourne to be officially welcomed by the Army in South Australia. As Captain Spence, Mrs. Henry was an officer of the Army in Adelaide. She and her husband, the Commissioner, have just returned from Jamaica, in the West Indies, where they spent four years at the Army headquarters.

Mrs. Henry assisted her husband with his work as chief secretary of the Salvation Army work in Canada and New Zealand previously. The field of their new work is four States—Tasmania, Victoria, South Australia and West Australia.

❖ ❖ ❖

Honorary Chaperon For Y.A.L. Tour

MRS. A. E. MOORE, who has consented to be honorary chaperon to the New Year trip in January to Tasmania, organised by the Young Australia League, is looking forward to her new experience. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Euston Moore, will be company chaperon, and as she has had previous experience on several similar tours, the girls will be well looked after. It is expected 50 or 60 will make the trip.

Mrs. Euston Moore says usually everything runs very smoothly, and they are a big, happy party. The main thing is to get the girls acquainted with one another as quickly as possible, so that no one will be lonely.

❖ ❖ ❖

Work of Church in Nine Mission Fields

MISS VIOLET HILLIER, secretary of the South Australian Committee of the Australian Board of Missions, had barely finished organising the Church of England Centennial Exhibition than she started preparations for the United Centennial Missionary exhibition for October 28 to November 5.



Miss Hillier. —Rembrandt.

At the Centennial Hall on these dates the work of the churches of Australia in nine mission fields abroad will be shown. Beautiful curios from India and China have been brought out by missionaries on furlough and others who have visited the mission fields. The Right Rev. Samuel Azariah, Bishop of Dornakal, India, will be an Indian visitor to South Australia's exhibition, and Roparte Varo, a Fijian native teacher, also.

Success To All Three

WHEN three West Australian women writers met recently in a Perth Street, each announced publication or acceptance of a recent book.

Molly Skinner, wartime nurse, who collaborated with D. H. Lawrence, noted English novelist, in "Boy in the Bush" and previously wrote nursing books, announced "Tucker Sees India."

Mrs. Hugo Throssell, who has written prolifically under the name of Katharine Susannah Prichard, and won Hodder and Stoughton's thousand pound prize with "The Pioneers" and the "Bulletin" prize with "Coonardoo," will publish "Intimate Strangers" with Jonathan Cape.

Mrs. Henrietta Drake-Brockman's latest will be "Sheba Lane," to follow her "Blue North" success.

Clever Young Pianist From Brisbane

MISS VAL SULLIVAN, of Brisbane, recently met with great success at the Eisteddfod in Sydney. She is 17 years of age, and won the three piano championships, and Open Prelude and Fugue contest. She is a native of Brisbane, and was educated at All Hallows Convent.



Miss Sullivan. —Noel Maitland.

She has to her credit, A.T.C.L., L.T.C.L., L. Mus. A. and L.A.B., and in the last-mentioned examination, when only 15 years of age, she secured first place in Queensland, cash prize of £25, and the Whitehouse Gold Medal.

During February she won a scholarship to the Sydney Conservatorium, entitling her to free tuition from Mr. Frank Hutchens. Miss Sullivan inherits her talent from her mother, who was the first girl in Toowoomba to gain her L.A.B.

❖ ❖ ❖

Contributed To Museum Literature

YOUNG and vivacious Ellen Clark, Melbourne, is responsible for one of the volumes of a series just published by the National Museum. Her contribution deals with yabbies, crayfish, and shell-life generally, and its illustrations are also her handiwork.

Ellen, a daughter of naturalist John Clark, a world authority on ants and their habits, is the only woman on the staff of Melbourne Museum. She is equally efficient as a lecturer to advanced students and to children.

The Clark home at Ferntree Gully is a miniature museum and zoo. Here Miss Clark breeds the yabbies that she has such knowledge of.

Temperance Women Celebrate Golden Jubilee

A CHRISTIAN Citizenship Campaign was the theme of the convention arranged by the Women's Christian Temperance Union of South Australia to celebrate its Golden Jubilee in the Centenary year. Country visitors and city delegates met at the Willard Hall, Wakefield Street, from September 28 to October 2.

Mrs. J. R. Bowering, the State president of the Union, presided at all sessions, when addresses were given by Miss R. Winter, of the Y.W.C.A., on "Educating Public Opinion," and Miss I. McCorkindale on "Ideals for the Future." "Parliamentary Reform" was the subject of Mrs. O. Polkinghorne's address, and Pastor Fitzgerald and the Rev. J. Allen spoke to delegates.

❖ ❖ ❖

Musician Interested in International Affairs

INTERNATIONAL movements such as those in America are the particular interest, apart from her work, of Miss Vera Bradford, a Melbourne pianist, who is making a tour of Australia for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.



Miss Bradford. —Jack Cato.

While studying music at the Chicago Musical College with Percy Grainger, after graduating in music from the Melbourne University Conservatorium, Miss Bradford lived at International House.

Elected President for Thirty-first Time

ONCE again, and for the 31st time, Mrs. E. Bleazby has been elected president of the Victorian Ladies' Bowling Association.

She has been connected with it since its inauguration. To-day there are 26 clubs in the association, apart from affiliated clubs.

Mrs. Bleazby has many interests outside bowls. She is also president of the Upwey Tennis Club, president of the Original Ladies' Benevolent Association, president Brighton Ladies' Benevolent Society, a councillor for Brighton, on the council of Firbank Girls' School, vice-president of Brighton Baby Health centre, and hon. correspondent for the Children's Welfare Department.



Mrs. E. Bleazby. —Ronald Exler.

❖ ❖ ❖

Organised Exhibition of Girl Guide Crafts

MISS E. BELL, District Commissioner, who organised the very interesting exhibition of handicraft by Launceston Girl Guides last week, has been associated with the Guides since their earliest days in Tasmania. She joined as a ranger, and soon became one of the most efficient Guides.

After fourteen years' service she resigned, but the association felt it could not lose touch with one so experienced in the movement, and appointed her a district commissioner.

The handicraft exhibition arranged by Miss Bell enabled Guides to give the public a very favorable impression of the usefulness of their training.

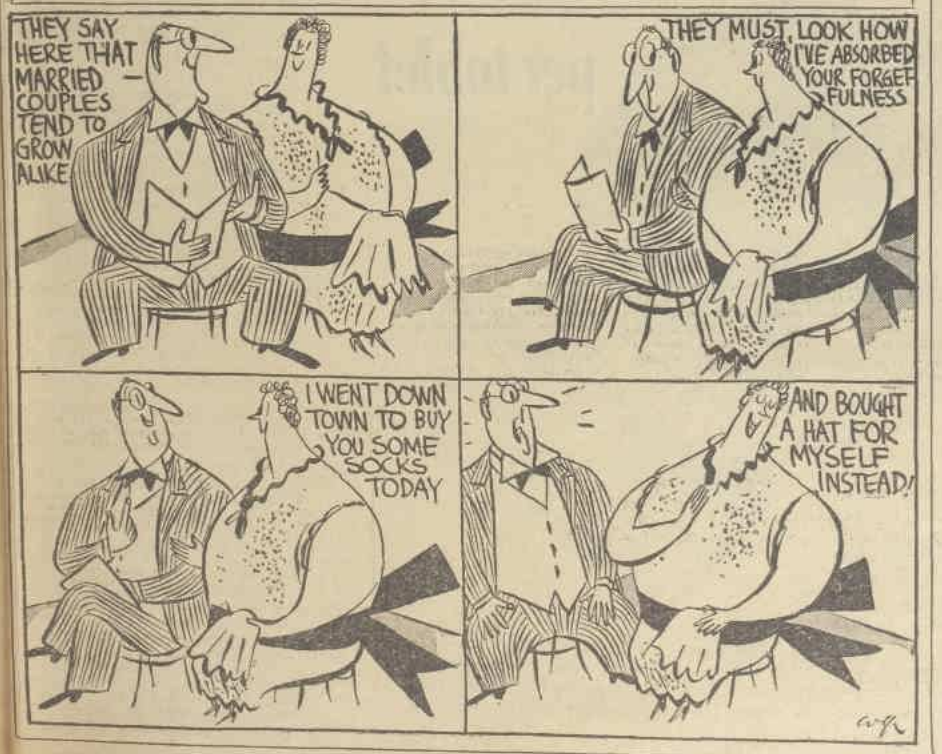
❖ ❖ ❖

Planning Gift Shop To Help Others

AN enthusiastic worker for the Whitefield's Congregational Mission at Hindmarsh, South Australia, is Sister Rene, who is already contemplating the Christmas rush and starting a Gift Shop in the Arcade. Sister Rene and a band of girl and women helpers plan to make this a means of raising money for the work of the mission and also to give ideas for Christmas presents.

Sister Rene has been working with the Mission for several years and this venture is a new idea for helping these workers to help others.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY - - By WEP



INDIGESTION

—How to Treat it Correctly

When acid stomach first becomes apparent by attacks of heartburn or flatulence it is fairly easily dealt with, and a few doses of De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly puts the sufferer right. But to neglect these symptoms, as so many people do, is to run the risk of incurring the graver dangers and distressing agony of gastritis, dyspepsia and perhaps ulceration of the stomach or duodenum.

Every sufferer from Indigestion wants three things—and wants them quickly.

★ **Firstly,** he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, heartburn, palpitation or flatulence.

¶ **Secondly,** he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.

§ **Thirdly,** he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

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Box of 24 powders, 2/6.
Of all Chemists.

'BAYER' A.P.C. QUICK-SURE-SAFE

FRESH MATERIAL

"I'LL bet I could make a go of it," Lennie grumbled. "I'm not as dumb as all that. I'm a novelist. If Williams had given me a crack at some live job—but no! . . . I had to start on this 'Angel' hoodoo, that has cost them nearly a million and whipped forty movie experts. Why wouldn't I fall down on it!"

Once back in his hotel, he saw no further reason for lingering, so he packed his luggage for a return trip to New York.

A half-hour before train time he summoned a bell-boy, went down and paid his bills and while he was at the desk the clerk handed him a telegram. It read: "Surprise for Lennie. Just sub-let the flat. Hurray. Leaving on the noon train. See my darling soon. Babe. Much love."

He continued to stare in astonishment at the message, and it slowly dawned that his young wife was coming out to join him in the happy, golden West. Poor Babe!

He dashed off a telegram, addressed it to Babe's train: "Get off and meet me in Kansas City. Hollywood job all over. I'm fired."

It was a surprised and puzzled young lady who met him in the railway station at Kansas City.

"It's possible," Lennie explained, "that I am not the person the movies need." She stared at him with wifely sympathy as the train rolled for Chicago.

"Where is this job you have been working on for three months?" she demanded, and he indicated the briefcase on the opposite seat, wherein lay the result of diligent strivings. Babe pried open the clasp and drew forth the manuscript. "My goodness," she said, "but isn't it the heavy thing? Did you write all these pages?"

He nodded in sleepy silence and she continued to make examination and flutter the pages.

"Why, the name is all wrong," she announced. "It says Production 3369 and I don't see what that has to do with it."

YOUNG Mrs. Sims read on and on, her eyes widening in further dismay. "Why, it's all wrong," she murmured, and he agreed without comment. That was what Mr. Williams said, too.

"Yes, but they printed your names wrong," she insisted. "It says here that Sir Basil does something and Lady Naismith does something else, and that is foolish, as there is no Sir Basil or Lady Naismith in 'Yellow Summer.'"

"Darling," Lennie muttered, wiping his brow, "let us not talk about it. I'm hot and tired."

"Yes, but look, Lennie. That must mean Mr. Winslow."

"Who? Why?"

"I said they have the names wrong, and that would spoil everything. They must be very careless people in a studio. Not a single one is correct."

He closed his eyes and pretended to

Continued from Page 7

snore, and the devoted Babe, having nothing to occupy her as the train hurried East, having nothing on her mind whatever and a sharp lead pencil, spent the time correcting Hollywood's dumb blunders . . .

Sir Basil and Lady Naismith were coldly blackened out, and Mr. Winslow was put in where he belonged, as were a Miss Harriet Gow and Miss Jones and the janitor and others of "Yellow Summer." At Chicago the job was finished and the names were correct again. Babe was more cheerful.

"I wouldn't feel bad about this," she said soothingly. "Maybe you're too smart a man for the movies. I hear they don't like very smart people."

Lennie grunted, hoping he would forever forget the films and all their works. When the two arrived in New York they hunted for a small apartment in a modest hotel, there to begin life over. On the second day in the new rooms, and for no particular reason, he telephoned Mr. Horace Blagden, the man who had pitchforked him into Hollywood.

"Mustn't be discouraged," Blagden told him. "It was a mighty tough job they handed you, and don't we know it? And say, you haven't by any chance got any fresh material, have you?"

"Just what do you mean, Mr. Blagden?"

"Any new stuff. We've fallen away behind on story material. They are howling for stuff and we can't buy it."

"Why, yes, Mr. Blagden," Lennie said thoughtfully. "I have a brand new one. I finished it on the train coming East, and it seems very good to me."

"Get it down here at once," the movie man ordered, and Lennie hung up and smiled grimly.

"Where is that treatment you fixed up on the train?" he demanded, and instantly Babe hopped up and handed him his three months of failure. He blotted out Production 3369," thought hard for a moment and called it "Frustration." "Doesn't mean anything," he muttered, "but that doesn't matter, as names have no value in this business."

He pulled the cover from his battered typewriter and began tapping. Babe brought him coffee and toast. When he was exhausted he went to bed, got up again and commenced more tapping, chucking in Babe's names from "Yellow Summer," and when the task was finished he had a brand-new manuscript — not "Yellow Summer", to be sure, and certainly not "Angels in the Dust," or anything like it. Without delay he hurried downtown, and Mr. Blagden being absent, he left it with a secretary.

FOR five days they both walked the floor, Lennie not daring to hope, Babe supremely confident of a good answer. Then Blagden telephoned.

"Sims," he said, in a voice filled with enthusiasm, "you have a perfectly grand story in that 'Frustration' thing. The name's bad, but never mind that.

"We've all read it down here and we're crazy about it. Come in and see me this afternoon."

"You—you're going to buy it?"

"Unless you want too much money. Come in about three and we'll talk it over."

At four in the afternoon a new contract was drawn between Mr. Leonard Sims, of New York, party of the first part, and the large movie concern, by the terms of which the corporation agreed to purchase and did hereby purchase and buy from Author Sims a certain motion picture story named "Frustration," for the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, payable at once.

Five days later, Babe had a bungalow and a dog, had met the neighbors and was popping around Hollywood in the open roadster. On his first morning Lennie strolled into the studio shortly before noon, and once again confronted the grim-eyed Mr. Williams, manager and discharger of the talent, who looked up and then pointed sternly to a manuscript lying on his desk, fresh from New York.

"What are you trying to pull around here?" he asked coldly. "That's the same thing—you wrote that out here in this studio. That's your treatment on 'Angels.'"

"I know it, Mr. Williams," Lennie said in a polite voice. "New York thought it a first-class movie story, and so they paid me fifteen thousand. After all, it really is a new story. So here I am, ready to work again, and I hope we get along better."

He then departed to his new office. In the afternoon, Babe chatted with the friendly neighbors over the hedge.

"Yes," she informed them, with a proud and happy note in her voice, "my husband is Leonard Sims, the novelist. The movie people brought him out from New York to make his book into a movie. You know—'Yellow Summer.' It'll make a swell movie."

(Copyright)



A SPONGY SILK fabric, printed in a Persian design of orange, yellow, pale green and white, makes an unusual evening wrap for this charming 20th Century-Fox player. The neck and shoulders are corded and shirred and tied with a bow of orange velvet ribbon. It is worn with a pale chartreuse dinner frock.

BIG SAVINGS in the cost of Beauty

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THE MOVIE WORLD

October 10, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page 27

CALLING *Australia!*

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

Gloom Over Studios

JESSIE MATTHEWS' illness overshadows the big Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush. Everyone, from the directors to the clapper-boys, is deeply concerned. Her absence from the studios is regarded as an individual stroke of ill luck.

Although the production of "Head Over Heels" has been held up indefinitely, Sonnie Hale—Jessie's director-husband—has turned the cameras on one or two sequences in which Jessie does not appear.

Sonnie is, himself, working under terrific strain, but by an extraordinary feat of technical juggling he has managed to co-ordinate music and dialogue with the sequences taken before Jessie collapsed.

When Jessie is able to return, only a few days' work will be necessary for the completion of the film.

Ginger Denies Engagement

BACK from a three-weeks' holiday in New York, Ginger Rogers is assaulted with inquiries about her supposed hectic romance with Howard Hughes, the wealthy oil man and film producer.

Ginger makes a "bad boy" face and declares:

"I'm madly, devotedly, in love with Dickie Moore."

She does add, however, that it was only a coincidence of time, place and people that caused her to see Mr. Hughes more often.

More Trouble

THERE has been a regular rash of studio trouble breaking out among the lads and lassies in Hollywood within the past few months. First Jimmy Cagney and then Pat O'Brien had their troubles with Warner Bros., then George Raft and Mae West stirred up quite a fuss over at Paramount because they weren't pleased about the way things were going.

And now it's Carole Lombard. Our sleuths tell us that Carole wants a salary raise or a release from her Paramount contract. Meanwhile she is recuperating from an attack of poison oak and working with her hairdresser trying to create a world-startling new coiffure.



GARBO A New Exclusive Study

Woman Director

THE quietest director in Hollywood is Dorothy Arzner, the one woman directing to-day. She gives the actors their instructions in whispers. So silent is the co-operation of crew and actors that there seems almost to be a hush of conspiracy on the set. They are all under the spell of the woman director.

Miss Arzner is guiding Rosalind Russell and John Boles through the difficult picture, "Craig's Wife." Rosalind's admiration for the director's artistry is apparent. John Boles doesn't resent working for a woman. When he takes instructions there is nothing but respect in his manner.

Marshall Seeks Divorce

THE truth is at last "out" regarding Herbert Marshall's projected visit to England when "Portrait of a Rebel" is finished. As already reported, he is going by air.

Don't mention it to a soul, but the real reason for the trip is that Herbert is going to see his wife, Edna Best, with a view to getting a divorce. If the negotiations turn out successfully, he will return post-haste to the fair Gloria Swanson, to whom, in due course, he will be married.

Well, here's wishing him luck.

Garbo Sued

GRETA GARBO is being sued for repayment of an old loan of £2100. D. Schratter, a former German film producer, says that he loaned Garbo this money back in 1924, with the understanding that it would be repaid when he needed it and she was able to pay.

Now he says that time has come.

He is suing her under her real name, Greta Gustafson.

In 1925 she came to Hollywood and immediately rose to fame in "The Torrent." Schratter to-day is a poor man. Garbo is a wealthy woman.

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THE TEMPTATIONS OF HOLLYWOOD

Money and Fame Affect Newcomers

By MARY OLIVIER

MANY tales have been written about Hollywood, of its sensations, glamor, romance and scandal, of its pitfalls and tragedy. Headlines scream them, scandal sheets paint them in lurid colors. Haven't you often wondered just how much of these stories is true? Just where the real picture of Hollywood ends and the imagination of the narrator commences?

True, Hollywood is full of temptations—temptations which beset the strong as well as the weak. In no other part of the world can one find fame, riches and adulation so rapidly and lose them so quickly. It's the romantic ruthlessness of the business—exciting, dangerous, crazy.

EVERY studio is a factory—a romance factory. The raw material of human life pours in at one end, and out at the other rolls a perforated film in a tin can, a picture calculated to make blood run quicker and hearts beat higher over half the world—canned emotion worth anything from fifty thousand to a million pounds.

Pull off some of those colored tiled roofs and take a look at the cosmopolitan raw material, imported from the four corners of the earth. Down the wide, clean avenues, that converge on Hollywood, and the film plants scattered around it, come trooping the executives and the technicians, the head men and women, in their cars; and the clerks and laborers in the workmen's trams and trains. A little later the great sound stages, rimmed and overhung with intricate arcs, and machines, festooned with thick, twisted cables, alive with a motley crowd, will crackle into light and action.

"Now, Miss Trevor, lift your skirt a little higher; remember, you're supposed to be a chorus girl. . . ."

"Just a little closer, Gary; this is a big love scene. . ."

"Hold it while we get a close-up. . ."

"Get her back . . . get her back, man. What do you think we put her in a backless frock for?"

"Show their legs; get a close-up of those ankles . . ."

Blonde babies are moulded into sirens to stun a million men, and handsome men are drilled to make sounds and emotions to allure all womankind. To-morrow they may wake to find themselves in the discard, finished, broke, out.

Take a look at the beauty parlors; operations to improve figures; envies, jealousies; male heads dipped in the dye pot; women in trousers; rich, female stars who keep young husbands with marcelled hair; at private lives so queer they are almost unbelievable.

Few know the real stories of the film magnates. Of the glove salesman, Sam Goldwyn, who helped build up Hollywood, lost his fortune and won another; of the former furrier, Adolph Zukor, who rose to control the Paramount Corporation; of the deep-sea diver Louis B. Mayer, now the roar behind the Metro-Goldwyn lion; of William Fox, who got the last laugh on Wall Street financiers who forced him out of control of his enormous combine; of Jesse Lasky, once a millionaire and vice-president of Paramount, who became a hired producer for another company before pioneering his own organisation which lasted only long enough to make two pictures; of 34-year-old Darryl Zanuck, who has put three different companies on the map—Warner Bros., Twentieth Century Pictures, and Twentieth Century-Fox.

Celluloid Control

IT is all controlled by that little magic strip which turns sound into light and light back again into sound—that little strip of perforated film upon which has been built up a world business that profoundly affects the trend of fashion, the technique of love, the acquisition of habits, the ideals of millions of lives.

Women and men who normally would be living everyday lives such as you and the couple next door find themselves basking in the spotlight of public attention. Their lives no longer are their own to live. They must adhere to certain conventions—or else. That's where so much of the scandal starts—when they try living their own way, doing the things they want to do, saying the things they want to say. To-day they are at the top of the ladder. To-morrow—who knows? Maybe the world will have entirely forgotten them. It always happens that way.

Everything comes to them with so little effort. Rags to-day. Next week, riches. And easy come, easy go. They have no sense of values, no appreciation of money and what it can and will bring them. That is why Hollywood is so full of temptations. Those who have lived there for any length of time, who have kept their heads screwed on the right way, who treat their profession as a business, just as would a doctor or a lawyer, know them, avoid them, and try to help the newcomers who plunge headfirst, blindly, magnetised by the golden fruit of opportunity. The newcomer to Hollywood, if he cares for real and lasting success, needs more backbone than acting ability.

Hollywood's first temptation is to tell a man or woman that he or she is about the finest thing that ever stepped into the movie arena. Shy, retiring, modest young people when they arrive, a little attention here, a little fame there, soon goes to their heads. Then, drunk with success, they set themselves up on imaginary thrones and expect the rest of the world to pay homage to their newly-assumed greatness.

They sulk if they do not get top billing. They pout if they are not given the particular part in a play that they have set their hearts on. They nurse their injured dignity if the producers fail to hand them all the breaks and see every scene and every character the way they see them. It is amazing how quickly they succumb to that temptation. Where one day they would have been grateful for a bit part in a picture, a week later they are hoity-toity if they are not starred.

Many Snares

MEN and women are affected the same way. There is a temptation for young men to strut their stuff before the world. They believe that their own sex looks at them with awe and envy, and girls and women with longing and desire. Young actors in Hollywood see other men, stars, living in luxury, driving imported cars, throwing expensive parties—and it's quite natural for them to want to do the same.

Wearing clothes which most girls can only dream of, beautified beyond recognition, possessed of new personalities, remodelled figures, the women become conceited, selfish, vain. But the limelight is a very flattering light. It makes an important person out of a rather mediocre being. It's a good thing to remember that the limelight is a false light, that it magnifies, and that the instant they step out of it or it is turned away from them they are back to life-size again.

Women are temptations in Hollywood—if a man is looking for that kind of temptation. For here are gathered together in a small area the picked beauties of the world. Strangely enough, it is not the stars themselves who are the real temptations. Those who have reached stardom are usually too busy for amors, tete-a-tetes, affaires. They are afraid of undesirable publicity.

Extravagance

THE most potent temptations are the bit players, the extra girls. They are beautiful, young, lonely, and they are ambitious. Another temptation is the inclination to be extravagant. This comes from the fact that so much money is made in Hollywood by people who are so young. They have probably never known before what it is to have a few pounds to do what they like with. Suddenly they find themselves possessed of tremendous wealth, with everybody wanting to help them spend it. They are apt to forget that most of their admirers are only fair-weather friends. They forget, too, the members of their profession who have died penniless in attics or as objects of charity, poor, sick, no longer remembered or wanted by the world.

The temptation comes, too, to keep on going on the screen long after their little day is done. It is a wise star who knows when he or she has had enough, when the public, once so anxious for every picture, is beginning to tire. Age creeps on and deprives them of their fresh appeal, yet still they continue, hoping the lines around the eyes, the heavy jowls of the jaw, will get by under a thick coating of grease-paint. Even when they are no longer wanted, when casting directors shake their heads ominously, they hang around hoping for a bit, a break, a return to fame and fortune. Better to retire when the stocks are still high, whilst there is still a nice little wad on the credit side of the bank-book, even though the temptation to stay a little longer is almost irresistible.

A fellow can get along better in Hollywood with less color and more conscience. And if he will try to remember that the limelight throws a wide arc and takes in more than one figure, he will avoid more temptations than he'll fall for.



ABOVE: Margaret Sullavan, fine actress and nice person, who has, however, fallen for one of the easier of Hollywood temptations. Success has brought in its train a temperament which has made Margaret a byword.

☆

LEFT: A group of the temptations which confront a young man in the screen capital. This band of lovely girls from M.-G.-M. is typical of groups that could be got together in any studio. And aren't they nice enough to make any man forget his job?

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SCREEN LOVE NOT What It WAS

Taboo Put on Kissing Scenes by the Modern Stars

By JEANETTE MacMAHON



THIS nice little scene of intimacy, on the right, is much more typical of love scenes to-day than the really hot moments that were in vogue when Valentino was flourishing. This grouping shows Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy in "To Mary With Love."

PUT on that old thinking-cap . . . I've a question to ask you—the answer to which, if you don't guess right from the very outset, will come as a distinct surprise to you.

Here it is! How long is it since you've seen a really truly kiss on the movies . . . the kind of osculatory embrace which either embarrasses you or makes the old spine tingle with repressed envy? A darned long time, I'll wager, because, with the few possible exceptions which prove the rule, that kind of love-making for the modern screen is o-u-t!!

NO longer do our glamor-soaked heroes do the right thing by their screen sweethearts —and by honest-to-goodness patrons, too—and deliver the old-time squeeze with its attendant embraces. There are two reasons, the first being that any decent movie kiss would record on the sound track like a cow pulling its foot out of a mire . . . and, secondly, THE STARS SIMPLY AREN'T HAVING ANY!

If that frock-coated, red-nosed gentleman, whom carfeaturists would have you believe is a Censor, only knew it, his principal aiders and abettors are the stars themselves! All the internal censorship of production executives, Will Hays' office, purity leagues and wielders of the scissors the world over couldn't stop this kind of love-making on the screen if the stars were in the mood to portray it with the same artistry that they can produce for other types of histrionics.

The fact of the matter is, filmdom's actors and actresses have taken a tumble to themselves, joined in line with the modern trend for sophistication, and said "nerts" to passionate scenes in their films.

I'll bet you're under the impression that you've seen some pretty hectic goings-on via close-ups and long-shots by the Great Lovers of Hollywood. And just why I am continually playing the role of Public Illusion Dispeller No. 1, I don't, for the life of me, know! However, money talks, and if you've got sixpence in your left hand, I'll wager—



ABOVE IS JOAN BLONDELL, who began to go off realistic love scenes when husband George Barnes was her jealous cameraman.



Gary Cooper, strangely enough the one responsible for one of the REAL kisses of recent pictures. Gary is about the last man one would expect to achieve this distinction.

That you've never seen Fred Astaire kiss Ginger Rogers, or any other leading lady, during the entire span of his most successful career!

That there is a certain very glamorous gal who has never uttered the three passion-filled words, "I love you!" into the microphone!

That Janet Gaynor has never actually been kissed on the lips by a movie beau and that goes for Charlie Farrell in "Seventh Heaven" and subsequent pictures with the demure little star, too!

And that you've never seen Grace Moore actually embraced. She has her reasons . . . as most of them have!

And that, believe it or not, you've never heard that crooning troubadour, Bing Crosby, utter one line of love dialogue in a picture.

Somebody told me once upon a time that I wasn't a ninny! . . . so far be it from me to argue that the personal regulations set out by some of our leading lovers have their inspiration in making the world safer for democracy —and six-year-olds—or for any other uplift-movement for keeping sex appeal in the background.

As a matter of fact, the movies are not so nearly public-spirited as private. The deeper you get into the matter the more likely it is that you'll discover some very, very personal reason for keeping cinematic emotion well in hand. And when Joan Blondell goes all ga-ga in some scene with Warren William, for argument's sake, it's pretty cute the way she veils her really sincere romance. The stars carry on their private life romances right under your very nose without the world suspecting a thing.

As just an inkling of the thing I'm driving at, consider the former set-antics that went on when the Joan Blondell-George Barnes love-story was at its height. George used to photograph all Joan's pictures, you will remember, and he was always right until they got into the love scenes. Then, as those who were there will swear, his eye never left the camera spy-glass during one wistful screen sigh, as Mrs. Barnes emoted. And just by way of proving to George that it was all good, clean fun—no matter how hectic the dialogue, or how ardently she had to mutter into the ear of some alien male, Joan would cross her fingers at hubby George behind the camera! Who says that the soul of romance is dead in Hollywood—even if they are divorced now!

Realistic Astaire

THE matter-of-fact Mr. Fred Astaire, who handles his career with the emotional consideration a stockbroker gives to an order for a hundred N.G. Gemiridiums, would positively laugh at the idea that any personal, romantic hi-jinks is the reason behind his refusal to indulge in screen osculation, no matter how innocent. Perhaps he is right, for, in the first place, Fred doesn't consider himself to be the Great Lover, or the answer to any Maiden's Prayer. No matter how many fan-letters arrive extolling his charms to the high heavens, he still refuses to believe he is a sex-appeal boy. He is stubbornly solid on the idea that what his millions of fans want is to see him **dance**, and not gaze with maudlin sentiment into the eyes of whatever fortunate female happens to be playing opposite him. And, additionally, it embarrasses him to watch love scenes, let alone play them!

Janet Gaynor is another box-office headliner who has feelings, but not ardent ones, about screen kissing. And her ideas are equally non-personal. Janet has never promised anybody she wouldn't kiss somebody before the cameras. In fact, in the more romantic stories which she has played, she has done a little screen kissing after her fashion, which is very quaint and sweet indeed! But delightful little Janet draws the line at lip kisses. She just doesn't like them, believing that they are not her type . . . and rightfully so, too, in all probability.

Kissing Scene Shortage

CAST your mind back and just try to remember Franchot Tone kissing anybody for film purposes . . . but don't cast it back too far, because you might have trouble in finding it, just as I did mine. And I'm not sure whether I found it all, even now. My pals say I haven't. Anyhow, the refined and dignified Franchot, though definitely a ladies' man, has never been guilty of a full-blooded kiss on the lips with any of his feminine leads. His reason is simple and to the point—and though a very personal secret, and I'm told by those who should know that it's a correct one . . . he promised Joan that he wouldn't. And by the same token, it's pretty darned hard to recall Mrs. Tone in a particularly fervent embrace with any of her cinematic heroes, either. She promised hubby Franchot that she wouldn't, and, so far, neither bond has been substantially shattered.

You can thank—or blame, depending how you feel about it—present-day production methods for this apparent lack of passion. Swept along by the charming continuity of the love story as we see it on the screen, few of us realise how very little kissing there actually is in movie love scenes.

Heavy emotion there has been, and still is. But if you are a careful observer you will be surprised to note the shortage of kissing scenes played before the camera. Kisses are more often suggested than enacted. Rollo may gather his Desdemona to his heart in an impassioned embrace, but before they kiss the film editor usually has his scissors on the scene. In all the pictures I've seen over the past three years, only one exception stands out as that which glaringly proves the modern rule. That exception is "Desire"! . . . and the kiss that Gary Cooper administered to Marlene Dietrich was an absolute corker!

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STARS HAVE Their Pet VANITIES

Praising the Right Thing Makes For Popularity

By GRACE ARMOUR

IF you tell a girl with beautiful eyes that she has beautiful eyes you'll get a polite, bored smile. But tell a girl with beautiful eyes and a snub nose that you think snub noses are far more attractive than chiselled, classic profiles and you immediately go up 100 per cent. in her estimation.

It's just the same with film stars. They're pleased, of course, when you praise their histrionic ability. But it's nothing to their enthusiastic reaction when you happen to touch the secret spring of their private, pet vanity.

THERE is hidden away in almost everybody's sub-consciousness a latent desire to write. You know how you feel when your second cousin says, "I always like to get a letter from Mary; she writes just as she talks. I can just see things when she writes about them."

And that's how Irene Dunne feels when her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, who pursues his career in New York, tells her that the separation from her is made bearable by the graphic manner in which she describes her activities by letter. Her eyes light up with pride when she talks about it. She knows she was good in "Show Boat"—or she should by this time—but letter-writing is a real achievement.

Sartorial achievement is a little weakness that doesn't leave the stars untouched.

His taste in neckties is Fred Astaire's pet vanity. He has as many as Bill Powell has hats.

But there is a difference between Fred's ties and Bill's hats—a difference other than color and shape. Fred wears his ties. Bill doesn't wear his hats. He just collects them as someone might collect first editions.

Snappy McLaglen

FRED'S ties, on the other hand, are in continual circulation. He can only wear one at a time—such is the silly rule!—but he sometimes tries on as many as fifteen before he finds that one. And then, just for good measure, he ties the runner-up around his middle as a belt.

And would you believe it, that big he-man, Vic. McLaglen, is proud of his taste in socks and ties! He is unhappy if they don't match. He refuses to sit for even a head photograph unless every little dot on his tie matches every little dot on his socks. McLaglen's extensive wardrobe of expensive suits rivals that of Edmond Lowe, who is proud of the fact that he is often called "the best-dressed man in Hollywood." He has an enormous wardrobe. His clothes are London-made, and he reads all the magazines on smart masculine attire.

Look at Jean Arthur. Is she proud of having made one of the most remarkable comebacks in screen history? Sure she is. Go and tell her how much you liked her in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford." She'll smile sweetly, clasp your hand warmly, and thank you graciously.

Grace's Pride

BUT tell her that you saw her at the vegetable market yesterday, and that you have never before seen anybody order spinach with more finesse and knowledge of the subject, and she'll beg you to take the wedding silver as a little token of her friendship.

Jean does a lot of her own marketing, and the words, "We have some nice carrots to-day, Mrs. Ross," are much more thrilling to her than the directorial sentence, "That was a great scene, Jean!"

Consider Louise Latimer. Is she proud of having already played lead in four pictures though she has been in Hollywood only a few months? Certainly! But the achievement in which she delights most is the fact that she never sunburns! And Joan Crawford's private, pet vanity is the fact that she DOES tan, evenly and well.

Ann Harding delights in the fact that she does not look like an actress and that she is seldom recognised when she appears in the street.

Is Grace Moore pleased when you praise her golden voice? Of course she is! But she's much more tickled if you should happen to mention her performance of that rare feat—a hole-in-one at golf!

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

SIMONE SIMON "THE TENDER SAVAGE"



Never a year goes by without we hear from America news of some exceptional climatic disturbance. Perhaps it is a blizzard, a cyclone, or even a flood responsible for the wrecking of whole towns.

This time it's a hurricane. But far from doing damage, it is likely to prove the screen sensation of the year.

In fact, this one was invited to Hollywood. It is a she—and her name, Simone Simon. Brought to Hollywood under contract to 20th Century-Fox, this very talented, versatile young lady is assured of outstanding success. In France, her native country, they call Simone "La Sauvage Tendre." She has stubborn, luminous eyes, flashing and sparkling, now dancing and searching; one moment blazing with rage, the next tranquilly kind, appealingly soft. Eyes by which it is impossible not to be fascinated, dazzling reflections of her very temperament.



Four years ago she was discovered in unusual circumstances in a Parisian sidewalk cafe by Tourjansky, a Russian film director. Although she had had no previous experience, her piquancy and exceptional personality forced him to realise her possibilities.

She was given a part in "The King's Palace." Such was her success that she was immediately offered a more important role in the film, "Lac aux Dames," adapted from Vicki Baum's book, "Martin's Summer."

Now she is in Hollywood, and it is with pride and confidence that 20th Century-Fox present her in her first American film, "GIRLS' DORMITORY," with Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton.



A 20th CENTURY PICTURE FOR EARLY GENERAL RELEASE BY FOX

She Knows Her Vegetables



JEAN ARTHUR, now featured in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," whose pride is her skill in marketing. Not only does she KNOW the best; she GETS the *best.*

Do you remember the date?



Every day—to-day, tomorrow or the next day, is *someone's* birthday—perhaps your best friend's! Or perhaps, it's an anniversary, a leave-taking, or some other celebration connected with someone you love. A personal gift marks the date as one to be specially remembered. Choose Potter and Moore's Mitcham Lavender Water. This delicate perfume has a lasting fragrance which will be a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness.

Mitcham Lavender toilet accessories, together with Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne, a refreshing toilet water that men like too—they use it after shaving, are sold by all stores and chemists at reasonable prices.

At left: Beautiful bottle of Mitcham Lavender Water, 12/6. Others 1/3 to 30/-.

At right: Refreshing Lavender liquid Bath Salts, 3/6. Others 2/6, 5/-, 8/6 and 17/6 each.



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RED and WHITE



FENIMORE COOPER'S classic romance of Red Indian and Paleface has been picturised by United Artists. The leading roles in "The Last of the Mohicans" are taken by Binnie Barnes (top left), who is grouped (centre), with Randolph Scott, Bruce Cabot (top right), Phillip Reed (bottom left), and Heather Angel (right). Cabot makes a realistic Magua, while Reed is cast as Uncas.

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No. 4 Women's Weekly— 10/10/'36. No. 29

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WHERE Film Stars HIDE AWAY

Vacation Ideas

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Representative in Hollywood.

"My kingdom for a hide-out!" That is the pathetic and lingering cry you hear among the Hollywood stars. Vacation jaunts to New York or anywhere on the Continent bring them no relief from the life of the goldfish in a bowl they live in Hollywood.

No matter where they go, they are recognised by fans and mobbed for autographs. It doesn't even end there. Clark Gable has had the buttons torn off his coat for souvenirs, and poor Gene Raymond, surrounded by a group of admiring women fans in Chicago, has lost his necktie and scarf in more than one encounter.

IS it any wonder, then, that they look for out-of-the-way places where they may go and get completely away from their public? As Bill Powell said recently, "What this country needs is smaller and more secretive hide-outs."

A few of them have managed to find them, and to spend a few days or weeks in comparative peace and quiet—but generally equipped with dark glasses (the uniform Hollywood disguise) and even wigs at times.

Quiet Woodlands

FREDRIC and Florence (Eldridge) March have just returned from a few weeks of peace and quiet in the wooded environs of Oregon. They took their children and visited friends who own a ranch up there.

When Clark Gable can no longer stand being mobbed by adoring fans who murmur under their breath about his "sex appeal," he flies himself to a spot way up in the high mountain regions of California, where he roughs it in a sequestered cabin. There he fishes and swaps tall tales with rugged mountaineers.

"Pine trees don't ask for autographs, nor do rocks suddenly sprout film fans," Clark will tell you in a relieved tone of voice.

High in the San Bernardino mountains, about one hundred miles from Hollywood, Walter Huston has built himself a mountain retreat. It is equipped with a swimming pool, tennis courts and an elaborately equipped workshop where he can indulge his hobby of making furniture. There he and Mrs. Huston spend all their spare time comparatively free from the eyes of their fans.

Irene Dunne, as you've no doubt heard, is one of the greatest commuters in Hollywood, because her husband's medical practice is in New York. Occasionally they enjoy a vacation in a little Swedish town in the Adirondack mountains in New York State, where they are only known as Dr. and Mrs. Griffin. Irene does all the cooking, and is just Mrs. Griffin, housewife.

Disguise Fails

NELSON Eddy's very efficient hideaway is on the sea near San Diego. One of his favorite sports is fishing, and right out in the middle of the ocean in a fishing launch is the only place where he can get peace from over-ardent film fans. And so far he hasn't been discovered.

Glenda Farrell is another who manages to combine business with pleasure —otherwise a hideout with a hobby. She has been spending her vacations on a fruit ranch with a kindly uncle. Now she has become so interested in ranching that she is shopping for one of her very own.

But there are some stars who just can't get away with it. Fred Astaire, spending a holiday in little Old New York, complete with panama, pulled well down over one eye, smoky glasses, and slinking along dark alleys, was congratulating himself on a neat escape when up came a girl carrying a brief case, who, with an utterly expressionless face recited: "Mr. Astaire, I've always admired your acting. Will you autograph a photo I have treasured for months, awaiting this opportunity?"

Opening her brief case, in which were about a hundred photos of stars in alphabetical folders, she located Fred's and handed it to him. "Lady," he said, "I'm overwhelmed that you signal me out for this honor." He's given up trying to hide among crowds now and spends his holidays right down in Florida.

Hard-luck Powell

BILL POWELL will tell you that he has never had any luck at all with hide-aways. No matter where he goes he is always detected. Once he thought he had found an ideal hide-out, a shack some miles out from Palm Springs, the popular desert resort of Southern California. But Bill made the mistake of going bicycling. Even in his dark glasses he was discovered, and one morning awakened to discover the members of a Palm Springs art class surrounding his sanctum of solitude with easels all set up waiting for him to come out so they could paint him.

Then again he found a hot springs resort in an out-of-the-way spot, where he registered under an assumed name. All went well for several days. And then, just as Bill was enjoying his morning newspaper in one of the mud baths, a fair young damsel appeared out of the nowhere and thrust an autograph book under his nose. Delighted at nosing out his identity she ran back into the hotel to spread the news. Result one, Bill Powell checked out immediately. Now he has decided that the only way to get away from everything is to stay right at home, barricade the doors, and disconnect the telephone. The only haven left to Bill, so he says, is the bathtub in his own home.



TAKEN ON VACATION, genial Gene Raymond, who has the leading role in "Walking on Air." Gene, after having necktie and scarf torn off by admiring film fans in Chicago, now seeks secluded spots for his holidays.

Screen Love Not What It Was

Continued from Page 29

PARTICULARLY to singers, currently feted in Hollywood, are love scenes of the close-contact type abhorrent. It's probable a hold-over from grand opera technique that so many film warblers refuse to indulge in clasps, ardent clutches, or passionate clinches before the cameras. It is no easy task to sing romantically whilst held in a deathly vice by some panting young man who is trying to put realism into his love scenes. Critics have frequently kidded to long-distance love-making of grand opera—but there's a very good reason for it. They need room to sing!

Few Embraces

GRACE MOORE'S pictures contain very few actual embraces. As a matter of fact, her most passionate love scene was the tender finale of "One Night of Love," singing "One Fine Day," from "Madame Butterfly," when Tullio Carminati gazed at her rapturously from the orchestra pit, ten feet away.

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy made screen love charmingly in "Naughty Marietta," with Jeanette at the top of the staircase, and Nelson at the bottom!

Bing Crosby's reasons for lack of ardent wooing on his part in any of the pictures he has so far made are certainly logical, as they apply to his own case. He says:

"Speaking love dialogue makes me feel most self-conscious. It makes me feel foolish and ill-at-ease, and how can an actor be expected to give of his best under those circumstances? That's why I always insist on singing the love scenes in my films. Romeo, and a few good-looking moderns of my acquaintance, are the only guys who ever got away with dialogue which reeks of sentiment." And certainly none of Bing's admirers are complaining!

So that's the position . . . and I think I'd win my bet. So far as I know, there have been no conscientious objectors to hand-holding, but with romance what it is in the most imaginative town in the world, you never know what we won't be seeing in love scenes of the future!



It's not your HEAD -it's your STOMACH

If you are a martyr to cruel headaches and nervous depression, don't be content with "first-aid" methods which, though good as emergency measures, cannot be expected to give more than temporary relief. They do not get to the *cause* of your trouble, which more often than not is stomach disorder. Any doctor will confirm this, and you can easily prove it for yourself by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This remarkable stomach corrective goes straight to the most frequent cause of headaches, depression and general ill-health by instantly neutralising the sour stomach acids and toxins which are poisoning your system and irritating your nerves. Headaches, lassitude and low spirits vanish. You sleep well and wake fresh, eager for breakfast and in fine fettle for the day's work or pleasure. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is obtainable from all chemists — get some to-day and banish those headaches which arise from unsuspected stomach trouble.

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Friday night is AMAMI night!

Blondes: and brown haired girls should use Amami No. 1. This preserves the natural fair colour of the hair and emphasises the beautiful lustrous quality.

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Cradle Cap appears first in small dark patches on baby's head—if you don't check this irritating rash at once, it spreads so quickly that the whole scalp is soon completely covered.

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HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

WHEN Jean Harlow likes a hat she likes a hat, and production schedules just don't count with the pulchritudinous Jean. It all happened this way. Jean walked on to the set of "Libelled Lady," in which she appears with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Spencer Tracy, wearing a hat a yard in diameter.

Jack Conway, the director, is all ready to shoot the scene. But when they try to take it all the camera gets is Jean's hat and nothing of the famous Harlow visage. Conway suggests tactfully that perhaps another hat, just a bit smaller, would do.

Jean smiles and says, "I like this hat."

Conway shrugs his shoulders and orders the entire set rearranged so that he can shoot from a different angle. Production is halted for an hour while the set is rearranged, but when you see the set you'll see Jean wearing the hat she likes.

✣ ✣ ✣

MAURICE CHEVALIER, after a spell of comparative obscurity, comes back in a British "freely-adapted" version of W. J. Locke's "Beloved Vagabond." Maurice, you may remember, finished his Hollywood contracts and came Europewards with rather a large-sized grouch against the big chiefs in California. Said they didn't give him the roles he was really fitted to play—and all that.

Well, "Beloved Vagabond" has just been pre-viewed by the trade. As I could not possibly make the showing, I must rely on the trade Press version of the result. Consensus of opinion would appear to be that Maurice carries the show—in his old, inimitable manner. In fact, one paper says that he has "never appeared to greater advantage," and that the role is perfectly fitted to his fascinating personality. All of which I sincerely hope is correct. Remember "The Smiling Lieutenant"?

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The last shots of "Rembrandt" are being taken on location, helped by the sunshine of our much-delayed summer. A Dutch village, complete with canal and windmills and coated with a heavy fall of snow, has been built in a sheltered valley about a mile from Denham Studios.

Incidentally, all the modelling of windmills, Dutch houses, interiors, panelling and fifteenth century ship figureheads is done at the studios, in an immense workshop.

○ ○ ○

LOST in the shuffle at Paramount, Julie Haydon must have known some bitter moments. After her sensational success in "The Scoundrel" Julie had reason to hope that filmdom would be hers. Instead, she waited and languished while she was thought of only as the girl who looked like Ann Harding.

Now her contract with Paramount has expired and M.-G.-M. have snatched her up. Louis B. Mayer feels that their newly-signed star has a great future. If she takes all the parts assigned to her in the coming year, he promises to solo-star her when her apprenticeship is up.

Meanwhile, after she finishes "Maytime" with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, she will be co-starred with Robert Young in "Anchor Man." She seems headed inevitably for stardom.

DOTS and DASHES

CAROLE LOMBARD and Clark Gable beating Frank Morgan and Bob Montgomery in a fast set of tennis. ● Glenda Farrell being mistaken for Joan Blondell at a preview and vice-versa. ● J. Walter Reuben, the director, and Cecelia Parker are "keeping company." ● Bob Taylor buying a new dachshund and a Scottie. ● Jean Muir taking a party of friends to a preview in her station waggon. ● Fred Astaire, in black face, for his "Bojangles of Harlem" dance in "Swing Time." ● Isabel Jewell showing her engagement ring from Owen Crump to a group of admiring friends at the Brown Derby.

ONE of the high spots of the Elizabethan film, "Fire Over England," is the moment when Laurence Olivier, as Michael Ingolby, the hero, falls at the Queen's feet, ragged and spent after his flight from Spain, to tell her of the coming of the Armada. Flora Robson, standing amid her nobles all dressed for battle, is a regal and imposing figure. It has been a terribly trying time for the supera, who have had to wear steel helmets, steel breastplates and leather uniforms of the period, right through the only really hot fortnight of the summer.

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CHARLES FARRELL still has his lovely tan, after his visit to Australia to play in "The Flying Doctor" for Gaumont British. He has one of the leads now at "Moonlight Sonata," but it wasn't that he was talking about when I saw him in London. He was discussing Joe Rock's new show, "Cotton Queen," a story of the Lancashire mills.

Mary Lawson has the lead in this, and Charles was eloquent in her praises. He co-starred with her in his last British picture, "Falling in Love" . . . and, remember, the praise comes from a young man who has been used to playing opposite Janet Gaynor. He should know. Other stars chosen for "Cotton Queen" are Stanley Holloway and Will Fyffe, both experts in the Lancashire dialect.

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The impetuous Luise Rainer is enjoying another holiday. A.W.L. Having finished her role in "The Good Earth," Luise decided to take a holiday in New York, so the studio discovered, after frantic calls to locate their foreign star. Luise, with her performances in "The Great Ziegfeld" and "The Good Earth," is now considered in a class with the biggest stars on the M.-G.-M. lot. When Luise returns from New York she will start work on "Ladies Are Useful," an original story by Virginia Faulkner.

Gladys George has her own way of keeping thin. She eats no solid food, lives on fruit juices, raw peaches with the skin on them, and black coffee. Every third day she drinks a glass of sauerkraut juice mixed with tomato juice.

Use your own judgment. If it doesn't kill you it will make you thin.

✣ ✣ ✣

WHO is the most eligible "bachelor" girl in Hollywood? This question was put to twelve Hollywood bachelors, and each one named a different girl. Gene Raymond wouldn't vote, but we need not wonder about his choice because—

The mother of Jeanette MacDonald announces her daughter's engagement to Gene Raymond!

This is how a dozen other gallants voted:—

Michael Whalen: Greta Garbo, by all odds. David Niven: Merle Oberon (did you doubt it?). Cesar Romero: Betty Furness has everything a girl could have. Owen Davis, jun.: Ann Shirley (look for an announcement any day now). W. C. Fields: Nobody could tire of Martha Raye's face; it changes too often. Dick Foran: Olivia de Haviland. John King: Gail Patrick. Louis Hayward: Ida Lupino writes music, and I love music. Roger Pryor: Ann Sothern, Ann Sothern, Ann Sothern—Oh, do I have only one vote? Broderick Crawford: Lucille Ball; yes, sir! Tom Brown: Eleanor Whitney. James Stewart: Well, I like Eleanor Powell, Ginger Rogers, and Virginia Bruce a lot. Of course, Miss Powell is the only bachelor girl. John Howard: Carole Lombard (vote lost, because Carole's a divorcee).

Luise Again

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



KATHARINE HEPBURN shows real character in her determination to go back to the stage this autumn and make good. Her last appearance in New York, in "The Lake," was the most colossal failure in Thespian history. She appeared before one of the most distinguished first-night audiences as one in a trance, quivering with fright.

This time it is to be a Theatre Guild production of "Jane Eyre."

Meanwhile Katharine is busy carrying 1200 metres of hand-made ruffles through "Portrait of a Rebel." It took four seamstresses thirty days to complete this creation. According to the designer, Walter Plunkett, 500 modern women could be clothed with the material used in one of these Victorian party dresses.

In the closing scene of "Portrait of a Rebel," Hepburn and Herbert Marshall do some scenes together in the rain. The mechanical-effects department has been instructed that all water poured upon them shall be 78 degrees Fah.

JOHN GILBERT is not forgotten. Virginia Bruce, the last of the great lover's wives, is bidding against little Leatrice Joy Gilbert for the actor's personal effects. The eleven-year-old girl bought her father's make-up box for three pounds. She attended the auction with her mother, Leatrice Joy, Gilbert's second wife, who discovered that the most active bidder there, a grey-haired gentleman, was representing Virginia Bruce.

The properties are valued at over ten thousand pounds, with an additional two thousand pounds worth of clothing. Gilbert was known as one of the best-dressed men in the film colony. He was noted as a music-lover, and amassed a fortune in recorded music.

Of the 2000 articles to be sold, the auctioneer started proceedings with the one object he thought would inspire the most bids. He picked out a towel bath-robe said to have been worn by Greta Garbo after a swimming-party at Gilbert's home.



"You have every right to be, Mrs. Evans. Compared with the way they were the last time I called to see you—it's a treat to see them now.

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But do be sure always to give them 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Califig.' It's a natural fruit laxative which safely cleanses and purifies the bloodstream and creates a fine healthy appetite.

If I were you, I'd make a point of giving them a dose once a week. You see, there's nothing harmful about it—and you must be so careful with growing children. It always annoys me to see Mothers giving their children cheap, concentrated purgatives.

Do keep on with the weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs,' Mrs. Evans. It's a fine laxative for young and old. As a matter of fact I use it myself and advise you to adopt it for the whole family.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say '*California*' and look for '*Califig*' on the package.

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Does your boy mope about the house?

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JACK FISCHER DANCE STUDIOS

STUDIO: 7 "Kurrajong House," COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★★ THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

William Powell, Luise Rainer, Myrna Loy. (M.-G.-M.)

SHEER lavishness of production and cinematic technique make it impossible to award this picture anything but three stars. As a spectacle, it is something previous productions—at least those I have seen—have not approached; the sets, the frocking, the succession of ballets are something to wonder at.

Over and above all this, the story is a good one, admirably handled by a large and popular cast. William Powell plays Florenz Ziegfeld, jnr.; the role suits his particular talents very well. But among the women, Luise Rainer simply walks away from all competitors. In "Escapade," she showed just how charming she could be; to this picture she brings all her charm plus a capacity for drama which the former film did not reveal. Her last scene in "Ziegfeld" is a very fine and moving piece of acting. Frank Morgan's work as Billings is consistently good.

The one criticism I would level against this offering is that it is too long. Without sacrificing anything of its final value, a third of it could have been cut. The same story could have been told, the same effect created, while a reduction in the number of big ballet scenes would have added to the pleasure given by those retained. As it stands, at the moment, I don't want to see another ballet-girl for months. In fact, writing this the morning after, I still feel a trifle as if I've been hit over the head with some blunt instrument.—St. James; showing.

★★ THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD

William Powell, Jean Arthur. (R.K.O.)

THERE are very few pictures starring Bill Powell which are not a safe bet for good, sophisticated comedy and plenty of laughs. This item is well up to average.

The story is of the murder mystery variety, lightly treated, and garnished with the comedy offerings not only of Mr. Powell, but of Jean Arthur, cast as his ex-wife, and Eric Blore, the latter, as usual, a valet.

Credit must be given to the author or authors for the different twist that has been given to the love interest in the film. Instead of the usual male pursuit of the fair young maid, we have here the amusing spectacle of an ex-wife out to win back the husband she divorced, incidentally landing him into a murder investigation, danger of his life, police suspicion, and sundry other troubles.

It is all deftly done, and should provide a good evening's entertainment both for Powell fans and ordinary people who just ask to be amused—irrespective of the star. Jean Arthur and Eric Blore put up good performances. So does the head man—Powell—although he has his lackadaisical moments.—Regent; showing.

★★ SMALL TOWN GIRL

Janet Gaynor, Robert Taylor. (M.-G.-M.)

THERE is nothing spectacular about this film, nothing on which a publicity man could hang the usual ballyhoo about "stupendous cost," "colossal drama," etc., etc., ad nauseam. But in spite of—or, perhaps, because of—this, I found it distinctly pleasurable. I liked Janet Gaynor. I liked Robert Taylor. I liked the direction; and the story was plausible, well-constructed, and above average in interest.

What's it all about? Briefly this. Young doctor of playboy proclivities, returning from football game, encounters attractive young girl who is fed up with a small-town existence and small-town family. They make whoopee together and awaken to find themselves married. Then comes the reaction; the doctor has a fiancee, and a family. The family can be mollified, but the fiancee (Binnie Barnes) is a different matter. However, the doctor and his bride determine to pretend happiness for six months just to prevent scandal.

From this point on, the film becomes a struggle between Janet (the wife) and Binnie for the possession of Robert (the young surgeon). It ends as you'd expect it to.

I don't anticipate that the picture will set the Pacific alig't, but it's a darn sight more pleasurable than a lot of those I put two stars to.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ THE CASE OF THE VELVET CLAWS

Warren William, Claire Dodd. (Warners.)

IT seems a long, long time since we have seen that suave and attractive gent, Warren William. Well, he's back again in another Perry Mason mystery: a smart, witty, sophisticated comedy-mystery, which easily rates its two stars in amusement value. And, by the by, Warner Brothers have mastered the art of turning out these inexpensive, good-class programme pictures: they're well written, well produced, well directed, and well acted, while the dialogue is usually 100 per cent.

This particular item shows Perry Mason, on his wedding night, being carried off at revolver point to save a lady who is threatened by a blackmailing scandal sheet. The case develops, murder is committed, Mason himself is suspected, and only escapes arrest by finding the real culprit.

The whole thing is very enjoyable and smartly handled. William, of course, plays Perry Mason; Claire Dodd is the bride who is deserted on the one big day of her life; and Eddie Acuff furnishes good low comedy in the role of Spudsy Drake, Mason's nit-wit hanger-on.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ SUTTER'S GOLD

Edward Arnold, Binnie Barnes. (Universal.)

HERE'S a bitter disappointment. With one of the most capable actors in Hollywood at their disposal, Universal have not been able to place him in anything better than a story which completely lacks dramatic interest right up to the last few hundred feet of its length.

For fully five-sixths of its running time, this picture is a pure recital of events, devoid of "lift" and suspense, and about as inspiring as a chunk of cold suet pudding. Only at the end does Arnold, by sheer acting ability, manage to arouse a feeling of pity and sympathy for himself as an old man, broken by ill-fortune, but still fighting for justice.

The whole of the early sections of the film—those dealing with Sutter's arrival in America, his struggle to get to California, his colonising of New Helvetia—have a newsreel, rather than a screenplay, quality. Even the entrance into his wife of the Countess Elizabeth (Binnie Barnes) is strangely unreal.

Arnold never seems to get a break. He did fine work in a fine picture—"Crime and Punishment"; the public wouldn't have it. The same applied to "Diamond Jim." Now he gets this—a story and a treatment which give him no chance. It's tough luck.—Plaza; showing.

★ THE BRIDE WALKS OUT

Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond (R.K.O.)

FOR a picture which does not pretend to be anything but a programme piece, R.K.O. executives have been lavish with their cast. Not only are we presented in this offering, with Miss Stanwyck and Mr. Raymond, but are, in addition, entertained by Robert Young, Ned Sparks and Helen Broderick.

As a result, this story of a young couple's struggle to reconcile the man's egotistic disinclination to allow his wife to work with the bride's hunger for the amenities of existence is entertainment that ranks high in the one-star class. Gene and Barbara appear as the newly-weds, Young as the mopper-up of assorted liquor who falls in love with the dissatisfied wife—and attempts to win her, and Sparks and Miss Broderick as a long-married and disillusioned couple whose main function is to let off hard-boiled wisecracks against the holy state of matrimony.

A slick production that will amuse you.—Regent; showing.

★ TWO-FISTED GENTLEMAN

James Dunn, June Clayworth. (Columbia.)

TO give Jimmy Dunn his credit, he certainly puts up a fair imitation of a professional fighter in this film; a much better imitation, in fact, than many of his confreres, past and present, have been able to achieve. Also, he is realistically "dumb"—so much so that one feels inclined to hit him hard and risk the consequences.

The offering, in general, is an f.a.q. piece of entertainment. Only a blind man could fail to anticipate everything that happens—the rise, fall, and come-back of Mickey Blake, to wit—but even although coming events do cast a heavy shadow before them, the picture is an acceptable support.

June Clayworth is a newcomer to me, but an attractive one, and not devoid of talent.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three Stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars no good.

★ TWO IN A CROWD

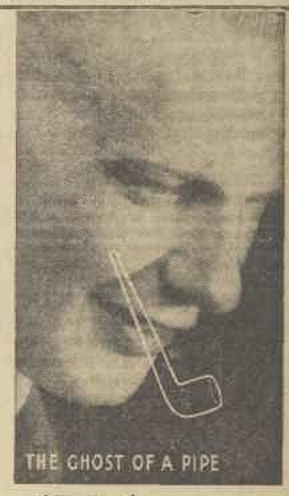
Joel McCrea, Joan Bennett. (Universal.)

AN f.a.q. sample of a support, which, following on a somewhat slow start, becomes quietly funny as it progresses towards the inevitable final clinch between tall Mr. McCrea and attractive Joan Bennett, the two whose job it is to put the romance into several thousand feet of celluloid.

The story concerns two young people, both "dead broke," who one New Year's Eve find themselves in possession each of one half of a one-thousand-dollar note. To the man (McCrea) a thousand dollars means getting his racehorse out of pawn and making a comeback into the big money. To the girl, the same sum means home and release from the threat of an odious marriage.

You can guess the balance. They join up, suffer various adventures and misunderstandings, the horse eventually wins its race—despite having done all its training dragging a coal-waggon around—and all's well.

You've seen worse, and you've seen better.—Plaza; showing.



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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know—

That Frances Stephen, whose engagement to Dr. Charles McDermott, of Orange, is just announced, is daughter to the eldest son of the eldest son of the eldest son of Sir Alfred Stephen and his first wife? To sum it up and put it concisely that works out at great-great-granddaughter, doesn't it?

Randwick Blues

NAVY-BLUE was very ubiquitous on race days. Mrs. Feakes wore it, sparsely patterned in white and topped by a smart straw "boater." "Because it's Music Week" was her reason for toting Musician. Cire braid trimmed Mrs. Single's navy georgette.

Enid Bayly draped field glasses round the shoulders of her navy-blue crepe-de-chine and wore her large navy-blue hat very much atilt. Mrs. Clive Robinson's navy outfit had patriotic touches of red, white, and blue, her white gloves had tucked gauntlets edged with pipings of red.

Mrs. Colin Venn's overseas model of dull navy-blue silk had rows of tiny red-and-white buttons.

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Those Cartwheel Hats

BROAD-brimmed hats are emphatically in favor and very becoming—a nuisance in the enormous Randwick crowds though! Mrs. R. A. Eakin vowed that her large black ballibuntal never remained at the same angle for two consecutive minutes and was knocked every which way.

Her pleated black georgette model gown with gold clasped belt was worn with a large shoulder posy of red tulips.

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Change of Contour

THE law of compensation is at work this season and the gloomy qualms which the shortened and abbreviated skirts of Fashion's decree might have given the textile manufacturers has been alleviated by the voluminous sleeves and the exaggerated flare of the tunics as featured at Randwick races.

The white coat worn by Roslyn Bowman and the ivory garment in quilted "trapunta" design, its huge sleeves and flared hem stiff with padding, chosen by Jean Black, were particularly noticeable examples.

Mrs. Colin Galbraith's sombre taffetas were very bouffant and her black hat very small and steep. Wide diamond bracelets and a large diamond fob brooch were the high notes of her costume.

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Beautiful Gowns

THE draped black gown worn by Mrs. Malcolm McKellar, the skirt of which was split to show the lining of duck-egg green, had a garniture of grapes at the waistline and touches of duck-egg green on her outsize in hats.

Mrs. Mick McPhillamy, who has taken a flat at Park Lane Mansions, wore lettuce-green patterned with daisies.

White costumes were worn by Mrs. A. E. Hughes, Mrs. Rosenthal (Melbourne) and Mrs. Graham Pratten. Mrs. Reggie Allen combined Oxford and Cambridge blues.

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Braid in Favor

A revival of braiding was noted on many of the new models. Mrs. Rogalsky sported elaborate cire braid tracings on brown point d'esprit net. Her brown suede shoes were similarly patterned with strips of patent leather—all very intricate.

Black had its usual quota of followers and particularly smart examples were worn by Mrs. "Chum" Darval, Lady McMaster, Lady McKelvey, Mrs. Goodrich and Mrs. Gordon Allard.

Let Joy Be Unconfined

SPRING RACE WEEK, with all its attendant festivities, sartorial glories and study of equine form, has overflowed its boundaries altogether this year.

The quota of entertainments is enormous. Hostesses who hadn't matured their plans weeks ahead have had to content themselves with pre-race or post-race dates for their parties—a continuous stream of them. Sydney is a'buzz with crowds of interstate and country visitors overflowing the footpaths and crowding the stores for last-minute shopping.

Despite the forebodings of the pessimistic few, Sydney, in a spirit of joyous abandon, fosters a fixed belief in the future prosperity of Australia.

Fairy Fantasy of Orchids

THE famous Urare orchids are at their beautiful best at the moment.

Orchids, and still more orchids—every shape, size and color, and all home-grown—embowered the table at Urare, Darling Point, when Mrs. Herbert Solomon entertained a dozen guests at dinner to celebrate her husband's birthday last week. Contract bridge and a midnight supper rounded off a real grand-slam of a party.

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Giving a miss to the races just for once, Mrs. Victor Macken and a party of friends are spending the holidays at Bundanoon.

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Old Home in New Dress

THE renovating and altering of their own home, to which they've returned after leasing it for some time, justified the Mick Gearins in dubbing their race-week cocktail party last Saturday, "a house-warming."

Both house and guests were very smart in their new spring garb.



Dinner-dance

COLONEL EVANS and Mr. Philip Bevan threw a lovely party at Bellevue Gardens on Saturday.

Over fifty guests were invited to "chat, chew and cavort."

The invitations are worthy of comment—on them original pencil sketches of themselves by themselves depicted the pair of them busy with forks and food.

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A necklet of tiny green porcelain horses is an appropriately seasonal garniture brought by Gwen Stevens from overseas to sport during race week.

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Plethora of Parties

NEVER since the demise of the late unlamented "depresh" have there been so many functions, both public and private, as for the current racing carnival. "Ladies' Day," as usual, was chosen by the Union Club for its big afternoon "At Home."

The St. Luke's, St. Vincent's and Music Week Balls—all very large affairs—added glamor to this gay season.

The White Ball at the Trocadero made a record in ticket sales and every single day had its quota (a very large one) of private cocktail parties and dances, many of which are being held at the Queen's, Macquarie and Royal Sydney Clubs.



MISS RUTH ALLEN, whose wedding with Mr. T. E. Wilson is scheduled to take place in Colombo three days after she arrives there by the R.M.S. Orontay next month. Agrapatna, Ceylon, will be her future home. —Dorothy Welding.



They Said it With Flowers

AT the top of the wide be-carpeted steps smiling flower girls pinned orchids on every feminine guest before they were greeted by the reception committee of the Australian Club at its big race week "At Home." Smilax and flowering hops interspersed with gay spring flowers entwined the stair rails, huge baskets of stocks were hanging in every direction, thousands upon thousands of tall blooms banked every available corner, fat little bowls of primroses stood primly on shelves and mantels, every long table had its special floral design of flower behooped ladies, electrically lit herbaceous border or floral pansy strewn giant bon bon.

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Loath to Leave

TIRED racegoers were refreshed with every variety of cocktail, and at the witching hour of 5.30 relays of champagne cocktails came on parade.

All Sydney's well-knowns thronged the huge reception rooms, an orchestra dispensed sweet music from a niche on the stairs (incidentally, it wasn't heard ten yards away, such was the clatter of tongues!) and time flew so quickly that long after the scheduled hour for departure belated guests were still merry-making.

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R.S.G.C. Entertains

THE fact that the Royal Sydney Golf Club Ball ushered in Race Week festivities instead of, as heretofore, coming at the fag end of many days of intensive energy helped to make it an outstanding success.

Fashion has gone all floral this spring, whether the function be a pre or post dinner one, and dancers who were not arrayed in beflowered chiffons used plainer materials as a background for immense posies of natural or artificial flowers.

Mrs. John Faviell chose white carnations to deck her magpie garb. Sue White brightened a black velvet sheath gown with red roses. Orchids were Clare Butter's choice. Blue iris toned with Sue Stogdale's shimmery blue-grey frock, Olive Kelso King's floral chiffon was in decisive shades of red and green.

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Too Tantalising

NOT up to the gaieties of race week, though looking very fit after a fortnight's convalescence at Mrs. Frank Chisholm's Collaroy cottage, Audrey (Mrs. Jim Chisholm), vowing that she "couldn't bear to stay in town and not go to everything," left Sydney on Friday.

Jim is driving his wife home by slow stages, and Mrs. Osborne de Lissa is remaining in the district (with the Sinclairs at Collymungle) to greet her daughter, before going on to stay with the Norman Dangars.

Have You Noticed—

The extremely smart and boyish appearance of Mrs. Airlie Chisholm in her immaculate riding-kit as, mounted astride, she gallops gaily in the park every Sabbath morn?

The natty white pique dinner-coats worn in the evening over a sheath gown of black satin by Mrs. Peter Scrivener—an idea she co-opted in Singapore?

That palatial abode which is being erected for Mr. Justice Maxwell on the old Wallaroy estate is growing apace and should soon be ready for occupation?

Peggy Neill

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS
ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Librans are attractive and usually get their own way

Those whose birthdays fall between September 23 and October 24 belong to the sign Libra, and according to many astrologers this is one of the "nicer" signs of the zodiac.

This may be true, especially in view of the fact that the planetary ruler of these people is Venus, the Goddess of Love and Beauty. As a result, it is not surprising that most Librans are gentle, sympathetic, kindly and visionary, and that they will spare no effort to retain friendly relationships with associates.

NATURALLY, those born under such signs as the bluff and aggressive Aries (March 21 to April 21), or the forthright, determined Scorpio (October 24 to November 23), sometimes show up rather badly by comparison.

But it should be remembered that the world needs all kinds. The Librans can shine as peacemakers, but the Ariens and Scorpions are the "go-getters" of humanity. Without them life would be very dull and unprogressive, and perhaps so very peaceful that even Librans would have no chance to shine. So everything balances up nicely.

With Venus as the planetary ruler of those born under the sign Libra, it is not surprising to find many excelling as dancers, designers, musicians, architects, and sellers of dress-goods, jewels, flowers, house furnishings, or tasty foodstuffs.

They also succeed as beautifiers, commercial artists, and dressmakers. Mannequins, models, actors, and radio personalities belonging to this sign are usually popular, for they really enjoy work of a public nature in which they can sell their ability, personal appearance, and personality.

As a general rule, they are of fine appearance; not necessarily beautiful, but somehow attractive. They are inclined to be slight or taffish, but to grow stouter as they get older. Even the few who are built along thick-set lines seem to have poise and charm.

As a result of all these attractive characteristics, it will be found that Librans usually get their own way—in a quiet and unobtrusive fashion, admittedly, but they get it.

Love Watching Work

OTHER careers in which these people make good names for themselves are art, writing, medicine, lecturing, teaching, singing, and chemistry, or as dyers, demonstrators, politicians, secretaries and judges.

In short, they can succeed in almost any artistic, intellectual or judicial sphere, particularly when their ability to judge and balance can be brought into play. For, added to an intuitive knowledge of what is right or wrong, they have splendid reasoning faculties.

They like official or executive positions of any kind, and are happiest when their work brings them into contact with women, children, and the general public.

When it comes to recreation, the Libran idea of having a really good time, is to watch someone else do the work. They enjoy theatricals or the films, picnics and automobile trips.

They are happy in peaceful and beautiful surroundings such as public parks or home gardens, or at social gatherings where the guests are congenial and the entertainment consists of card-playing, music, and laughter, and but little physical exertion.

They also make excellent judges in competitions, beauty contests, bazaars, or at fancy dress balls, art exhibitions, or fashion parades.

Librans, who live rather selfishly, are inclined to become over-sensitive, impatient, careless, and too desirous of approbation and favor. They develop traits such as offering unwanted advice, or borrowing and forgetting to return. These earn them unpopularity, particularly if they let such habits include untidiness and laziness.

When living—as most Librans do—for others, however, they become extremely public-spirited, inspirational, perceptive, and humane, and enjoy much popularity for their combination of charm, justice and tolerance.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be on guard against losses, disappointments, estrangements and difficulties. Attempt no new ventures, especially on October 16 (late), 17 and 18.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Not spectacular for you. The 11th, after noon, and the 12th and 13th should be fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Consolidate your position. Try to finalise important matters. 7th and 8th fair, but 11th, 12th and 13th poor.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Try to avoid disruptions, delays and upsets. Follow routine work. Late 6th, all 7th and 8th, a poor best.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Fair enough on the 9th, 10th and early 11th.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Just fair on the 11th, 12th and 13th.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Make your opportunities produce results. Delays and setbacks possible on 7th and 8th. Good to dusk on 6th.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Fair enough on 7th and 8th, but poor on 9th and 10th.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Be cautious on 6th, 11th, 12th and 13th. The 9th, 10th and early 11th fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Live quietly. Let important matters wait. Be especially cautious on the 6th (late p.m.), 7th and 8th.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): October 6th good, so work hard. Ask favors, make changes, seek advancement, but not on the 9th, 10th or early 11th.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Rather quiet for you unless you can turn the 6th (evening), 7th and 8th to good account. Be careful on the 11th, 12th, and 13th. Small annoyances.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)



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FAMOUS *Artists* For 2GB

Richard Crooks to Help in Selection

Following the recent tremendously popular broadcast of Richard Crooks from 2GB, the management has made arrangements for a steady and regular importation of famous overseas artists.

AS yet none of their names have been divulged, but that they will be of first rank is guaranteed by the fact that Richard Crooks will advise and assist in the selection of these artists, who will be brought to Australia not only for broadcasting, but also for stage and concert appearances.

The recent broadcast of world-famed tenor Richard Crooks proved the outstanding broadcast event of the year in its popular appeal.

In addition to the Richard Crooks broadcast, during the year 2GB was the only commercial station in Sydney to broadcast Charles Farrell, the famous American film star, and Margaret Vyner in a dramatic performance.

Spreading Happiness

MRS. STELZER, of 2GB, is undoubtedly one of the busiest women in radio to-day, and when last week-end she and her husband decided on a motor tour down south in search of an ideal holiday resort, Mrs. Stelzer decided it was a wonderful opportunity to carry on the work of the Happiness Club, so she took with her a carload of toys and comics for the bush children, and magazines and other gifts for the grown-ups, which she distributed all along the route.

Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

Featured by DOROTHEA VAUTIER.

WEDNESDAY, October 7.—11.45 a.m.: "London Calling." 3.30 p.m.: "The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, October 8.—11.45 a.m.: "People in the Limelight." 3.30 p.m.: Selected Music.

FRIDAY, October 9.—11.45 a.m.: "So They Say." 3.30 p.m.: "Musical Moods."

SATURDAY, October 10.—6.15 p.m.: "The Music Box." 9.30 p.m.: "Novelty Recordings."

SUNDAY, October 11.—6.10 p.m.: Ellis Price and his Players.

MONDAY, October 12.—11.45 a.m.: "Things that Happen." 3.30 p.m.: "Highlights of the Week."

TUESDAY, October 13.—11.45 a.m.: "News and Reviews." 3.30 p.m.: "Paul Robeson Selections."

Woman Dramatist

IN the past women have often succeeded as dramatists, and in recent years a number of stage successes such as "Henry of Bordeau" and "Autumn Crocus" have come from the pens of women. In Australia, Lynn Foster is perhaps the only woman dramatist permanently employed writing for radio; she is one of the three dramatists employed by the B.S.A. Players in providing scripts for 2GB productions. After a period of employment as a bookkeeper, Lynn Foster turned to radio writing as being more congenial. She won a prize in a radio competition, and thus commenced her new career. These days Lynn Foster turns out at least ten scripts a week, and in rush times she has even turned out 25.

Why They Succeed

THE success of Angela Parselles, who was frequently heard from 2GB prior to her departure overseas, is just another instance of Australian singers and actors succeeding abroad. Is there something in the Australian atmosphere responsible? Frank Bradley, who has joined 2GB's all-star dramatic Players, has a simpler explanation to offer. The Australian stage and radio provide a marvellous training ground, he says. In England a promising young actor may play two parts in an equal number of years, probably in the provinces, but in Australia the same young man would appear in something like half-a-dozen city stage shows, ranging from musical comedy to heavy drama, in a talkie or two, and make frequent appearances on the radio, and, after all, experience does tell.

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Lenthéric
Paris



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"MY father had quite a good post in a big business. One day a sum of money was missing, and he was accused of taking it, although there was no actual proof. The firm did not take action, but he was dismissed. But I promise you he was innocent. If you'd ever seen father, you'd know that without being told. He couldn't prove his innocence, that's so cruel, so terribly cruel. We had to sell up our home, and he and mother took a stationer's shop in a country town. It was a hard struggle at first, but now it's just beginning to pay. They've enlarged the premises and started a circulating library. This man can ruin them if I don't send the money. What can I do! What can I do!"

She felt a sob rising in her throat, almost strangling her, and pressed her hands against her lips to try to stop their trembling. But it was no good, the tears would come, chasing each other down her cheeks in slow, sad drops.

Dr. Fenwick pretended not to notice them, giving her time to pull herself together, but once started she could not stop.

Rising from his chair he came and stood beside her and patted her shoulder.

"There's nothing to worry about," he told her firmly. "You must give me the fellow's address, and I'll settle him in double quick time. Blackmailing is a dangerous job in these days and I should not be surprised if this man is the real culprit. You've been starving yourself to give him money, I suppose?"

She nodded, without looking up.

"Poor little girl," he said compassionately. "Poor little girl."

"Dear me, how very touching."

THEY had not heard the door open and both turned sharply in their startled surprise.

Brenda was standing framed in the doorway. Her gown swathed her figure like a tight sheath, and a velvet cloak trailed from her hand along the floor. The contrast between the two women was almost painful; the one so arrogant in her finery, and the other bowed and weeping in her shabby coat and hat.

Stephen Fenwick was the first to break the silence.

"I have told you never to enter my consulting room without first sending in your name and getting my permission."

His voice was calm, but the cold fury of his tone seemed to freeze Freda's heart. This was her final calamity, to have put her benefactor in such a false position. Nothing else mattered; nothing would ever matter again.

She wiped away her tears with a crumpled ball of a handkerchief and, picking up her bag, she stood up to go.

Dr. Fenwick was standing, the tips of his fingers resting on his desk.

"Leave the room at once," he said to the girl in the doorway.

She raised her chin defiantly, and came a few steps closer to him, still trailing her cloak behind her.

"Leave the room?" she said curtly. "No wonder you want me to leave. Judging from your behaviour when I opened the door my presence would cramp your form considerably. Perhaps you have forgotten that you promised to take me out to dinner, and I've been cooling my heels in your waiting-room for a good twenty minutes. I'm not accustomed to being kept waiting by men."

"Will you go?"

"Yes," she answered with a quiet fury that matched his own. "Yes, I'll go, Stephen, but on one condition. If I leave the room now, I leave it for ever; I shall never enter it again."

He grew a shade paler at that, but his determination did not waver. "That is for you to decide," he said coldly.

BRENDA gave one look at the other girl, standing abashed, her grey eyes dark with dismay, then she gave a cruel little laugh.

"Your taste was never good, was it, Stephen? I hoped I had improved it, but it seems that I have failed."

She turned away, but Freda sprang forward, laying a timid hand on her arm.

"Please don't go like that," she pleaded. "You don't understand. Dr. Fenwick was only trying to help me. You couldn't think—you couldn't imagine——" Her voice faltered and died away in her embarrassment. She could not put the implication into words.

Miss Collins raised her eyebrows. "But that is where you make a mistake," she answered disdainfully. "I both think and imagine." She drew her arm away from the detaining hand, and trailed from the room.

There was a sharp tap, tapping, as her high-heeled slippers crossed the parquet floor; then the front door slammed.

The DRESS SHOW

Continued from Page 22

Stephen Fenwick remained standing at his desk, absently twisting an ivory paper knife in his fingers. He seemed to be lost to his surroundings, and to have forgotten Freda.

"I am so terribly sorry," she faltered, miserably; "is there anything I can do to make her understand? I know it's all my fault. I wanted to tell her that, but she wouldn't listen."

At the sound of her voice he started, and mechanically assumed his professional manner.

"Yes," he said briskly. "There is one thing you must certainly do, and that is get well as quickly as possible. Give me that letter. I promised to deal with it, didn't I?"

"YOU mustn't bother about that now. I've been enough trouble to you as it is."

"Nonsense. I shall probably have more time at my disposal in the future," he said with a bitterness he could not hide. "You must come and see me again one day. I will write and fix a date later."

She tried to thank him as best she could when she said good-bye, but she felt her halting words had fallen on unheeding ears.

It was raining when she left the house, and as she made her way home raindrops pattered on her umbrella and the streets were dark and slippery. Her thin shoes were soon soaked through, and her worn gloves were clinging to her hands, but she hardly noticed these minor discomforts. She only knew that she had wrecked the life of the man she loved. She faced the fact bravely at last. She loved him so intensely that it filled her with a strange wild thrill of wonder and of awe.

She had loved him from the moment she had raised the wedding veil and their eyes had met for the first time. He would forget all about her, she told herself. That was only natural; why should he remember her, except as the girl who had ruined his happiness? She would never see him again, her life in future wouldn't be life at all, only a kind of enduring. She felt she would be happier dead.

THE next morning consternation reigned at Maison Thora; Miss Collins had cancelled her wedding order. Madame vented her rage and disappointment on everyone in turn. Miss Dawson said bitter things about faithless young women, as best she could with her mouth full of pins.

Freda was numbed. If she had any feeling left it was the desire to go home. Not home to her dreary bed-sitting room in the Cromwell Road, but home to her father and mother. Home to the comforting warmth of their affection that wrapped her shivering loneliness like a cloak. Home to the cheery sitting-room with the easy chairs before the blazing fire. Home to the easy teas when, sitting round the table with the window curtains drawn, they felt shut away and safe from the world.

But even her home was jeopardised if Dr. Fenwick forgot to deal with that threatening letter. But he wouldn't, he wasn't the sort of man to forget a promise. Over and over again she tried to reassure herself with that thought, but days slid into weeks and still she heard nothing. Every time she had to show the bridal gown or "Midnight Mist" the memory of the first time she wore them made her heart ache with an almost physical pain.

Time slipped past, and the new models were new no longer, and Madame was planning another trip to Paris in the near future. The head mannequin showed a smiling face to the world, but hope was beginning to die.

Then, just when despair was at its lowest ebb, the hall boy at Maison Thora brought a note to the dressing-room. Gertrude pounced on it eagerly: "This is for me, girls, I'd bet you my bottom dollar, and I don't mind telling you I've been expecting it all day." She read the words on the envelope, then tossed it down on the table in disgust. "Seemingly it's for you Miss Owen. It's addressed to 'The Bride at the Dress Show.' I shouldn't care for one of my boys to write to me like that, but there's no accounting for taste."

It dawned on Freda then that Stephen Fenwick did not even know her name, but that did not matter. He had not forgotten her, he remembered that first time they had met—at the dress show.

THERE was tightness about her throat and her fingers trembled as she tore open the envelope and read the short letter.

"Dear Bride, forgive me, but I do not know your name. I have settled that little difficulty for you, and as I guessed, have found the culprit. You need fear no more trouble from that quarter.

"I am wondering if you will dine somewhere with me to-night. I will call for you at 7.30.—S.F."

She seemed to live in a golden haze of expectation for the next few hours, until she found herself facing him across the little round table at the restaurant. All around her women were wearing elaborate evening "creations." Some of them perhaps had come from Maison Thora. She felt dowdy and insignificant in her simple black frock, but he did not seem to mind. He only noticed that the sheen on her hair was like burnished gold and that her blue eyes shone like stars.

Close to them the orchestra was playing a waltz, a haunting tune that thrilled the listeners with a sweet, unexpressible agitation.

"You have forgiven me?" she asked him timidly.

He smiled. "I've forgiven you for saving me from the greatest mistake I have ever made in my life. There was bound to be a break between Brenda and myself; I had felt it coming on for some time, only I would not face the fact. If it had not been for you, I might not have fully realised it until it was too late. When you raised your veil and I saw you for the first time I knew. My beautiful, lovely bride! Will you be a bride again, a real bride this time?"

His arm was lying across the table, and for answer she slipped her hand in his.

It might have been a coincidence or it might not, that, at that moment, the orchestra should suddenly burst into the Wedding March.

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Science finds new natural way to end Constipation

Women advised to stop dangerous laxative habit!

● Harsh, habit-forming purgatives are no longer necessary. Constipation can be cured without steady dosing, which destroys natural functions. Guard the family health by serving food rich in "bulk."

"Bulk" is necessary to maintain normal, regular elimination. The best source of "bulk" is Kellogg's All-Bran. It provides elements lacking in modern, over-refined foods. All-Bran gently strengthens weakened organs, relieves constipation the natural way. Very soon you no longer need a laxative of any sort.

Two tablespoonsful of All-Bran, served daily for one week covered with milk or cream, will relieve constipation. After that, 3 servings a week maintain regular normal elimination. Sold by all grocers.



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display two colours issued by the British Colour Council for the Coronation and named

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TRIAL OFFER: *Mail coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's Vanishing, also Cold Cream and a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ☐, Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream (Natural) ☐, Naturelle (Light Natural) ☐, Rose Brunette ☐, Dark Brunette (Suntan) ☐.*

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THESE TWO interesting-looking people were selected as outstanding examples of young Australians to officially welcome the Governor and Lady Murray Anderson at the United Youth Rally of the Y.M.C.A. at the Town Hall this Friday, October 9. They are Nola Manning, 16, and Horace Horton, 17, pupils of Sydney High and Fort Street schools respectively.

PRETTY GIRL *Guides for the* CORONATION

Million Visitors will have their Curiosity fully Satisfied

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

A million visitors, including many thousands of Australians, will pour into London for the Coronation month.

To most of them the city will be a giant maze, guarding its secrets well. Normally, they would wander disconsolately through the highways and byways, but not so during the Coronation festivities for London County Council is preparing to solve the visitors' difficulties by training women as special Coronation guides.

PERSONALITY, charm of manner, tact, discretion and infinite patience will be the characteristics of these new guides.

A new course, "How to be a London Guide," is now being prepared at the Polytechnic School, and lectures won't be purely geographical.

Major Heydeman, F.R.G.S., who is lecturer-in-charge, told me he intends giving special attention to the needs of women visitors. His students will learn the history of costumes in the London Museum, modern shopping lore, places made famous by great ladies of history, and will store up all the information necessary to answer the million questions of a million tourists.

Smart uniforms will make the guides distinctive, and picturesque speech will give their lectures the atmosphere of confidential talks.

Clients won't be bored. The guides will see that romanticists walk down the towing path at Greenwich where Henry VIII rode a-maying with Queen Katherine.

Human Encyclopedias

SENTIMENTALISTS will gaze on the very spot where the gallant Sir Walter spread his cloak for the dainty feet of his Queen.

Politically-minded women will go home with the comfortable thought that they've actually sat in the ladies' gallery at the Houses of Parliament, while politicians wrangled over the fate of the nations.

Guides will make certain that lovers of history see every inch of the Tower, and will display histrionic powers in recounting the tragic stories born within its gloomy walls.

Artists won't be taken to the Tower, but guides will lead them direct to a certain Goya in the National Gallery and will unerringly show them where the Van Goghs hang in the Tate.

For lovers of little things, there's a shop in the Haymarket where snuff and tobacco have been sold since the days of Good Queen Bess, and in Jermyn Street there lurks a funny little wine cellar where ancient, cobwebby bottles guard precious fluid.

Guardian angels will see that lovers of precious things don't wander wistfully through the endless passages of the British Museum when the only thing they really want to see is the Portland Vase.

How and Where to Eat

WHEN it comes to Coronation detail there won't be a thing the women guides won't be able to explain. How to tell a Countess from a Duchess by the length of her train, and the rows of ermine adorning her cape, and why the Peeresses are not wearing their coronets.

All the magnificent ceremony of the last Coronation will be at their fingertips. They will know the history of the golden spurs with which the King's heels are touched, and the story of the Cullinan diamond, which blazes in the Sceptre.

They will be familiar with every inch of the Coronation route and will advise places of vantage for seeing the gorgeous procession. As the carriages pass the guides will know the various noble lords and ladies and their duties in the Royal household.

Current plays and theatres will be another special study and psychology will be important when it comes to choosing the correct shows for their clients—gay revues for older people who want relaxation and problem plays for the earnest-minded young.

Eating out is important, and guides will know a quaint little French place in Beck Street where the chef has white whiskers and the "poulet roti au jus" is delicious; a German restaurant in Soho where they specialise in sauerkraut, and the lager is pale and very cold.

London will be more interesting—and infinitely easier—with these intelligent women to sort out the things they feel visitors will appreciate.

Wedding Present as Fine for Furious Driving

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

AT the very time when Miss Eileen Clark, a pretty London girl, was dressing for her wedding, she was due to appear at the police court to answer a charge of driving her motor car at an excessive speed.

She thought the wedding more important than the court and failed to attend.

When apprised of the facts, the magistrate not only dismissed the charge but sent a nice wedding present along to the bride he had never seen.

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We will gladly send FREE OF CHARGE to all who fill in and post the coupon:—

1. A full five day's trial supply of the powerful new Eupathy Fume Distillate which, though perfectly harmless, bland and pleasant, will give POSITIVE INSTANT RELIEF in every case, however severe or troublesome.
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FILL in the Coupon IMMEDIATELY. This is the first step to glorious new health and the joy of easy breathing. Be rid forever of Constant Colds, Catarrhal Discharges and Headaches, Head Noises, Sneezing, Coughing, Bad Breath and other manifestations of this persistent, humiliating trouble.

Eupathy will restore the tone of your membranes, strengthen your nerves and assure the regularity of your bodily functions. Send the Coupon NOW for FREE IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

COUPON for FREE INSTANT RELIEF from CATARRH

To E. N. DAVIS, Ph.C.,
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Without cost or obligation please send FREE INSTANT RELIEF OUTFIT (Eupathy Fume and Eupathy Tablets) for Catarrh, and particulars of your offer to banish the trouble.

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(Please write clearly and enclose 4d. in stamps for postage.)

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If So You Need

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Here is an easy nightly treatment that brings untold relief and maintains your feet in health and comfort. After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

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are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Corns, bunions, and hard growths are softened; blisters are healed; joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable and walking is again a pleasure. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

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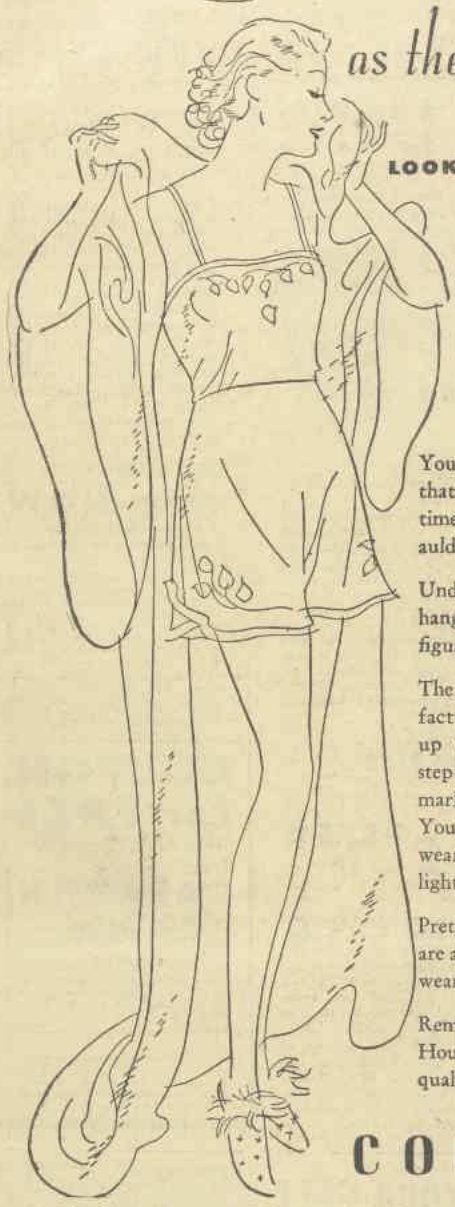
"Being a bus conductor it was real misery to be on my feet, for they ached and burned so much. But rubbing Zam-Buk in every night brought welcome relief and in a few days my feet were free from all pain, soreness and swelling.

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● Her cue came when he said "Look at those common painted lips"! And most men hate that painted look. That's why so many women are changing to Tangee lipstick. It can't make you look painted—it isn't paint! Tangee brings out your own natural color...gives your lips freshness, makes you more appealing to men. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical.

UNTOUCHED: Lips without lipstick often look faded.

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TANGEE: Intensifies the natural rose of your lips.



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

Ends that painted look

*TANGEE FACE POWDER. Send for purse size Tangee Face Powder (Rachel). Supply limited. Send at once. Enclose 6d. stamps with your name and address to: Tangee, Dept C, Box 1810Q, G.P.O., Melbourne.

THE *Medico's* MALADY

Continued from Page 11

"HAPPENED!" exploded Kelly. "Why, he has gone dumb. The old man wouldn't put in the time with him. Used to come everywhere with Sheilah and me for a bit of company. Then yesterday her ladyship must go off with him alone and left us to it. She's fallen for him with his strong, silent man stunt. A man feels inclined to tell her what he really is, but then a sport couldn't do that. Why didn't you fellows tell me?"

Little Dodd explained to him. We had cured Mansell, he said, and we had given him our word that, however the treatment went, the whole business was in confidence.

A miserable week followed for Kelly. While the girl of his ambitions made herself generally charming to everyone, it was evident that she reckoned Mansell to be more her type of a chap. May hated her, and Kelly began to hate him. At the dance hall one night there was nearly a boil-over.

"I say, Mansell, old boy," he said, walking straight up to him after his third dance with Sheilah, "you stretch friendship a bit, perhaps without meaning to. Miss O'Connor, though I wouldn't remind her of the fact for worlds, is more or less of a guest of mine. You don't seem to be letting me see too much of her for fear that it might go to my head."

When a young Irishman talks with that strained courtesy in his tone, one need never be surprised to see a box-on following in short order. But, as I have remarked, Mansell was a fine chap. They were both fine chaps. Often now, when all three are staid men with more or less staid wives, we have a laugh about that thrilling Mandurah chapter in our lives.

Then, a week before we were to leave, we made the ghastly discovery which upset everything. It must have been that weird Irish intuition which led Kelly to the biggest find of his life.

HE stole to my room again very late one night, as he had done when first he had come to discuss Mansell's vice. Now his eyes were fairly dancing with excitement. When I had heard him through, my heart was as heavy as his was light.

"I can't tell her," he said finally. "It would look rotten, and she'd hate me for it afterwards. You must tell her. You can't let a girl like her throw herself away like that. I'd rather see her dead."

Yes, I would have to tell her somehow. It was not easy. At first the girl thought I had gone mad—said so, too. Then, when I had convinced her, she did not readily agree to do what we had planned. I had to make an astute appeal to her curiosity. "And if you go investigating for yourself, you'll damage your good name, perhaps," I warned her. "Supposing someone saw you there . . . late at night . . . they might think . . ."

So she consented, and that night when everyone was supposed to be in bed, she and Kelly and I crept down towards the little outside cabin where Mansell slept. His light was *still* burning, and we passed silently into the shadow of a tree by the side wall. We heard the door open, and saw him put out his head and peer around. Apparently satisfied, he closed the door, and we heard the lock click. Then we heard a voice in the room, his voice. It made a dozen or so low-toned remarks on end, then paused, and then went on again for a steady ten minutes, then, with a slight pause, on again, and on, and on . . .

I felt like breaking out into loud and dreadful swears. So the mystery of our supposed "cure" was clear. We had meddled in things bigger than we understood. Yes, Browning was right when he wrote, "It's an awkward thing to play with souls, and matter enough to save one's own." Through our clumsy efforts Mansell had become a secret talker.

Sheilah still was bewildered. "Who has he in there?" she whispered close to my ear.

But we couldn't let her think that. It was far better that she should know the truth. "You wait over under the shadow of that porch and listen," Kelly whispered to her.

She took up her position alone. We stole to the other end of the hut and crouched in the shadow of its awning. Again Mansell's drone came from within. "I said to him, 'It's not a bad fish,' and he said, 'I'll bet you that you never caught one half the size.' And he took me up. I showed him the cutting out of the paper with the photo, and then we had drinks. It all brought back a thing that happened when I was a kiddie. I don't know whether anyone believes in spooks, but this night we were at a party, and . . ."

Then Kelly laughed aloud. That broke the spell and the monologue just as May came along with a coat and a parcel. "These are Mr. Mansell's," she told us. "He left them in the hall."

Then Mansell came out in his dressing-gown. "I know," he said. "You have caught me with the goods in possession."

May ran up to him. "What are these people spying on you for?" He threw the things behind him on to his bed, and gave her an adult kiss.

In the living-room just later, Sheilah and she were trying hard not to cry.

"I was having a little chin-wag all on my own," Mansell was saying.

"If you chaps object, I might remind you that you brought it on yourselves. If I can't have my little bit of a yarn I just bust. I'm not the only one in the world who is troubled with the complaint."

Kelly reached forward and wrung his hand. "Good luck to you, old man! Now, Sheilah! Was I vindictive?"

"And I thought he must be ill," sobbed May. "He was getting so silent."

Mansell got up. "Well, cheerio, lads. I'm going to see my fiancee home."

Kelly rose, too. "I won't be old-fashioned, either," he announced. "I'll see my fiancee home. Are you right, Sheilah?"

Endersby and I went along to the christening of Mansell jun. about a year later. A fine stamp of a kiddie he was.

"What are you going to make of him?" I asked May.

"A politician, of course," she informed me. "He can talk a bit even now."

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In town and country to start in business for themselves selling Telson Household Necessities direct to Consumers. Good Profits, Steady Repeat Business, Pleasant and Permanent Work and excellent Prospects of Promotion to salaried posts. No experience or capital needed. Write for full details:—TELSON MFG. CO. PTY. LTD., Dept. (W.W.) Kane and Rooney Streets, Richmond, E.1, Victoria.



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Continuing

NOTHING *is* SAFE

from Page 5

JULIA'S mind instantly registered a cast-iron opposition towards any scheme for separating her from Terry in the holidays. When Petah came slouching back she looked hard at her.

Straight black hair, cut in a square bob, and the reddest lipstick that Julia had ever seen, and no hat or stockings, and very tall and flat, and queer, smudgy sort of eyes, and a red handkerchief tied round her neck. As for her voice, Julia had instantly decided that it was affected. It was deep and very drawly.

Julia decided to try it on herself, amongst her friends at school, and see whether she could get away with it.

"Do you want to wash, Julia?" daddy inquired.

"No thanks," said Julia, wanting to see if he'd make her go.

"Eat some more?" suggested Petah, rolling her eyes at the depleted dish of cakes.

Julia shook her head.

"I thought they always ate and ate, at that stage," Petah said, in her drawly voice. "Not that I know anything about the young. You'll have to teach me, Julia."

"Okay!" said Julia, smiling politely.

She wondered what she ought to call Petah, and presently this question was raised, and Petah said: "Oh, call me by my name, of course."

"Okay," said Julia.

She wondered what relation Petah and she were to one another, but didn't like to ask.

A more disturbing problem awaited her in the near future.

MUMMY, in a letter of such a number of sheets that Julia had only read parts of it before she lost it, announced that she, too, had married somebody else. Daddy wasn't her husband any more. Captain Prettyman, whom they knew already, was.

"Oh gosh!" said Julia, in a voice as much like Petah's as she could command.

Even the success of this splendid and unusual effort could not save her from feeling deeply disturbed and affronted by the news.

It made one feel such a fool, to have two fathers and two mothers.

Mummy, it seemed, was going to live at Wimbledon for a time, in what she said was a very nice house. It had a garden, and there would be a car, and Terry and Julia would like it all very much.

Terry! thought Julia helplessly. It was going to be awful for Terry, she felt perfectly certain. It'd be bad enough for her—but she minded most for him.

He definitely disliked Captain Prettyman. And no wonder, thought Julia, who hadn't liked him herself.

"Julia Gray!" shouted someone. "You're wanted in the Prefects' room."

Julia crammed her letter into her pocket.

"Oh, all right. Coming."

She raced to the Prefects' room.



SOPHISTICATION and simplicity are the keynotes of this antique gold metal lame creation, with its wide stitched Peter Pan collar. The collar bow is balanced by another at the waist of the slit back, and the skirt achieves grace and freedom through multiple goring and the weighted stitched hem band.

It wasn't any use being miserable when one couldn't do anything.

When the holidays came, she'd find some way of making Terry mind less. The only thing to do till then was not to think about any of it.

CHAPTER 2

WHEN holidays came, instead of taking it for granted that she was going to London, like anybody else, there to be met by daddy or mummy and taken home in the car, Julia found herself the unwilling subject of contradictory telegrams, and letters, and telephone calls, all about changes of plan, and convenient dates, and inconvenient trains.

Actually, she wasn't even told, till almost the last minute, whether she and Terry were going first to stay with mummy and the captain at Wimbledon, or with daddy and Petah in London. What suited mummy didn't, apparently, suit daddy, and dates couldn't be fitted in until at last the final telegram said that Julia was to be taken straight to mummy's club in Victoria Street, where someone would call for her.

Someone!

It didn't sound very impressive.

An obviously unwilling games-mistress escorted Julia to this ambiguous encounter.

"I'm sure I shan't know who to ask for. It seems funny, I must say," she kept on repeating.

"They'll probably be waiting in the hall," coldly said Julia, not feeling at all sure of this.

"Is it your mother's club?"

Please turn to Page 42

You should get the thrill of a lovely youthful skin

. . . . Perhaps you never did have a good skin! Or a pretty one! But Charmosan face powder will give you that thrill—will bring to your heart that joy.

You long to have a skin that looks clear, smooth, suave, with that subtle "something" that bespeaks Youth.

Then right away place a box of Charmosan face powder on your dressing table, for in that box dwells the good fairy of skin loveliness.

Charmosan face powder stays on for hours.

Charmosan face powder from Paris

Big box 2/6. All shades and sun tan. Big seller. Everywhere.

P.S. Use Charmosan Cold Cream every night to cleanse your skin. This lovely cream goes right into the pores and out again and cleanses the skin and pores of "makeup," dust, etc., beautifully. Leaves skin supple and smooth. A nightly face massage with this cream also keeps away wrinkles and crows feet . . . what a blessing. It is perfumed with myrrh and jasmin . . . gorgeous. Big Jars 2/6. Tubes 1/- Sold everywhere.

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AMAZING REPORTS FROM USERS

Originals of reports quoted below may be inspected at our office:

PALE, LIFELESS, HALF SICK ALL THE TIME

Ashfield, Sydney, N.S.W.

"BIDOMAK"

Dear Sir,

When I purchased two bottles of "Bidomak" after hearing of its worth, I expected good results and got them, which is more than I can say of the many other tonics I have taken. As an extremely hard case of nerves and depression, I feel capable of judging a tonic of worth, for I have spent pounds on supposedly excellent tonics to no avail—but "Bidomak" has solved my problem. It is the only tonic, out of the many that I know, that I would advocate to my friends. Economical and efficacious with lasting good results. "Every dose seems a blessing" is how I would adequately describe it.

Sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) Mrs. D.T.

(Original of this letter on our files.)

BIDOMAK

MAKES THEM WELL OR COSTS YOU NOTHING

Look at the illustration of healthy and unhealthy nerve tissues shown on this page. Then you will realise how seriously nervous disorders can affect you generally.

Worry, financial strain, overwork, drain the system of the vital mineral foods which are necessary to life itself. Modern food does not replace them. The result of anaemia starved nerves, resulting in recurrent headaches, nerve pains, neuritis or neuralgia. Bidomak replaces these minerals in the system. It provides iron, lime, potash, soda in liquid phosphorised form, for quick assimilation and results.

BIDOMAK RESTORES HEALTH, BUILDS UP BLOOD

Bidomak provides iron to build good, rich blood, and increase the supply of oxygen in the blood-stream. This oxygen is used to burn up waste in the tissues and give the other ingredients in Bidomak a chance to do you good.

BIDOMAK BUILDS NERVES

Bidomak contains assimilable phosphorus, which helps to keep the brain and nerves alert and vigorous. Phosphorus is absolutely necessary for well being in this respect.

BIDOMAK HELPS DIGESTION

Bidomak provides sodium in the form of phosphates and glycerophosphates. These tone up the gastric nerves and increase digestive powers. Even small children or convalescing invalids may take Bidomak without reaction or harmful effects.

BIDOMAK BUILDS STRONG BONES AND TEETH

More than 47 per cent of the solid weight of the body is calcium. A deficiency of this important mineral causes tooth decay—rickets in children, and may be the cause of rheumatism, gout, and similar crippling disorders. Bidomak therefore contains calcium to build up strong bones and teeth, and completes the work of the other vital foods.

WHY BIDOMAK DOES GOOD SO QUICKLY

Bidomak does good so quickly because all the minerals are provided in a pre-dissolved liquid form. They are then absorbed at once, and can begin their healing action from the very first moment they are taken into the stomach.

WHY BIDOMAK IS SAFE

There is not one single substance contained in Bidomak which is not present in a perfectly healthy human body.

Bidomak feeds, does not drug, and builds up permanently, starved nerves, blood, muscles and brain.



The top illustration shows healthy nerve tissue, the bottom sketch shows inflamed shrunken tissue due to mineral starvation. No wonder nerves cry out in pain and sufferers become listless and down. Bidomak builds up starved nerves and makes them well and healthy.

Benefit Guaranteed

Or YOU PAY NOTHING

So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that if you do not benefit by taking it, we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase, on return of the nearly empty BIDOMAK bottle to the Douglas Drug Co. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you PAY NOTHING.

ASTOUNDING BENEFIT TO CHILD

BALLADORAN,

5th October, 1935.

The Manager,
Douglas Drug Co.
SYDNEY.

Dear Sir,

My little boy had gastric flu at the age of 2 years and it left his nerves in a shocking state. He was irritable, cranky and had sleepless nights, also no appetite. I was almost worried out of my mind, as I had tried several tonics and prescriptions recommended by our family doctor, which were of no avail.

My little boy has had one bottle and a half of Bidomak and he looks the picture of health, and he is enjoying life. You can use this letter in any way you wish, and I'm sure anyone seeking the help cannot go wrong with Bidomak.

Many thanks and best wishes for the success Bidomak deserves.

I am,

Your faithfully,

Mrs. G. F. McCARTHY.

(Original of this letter on our files.)



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SOLD AT VERY REASONABLE PRICES ALL OVER AUSTRALIA —THERE IS *NOTHING* "JUST AS GOOD"

Spectator SPORTSWEAR

W1884

NOTHING *is* SAFE

Continued from Page 41

"YES, and my grandmother's, too. And heaps of mummy's friends belong to it, and I shall quite likely see someone I know in one of the rooms. I know the place well," said Julia, trying to sound very grand and grown-up.

Miss Crump looked at her sideways and suddenly became nicer.

Directly they got inside it she remembered it, and the faint smell of scent, cigarette smoke, coffee and leather chairs, in the hall. She also recognised the hall-porter—a tall, large man with a bald patch and a very kind smile.

"Is Mrs. Alexander Gray in the club?" inquired Miss Crump, who now seemed a totally different person from the shouting and stamping Miss Crump of the playing fields.

Mullins shook his head very slowly from side to side.

"Mrs. Prettyman, I should say," Miss Crump corrected herself quickly, and she and Julia both blushed.

"Not yet," said Mullins.

He smiled at Julia.

"She's expected, then?" said Miss Crump uncertainly.

"Why, I don't know that I've any particular reason for thinking so. But she may be. Was the young lady to meet her here?"

"Yes."

"Or **someone**," muttered Julia. "Perhaps it's grandmamma."

Mullins shook his head once more.

"Lady Perry-Palmer is in the country," he said. "Has been for weeks."

"I'm afraid there's nothing for it but to wait, Julia. After all, your mother said you were to come here."

"I will look after the young lady," said Mullins benevolently. "She won't be the first young lady to spend an hour or two in my charge, by a very long chalk."

"Well, really, I don't know what to say, quite."

"But you can't keep your friend waiting," Julia urged. "I shall be quite all right, and mummy's sure to come in a minute. She's often late for things."

A taxi drew up and the club page ran down the steps.

Julia caught sight of a familiar yellow trunk and a wooden playbox.

"My brother has come," she said.

"Oh!" said Miss Crump. "Oh, then you'll be **quite** all right."

She and Julia and Mullins all moved towards the door.

Terry, looking tall and thin, got very slowly and gravely out of the cab. He was intent on paying the driver.

Julia felt certain that he was going to lose his head and make a muddle of it.

She cast an appealing glance at Mullins.

The miraculous Mullins, instantly understanding, went down the steps.

"Allow me, sir—" Julia heard him say.

"Then I really think—" Miss Crump said.

SHE shook hands with Julia in a hearty, manly kind of way and tramped out of the club, taking a good look at Terry as she passed him.

Julia remained in the hall.

It was marvellous to see Terry again, but it would fuss him if she suddenly appeared before he'd quite finished with the taxi. So she waited until Mullins and the taxi driver between them had placed the trunk and the playbox in a corner of the hall.

Terry was watching them with his grave, pale face, and the look that meant he wasn't sure what he ought to do next. So Julia ran forward.

Terry's face quite changed, then. He smiled, and his eyes lit up and he looked pink again, instead of yellow.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" responded Julia, beaming.

They kissed rather shyly.

"Nobody's here to meet us yet; Miss Crump brought me — she's gone now, thank goodness. Did you come all by yourself?"

"Yes. In a taxi."

"Was it fun?" asked Julia, meaning had everything been all right.

"Quite fairly," said Terry, with reserve.

He looked round him.

"If you wish to wash your hands, sir, the gentleman's cloakroom is through there," said Mullins. "Let me show you the way."

When Terry came back, his hands clean and his fair hair very smooth, he said to Julia:

"What a nice man that is!"

"Isn't he? Let's ask him if we can work the lift."

"You ask."

To Julia's request, Mullins returned a qualified assent. They might work the lift when nobody else wanted it. No nonsense about showing them how to do it, or telling them to be careful. As if anybody with common sense couldn't work the lift, after reading the instructions! Even Terry, who always thought he couldn't do anything, managed it perfectly after going up and down twice with Julia.

Time passed agreeably.

A dim awareness of grown-up figures, mostly ladies, moving about and talking in exclamatory jerks, and slamming in and out of the telephone booth, just faintly crossed Julia's consciousness. She paid no attention to any of them until a masculine voice suddenly roused her to awareness.

"Are there two children here, waiting for Mrs. Prettyman? Name of Gray."

"Over there, sir," Mullins replied.

Julia swung round from her station by the lift-gates.

It was the captain.

HIS head—she suddenly remembered it again—looked too small for his height and his huge shoulders. He said "Hello!" in a voice that made it sound as though he were surprised to see them, and Julia, from politeness merely, responded, "Hello!" Terry made a faint sound that wasn't anything.

"Come along," said the captain. "I wasn't sure what time you'd be turning up, so I thought I wouldn't get here too early. Been waiting long?"

He didn't stop for an answer, but turned at once to the door. He walked briskly, Julia noticed, but took very small steps.

"Good-bye," said Julia to Mullins. "Thank you for letting us play with the lift."

"Thank you," repeated Terry. He looked up at Mullins, and his face now was very sad, as if he was sorry to be going away from the fun they'd had.

"Good-bye, missie; good-bye, young gentleman," said Mullins. "I wish you both very pleasant holidays."

"The same to you," replied Julia, and was suddenly assailed by a recollection. "Oh—what about the luggage?"

Mullins made a peculiar and fascinating sound with his tongue, expressing concern.

"I don't know whether the captain's car—"

He went after the captain.

Julia, seeing that there was going to be some difficulty about this luggage question, tucked her book under her arm and said to Terry:

"We'd better carry anything frightfully important. He won't notice, then."

"What?" said Terry blankly.

Please turn to Page 43



Everyone admires the freshness of my skin

My secret is Vivatone— the Perfect Skin Tonic

Few women realize how much the right skin tonic contributes to the beauty of their skin. Those who do, always use Vivatone, the Perfect Skin Tonic. Vivatone is ideal for closing the pores after a thorough cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. It stimulates the circulation and gives you that fresh, youthful appearance everyone admires. Vivatone is excellent for a quick clean-up before applying new make-up. It is also recommended for neutralizing perspiration. Get a bottle today and see how firm and fresh it will make your skin.



Daggett & Ramsdell

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NOTHING *is* SAFE

Continued from Page 42

"I THINK Mullins thinks he won't have to put luggage in his car."

"Where do you suppose mummy is?"

"Waiting for us at the house," glibly replied Julia, trying at the same time to think if there was anything from which Terry would mind being parted if the luggage had to be left behind.

At this moment the captain appeared, looked with great disfavor at Terry's trunk and playbox and Julia's case, and said:

"Oh, my heavens, I can't have all this junk in the car! We'll send for it later."

"Have you got a book or something?" hissed Julia, but she saw that Terry hadn't the faintest idea of what she was trying to convey. She was obliged to shake her head, and mouth, "It doesn't matter," as they followed the captain out of the club.

The car was standing by the kerb. It was absolutely marvellous.

"You've got a frightfully grand car," said Julia. "Isn't she a beauty!"

"Pretty good, eh?" said the captain. "Hop in."

Julia looked at Terry.

Which of them was to sit in front? In daddy's car, they'd always taken it in turn.

Terry frowned at her so fiercely that she hurriedly scrambled into the back, hoping that this was what he meant. It was.

He climbed in after her and flung himself back into the corner.

JULIA, who was interested in cars, couldn't stop looking at the lovely, shining, chromium-plated fittings, the long, curved lines of the bonnet, the array of gadgets on the dashboard.

She leant forward.

"What's the utmost she can do?"

"Seventy to eighty."

"Gosh!" said Julia.

"Where's Chang?" Julia suddenly asked in a loud voice.

"Where's : ho?" said the captain, without turning round. "Don't shout in my ear, please. At home, I expect —" Julia g'ggled quietly.

"What does he mean by 'home'?" she thought. "This Wimbledon place isn't any home to me, I haven't even seen it yet."

She glanced at Terry.

Evidently he didn't want to talk.

Julia, who almost always wanted to talk, gave a small sigh.

Underneath everything else was a faint, uncertain hope of seeing Chang again.

It would be nice to see mummy again, too, but Julia was conscious of a little anxiety in this connection, and would not dwell upon it.

Mummy, unmarried to daddy and married instead to somebody else, might, she was afraid, seem somehow like a different person.

The house at Wimbledon was quite large—much larger than Julia had expected it to be, because she still couldn't get it out of her head that home must be like their old house at Hampstead.

It wasn't, in the least.

IT had a white gate, with Rosslyn painted on it, and a drive with laurel bushes on either side, and it was built of grey stone and had a conservatory on one side of the front door.

There were panes of colored glass—red and blue—in the top half of the door. It might be rather fun, looking through them from inside.

"Hop out," said the captain.

Terry was nearest the door.

He looked dreadfully green, thought Julia compassionately, and he was making most unsuccessful efforts to open the door of the car, fumbling at the wrong handle — the one that lowered and raised the window.

Julia leant across him.

"The other handle, boy," said the captain.

Julia opened the door.

"That's right," said the captain. "But he's got to learn how to do it. Let me see you open that door properly, Terry."

He really wasn't saying it at all unkindly. But Julia knew that sort of voice only too well, and its effect upon Terry. Daddy used to speak like that too, when Terry's clumsiness made him impatient.

She tried to direct him with her eyes to the right handle.

Even then, Terry turned it the wrong way.

"Not much good with your hands, are you?" said the captain. "You won't be able to drive a car or fly an aeroplane when you're older, if you can't see which way a simple handle goes."

Terry looked utterly miserable and said nothing.

"Out you get," said the captain, and he sounded the horn, making Terry start violently.

The door with the colored glass opened and mummy came out.

JULIA looked quickly to see if Chang was behind her, but he wasn't.

When mummy has kissed both of them, she stood with her hand on Terry's shoulder, and looked at the captain, who was still in the driving seat.

"Darling, what time?"

"I suppose you want a couple of hours with them. I'll come back at six. We'll start at half-past, sharp."

"All right, darling. I'll be ready."

"Cheerio, my sweet!"

He drove off again, without taking any more notice of Julia and Terry.

"Where's Chang?" asked Julia.

"Have you got to go out, mummy?" said Terry.

Mummy, still with one hand on Terry's shoulder, and the other one gently propelling Julia towards an open doorway, did not answer at once.

"Come into the drawing-room, infants. You must want your teas. I've got a lovely tea for you, and we're going to have it together—just us."

"Oh good!" said Julia.

Please turn to Page 44

THE PEACH TREE WAKENS

All winter long the peach tree stood
A dull and lifeless thing;
But now in every fibre stirs
A sudden quickening,
With promise of the pink-white bloom,
And gracious green of spring.

Soon, very soon the miracle
Of all the years shall be,
When it shall raise its head again
And life and color see;
And toss its flowery arms aloft
To fragrant winds, and free.

It soon shall know the rose-hued dawns
And shining noons aglow;
And watch the barren path beneath
In tender verdure go
And hear, perchance, at scented dusk
The lovers' vows below.

—Nellie A. Evans.



Sheer up - -
IN
HOLEPROOF
SHEERS

No cocktail will give you as much kick as knowing your legs are perfectly clad in Holeproof sheers For sheerness and clearness see the Holeproof sheers each designed for a special purpose

3 thread, **BLACK MAGIC** — the gloriously bewitching sheer — for wear when you want to look your loveliest.

4 thread, **GAY DECEIVER** — the exquisite sheer with stamina — alluring and enduring — correct to wear at any "tick of the clock."

2 thread, **SHEER LOVELINESS** — Australia's best long wearing sheer — just right if you're hard on hosiery.

Then there's **ALL-IN-ONE** — the new crinkly crepe with the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h that allows knee action.

If you prefer service sheers, ask for **JOY** — the famous, happy - medium weight silk from top to toe It wears for ever.

Of course, all are manufactured under genuine Ringless patent.

HOLEPROOF *Famous for Sheers*

How to Lose Fat
A Pound a Day on a Full Stomach

Do Just One Simple Thing and Fat Just Melts Away

NO starvation or dieting; no going without foods or drinks. Instead, eat what you want with never a rebelling, upset stomach. Yet ugly fat quickly goes. You can easily lose from four to seven pounds a week. See the ugly fat replaced by a beautiful slim figure — and feel stronger, better and more energetic than you ever have in your life before —



What You Do

There is just one simple thing to do. Give your system the minerals and herb conditioners contained in BONKORA, obtainable at any chemist shop. Take two *teaspoonsful* preferably in a glass of orange juice, before meals three times daily, a pleasant and inexpensive drink. Then eat whatever you want and watch the fat harmlessly and healthfully disappear.

7 to 10 Pounds Lost in 7 Days

At the end of one week you'll see the scales drop seven to ten pounds — according to how much overweight you are — from what you were the day you started. Your health, too, will be much better. You'll have more strength and energy, your complexion will be improved, nerves will be far calmer, your stomach won't be upset, and friends will comment about how much younger and better you look. You'll soon avoid the constant embarrassment of being fat and ugly. And you'll do it without going on a starvation diet.

BONKORA supplies the system with minerals, stimulates a normal functioning of the body. BONKORA also clears the system of accumulated poisons most over-weight people have.

Start to-day. The BONKORA way is the safe way for men and women to take off fat. Test it for two weeks. BONKORA is absolutely harmless, safe and effective. It definitely does not contain *thyroid* — consisting only of natural and mineral ingredients.

You can secure BONKORA at any chemist shop. Insist on the genuine BONKORA and refuse all inferior substitutes or imitations.

FREE SAMPLE

MAIL THIS COUPON

SCHAFFER & CO., Box 2082 L, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora Treatment.

NAME

ADDRESS

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 6/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper.

W.W.10/10/36

Adelaide goes gay!

PLAN NOW FOR XMAS

Gay . . . colourful . . . thrilling . . . spectacular! . . . it's South Australia's 100th birthday party—and what a party! A merry medley of carefree carnival, stirring pageants, thrilling sporting events, 'n everything—join in the fun of

Australia's Greatest Carnival
Dec. 18th to Dec. 31st, 1936

There's something for you—something for everybody . . . Air-races . . . interstate car rally . . . big cricket and tennis . . . automobile Grand Prix . . . Port Cup race meetings . . . motorcycle T.T. races . . . Scouts' Corroboree . . . yachting and rowing regattas . . . and Nino Borsari in the Cycling Derby.

Pageants on Land, Sea, and Air



For the Christmas carnival holiday excursion fares operate on all railway systems to Adelaide from Dec. 1st, 1936, to Jan. 1st, 1937. Available for return within three months—and you may spend a week touring Adelaide's beauty spots and these Centenary features for an additional £3/3/-, which covers tours and accommodation. Ask your local Government Tourist Bureau for further particulars, or write to G. R. Lamprell, S.A. Publicity Officer, c/o Victorian Government Tourist Bureau, Queen's Walk, Melbourne, or Victor H. Ryan, State Organising Director, S.A. Centenary Celebrations, Box 2645, G.P.O., Adelaide.

BOOK NOW

South Australia CENTENARY

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Active, growing children require more than plenty of food; they need the right kind of food, and in that respect Bournville Cocoa is an ideal beverage because when made with milk, and a little sugar, it provides 45% more nutriment than milk alone. The satisfying nourishment of Bournville Cocoa will start your girls and boys off for school prepared for a good day's study —and success!

Serve Bournville to-morrow; observe how readily its delicious chocolaty flavour appeals to the most finicky appetite—and that includes the adults, too!

Cadbury's BOURNVILLE COCOA

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATY FLAVOUR

REDUCED PRICES Now 1d. Less per ¼ lb.

C3.206

NOTHING *is* SAFE

Continued from Page 43

MUMMY gave her a rather odd look—almost as if she were a little bit frightened.

"How did you and Uncle Tom get on?" she asked. "I think you're going to like him very much, when you know him better."

"Must we call him Uncle Tom?" asked Julia. "Why?"

"Well, you've got to call him something, and that's what we both thought you'd like best."

"Daddy—" began Julia, and then stopped.

What she wanted to say, was that daddy, with a new wife, had made his children free of her Christian name—so why shouldn't mummy, with a new husband, do the same?

But it seemed a complicated argument, and Julia felt distinctly unwilling to mention either daddy or Petah to mummy.

"Oh, isn't Chang here?" although by this time she was perfectly certain that he wasn't.

"I'm afraid not, Julia. You see, a big dog like a Chow is really happiest in the country, and grandpapa and grandmamma are very fond of him, so he's still with them. I expect you'll go and stay with them later on and find Chang there."

"Will you be going there, too?" asked Terry.

"Oh, darling, I can't talk plans yet. I don't know. Ring the bell, angel. It's over there."

Terry looked about him unseeingly and Julia rang the bell.

"This is a nice room," she said approvingly. "Gracious, there's the grandfather clock, and your writing-desk! All the other furniture's new, isn't it?"

"It belongs to the house. We've only taken it furnished, just for a little while. But some of my things are here. That makes it look like home, doesn't it?"

"Where are the rest of them?" Julia inquired, secretly hoping to hear that they'd been given to daddy.

"In store," said mummy. "I see you're still good at asking questions, Julia."

A new maid answered the bell. She was much younger than the last one they'd had at home, and very smartly dressed in green, with a little mob-cap and a frilly apron.

She put down a silver kettle and a three-tiered cake-stand.

Julia, who had already swiftly enumerated every item on the tea-table, saw with pleasure that the cake-stand had a plate of chocolate eclairs, one of mixed biscuits and a splendid cake with white icing.

"What a marvellous tea!" she said joyfully.

The tea made everything seem more natural. They ate, and talked, and mummy asked them about school, just as she always did.

She **wasn't** different, after all.

Only the house, and most of the furniture, and the servants.

After tea, Julia and Terry were shown their bedrooms next door to each other. They were nice rooms, much larger than their old rooms, and furnished like grown-ups' bedrooms. There was also another room downstairs that they were to use as a schoolroom. They'd never had a schoolroom before.

Some of their books and other belongings were there, but most of the furniture belonged to the house.

"You'll be careful of it, won't you?" said mummy.

Terry nodded, and Julia said:

"Oh, yes," and thought what fun it would be to jump on and off the sofa which was a kind of square divan very low and broad.

Then they went out into the garden.



THE COAT on the left is a Regency model by Heim. It is fashioned from a white material overchecked with grey and is worn with a grey skirt. The other suit has a jacket checked in heather, blue and red, which is worn with a purple skirt. —Alg. Mail photo.

IT didn't seem much of a garden actually, but she and Terry could probably have a certain amount of fun there.

"Your bicycles are in that shed," mummy said, pointing; "You'll be able to have lovely rides on the common."

"Like on the heath at home," agreed Julia.

She looked at Terry.

He seemed quite happy.

Probably it was all going to be nice, after all. This conviction sent Julia at once into the highest spirits.

Everything was fun, and the holidays had started.

Then, all of a sudden, there was trouble about the trunks. The captain had come back—mummy had explained that she was going out with him and must dress at once—and Julia herself had rashly — as she now saw — exclaimed: "What about our luggage?"

And it appeared that it would be next door to impossible to get hold of the luggage that night. Julia's was at the station—Terry's was at the club—and it was now revealed that Terry had left in the train a small bag containing his things for the night.

Mummy got most fearfully fussed and it was clear to Julia that she was afraid the captain was going to be angry.

He wasn't, although he said: "O ye gods!" a good many times. He wasn't even angry with Terry, although it was evident that he despised him frightfully for having left his bag in the train. There was a great deal of telephoning, and some instructions to the maid—her name was Norah—and then mummy rushed into the schoolroom wearing a new evening frock, and said that all the boxes would arrive presently.

Even Terry's bag.

"I'm very sorry to have given you such a lot of trouble," said Terry mournfully.

And the captain, standing in the doorway, said "Oh, ye gods!" once again.

Mummy kissed them and said:

"Norah will bring your suppers. Why don't you go out into the garden?"

"What time will you be back?" Terry asked.

"Terribly late. After you're asleep."

"WHAT time must we go to bed?" asked Julia, embarking on a familiar crusade. "Need I go before eight? Terry didn't go till eight when he was my age. Hardly anybody of my age goes to bed till eight, at the very earliest."

"I say, Daphne, we're going to be late. Come on. I want a drink before we start."

"Coming, darling."

"It isn't," said Julia, "as if I went to sleep at once. I never, never do. Just simply lie awake for hours and hours."

"Rubbish!" said the captain — although no one had been speaking to him.

"Well, eight o'clock for to-night — but it's only because it's the first night of the holidays. Good-night, angels."

"Good-night," said Julia joyfully. "Thank you **very** much."

The captain said no good-nights. He walked out into the hall, and mummy followed him.

Julia heard him say:

"You'll have to draw it mild, my sweet, to begin with. I'm new to this family-life stunt."

Julia had a vague idea that "drawing it mild" was something to do with the drinks they were having. She followed them out into the hall.

In the old days they'd always seen mummy and daddy off, for a party.

(To be Continued)



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

October 10, 1936. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers—Page One 45

Modern triumphs in HAND-CUT CRYSTAL

Old-fashioned patterns give way to bold artistic curves and delicately etched "waves"

By . . . Our Home Decorator



TABLE-TOP ENCHANTMENT . . . The distinctive charm of this cut crystal is due to the singularly attractive streamlined shapes of the individual pieces. The delicately-engraved pattern, exquisitely etched, is a tribute to the glass-cutter's skill.



A MODERN EXAMPLE of English handicraft—a huge cut-glass bowl, featuring a bold and picturesque leaf and flower design. Beautiful in itself, it will add lustre and loveliness to everything with which it may be associated in home decoration.

WHEN your gaze runs over this page of exquisitely – wrought crystal, let your mind drink in the fact that glass-cutting is an essentially English craft. It was first practised in London or its environs about two centuries ago, though glass-making had been established a century earlier by the French Huguenots at Stourbridge.

I saw yesterday one of the most spectacular trade displays of English hand-cut crystal ever held in the Southern Hemisphere. There were ninety tables holding scintillating masterpieces — every piece hand-made and hand-cut by artisans who claim kinship with the earliest craftsmen in glass cutting.

There were scores of singularly attractive tables set with snowy napery and delicate lace, gleaming silver, fruit and flowers, a perfect foil for the sparkling radiance of fine crystal.

At other tables original and gracefully-shaped sets were glowing in soft pools of light cast from tall, slender candles.

Lovely, too, were the dressing-table sets with their round trays and candlesticks—the latter simply balls of glistening, deeply-cut crystal.

The new lemonade, water, sherry, liqueur, and cocktail sets, the fashionably tall beer sets with their fifteen-inch high jugs, the dessert and fruit-salad sets, are perfectly shaped, exquisitely cut. They assuredly will stimulate and satisfy every aesthetic instinct for beauty and luxury.

I noticed, also, richly-engraved pieces signed by the artist, little flower–holders, quaint cigarette-holders, lamps with frosted shades (to diffuse light and banish glare), quaint, square-shaped honey-jars, and the new square and oblong salad-bowls.



CRYSTAL LOVELINESS for milady's dressing-table—a huge perfume holder in scintillating and frosted glass. Note the graceful treatment of the perfectly-cut leaf pattern.

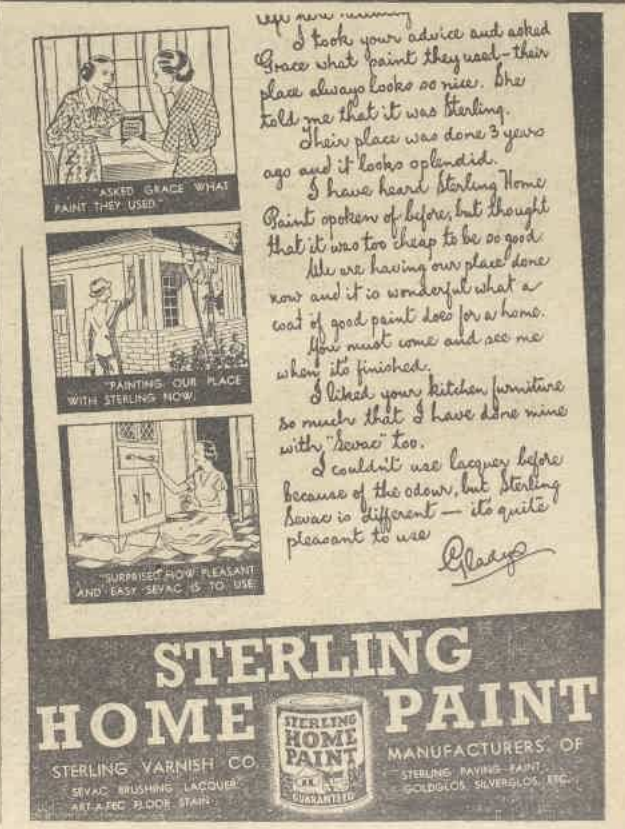


ANOTHER EXAMPLE of the new trend in crystal craftsmanship. Perfectly cut, its glistening facets gather every gleam of brightness and color that surround it, and the effect is a delight to the eye.

While at this exhibition I learned how to distinguish fine-cut glass from the less perfected article.

The points by which fine crystal may be recognised are its clear, bell-like sound when lightly tapped, the evenness and absolute crystal clearness of its texture, and the extreme brilliance of its surface. The latter quality is quickly evidenced in the ease with which fine crystal will take a high polish, and its complete freedom from that liability to cloudiness or "bloom" which invariably betrays a less perfect surface.

Cut glass in particular must possess the qualities of even texture, clearness, and brilliance in the highest degree, if the best results are to be achieved by the process of cutting.—E.E.G.



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No More Piles

Specialist Discovers Remarkable Treatment that Heals Piles while You Sleep!

If you think that the surgeon's knife is the only method of escape from the misery of piles, it's because you haven't heard of the new **internal** treatment of Dr. Leonhardt, which is said to begin restoring normal, strong blood circulation in the affected area within 24 hours, and cause bruised, blocked blood vessels to shrink and heal, often in 4 or 5 days.

By experimenting for years this eminent specialist discovered the exact cause of piles, and then went further and compounded a remedy called Vaculoid that would remove the cause—without the dangerous prolonged use of hard rubber or metal tubes, or messy "salves."

Dr. Leonhardt wants every sufferer to benefit by his discovery, and so that there will be no doubting or delay, all chemists are authorized to sell Vaculoid with guarantee that it will bring thoroughly satisfactory results, or money refunded.

On that fair basis every sufferer should get a package of Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid tablets to-day.

LUCKY PRIZEWINNERS *in Our Recipe* CONTEST

Enter Your Most Tempting Dish in this Fascinating Weekly Competition

The family will love these delicious recipes, so add them to your culinary repertoire. And why not help other housewives? Your favorite dish may be a prizewinner, and, in turn, feature on hundreds of daily menus. It takes but a minute or two to write out a recipe clearly and concisely.

THERE are seven prizes to be won each week, including £1 first prize and six consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

Here are the results of this week's competition:—

YORKSHIRE ROLLED STEAK

Three pounds good steak, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, 1 onion, 1 egg, salt, pepper, thyme and sage.

Ask for the steak to be cut about 1in. thick and as long as possible. Mince onion and mix with breadcrumbs, beaten egg, and seasoning. Spread mixture on steak and roll up and sew securely. Place with dripping in baking dish, sprinkle with sugar and bake for about 1½ hours, basting frequently. About 20 minutes before it is cooked make the roll batter.

Into half cup sifted self-raising flour, pinch salt, stir one cup milk and two well-beaten eggs. Put dessertspoons of this into the hot fat around the meat and cook till firm. Place roast on large dish surrounded by the puffs and a rich gravy.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Whalley, Woolgoolga, N.S.W.

DUTCH BROTH

Six onions, 5 tablespoons butter, 3 cups cold water, 1 egg yolk, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, salt, cayenne

Chop onions and cook in two tablespoons butter for five minutes, then add water and cook for half an hour. Rub through a sieve, make a thickening of a little milk and the flour, add to the milk and butter; cook five minutes, stirring the while. Add this to the onion mixture. Mix thoroughly, and add the beaten egg yolk. Serve in bowls, and grate a little cheese on top. Set in a hot oven for a few minutes to melt the cheese.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss S. Butler, 2 Strahan St., South Burnie, Tas.

SALMON SOUP

One small tin salmon, 1 quart milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper.

Drain the liquid from salmon, remove bones and skin, then rub salmon through the sieve. Scald milk, keeping half a cup of cold milk separate. Heat the butter in a saucepan, add flour, pepper, and salt. Simmer for half a minute or so, then add cold milk. Stir well, then gradually pour in the rest of milk and add salmon. Cook till smooth and thickened, and serve hot with fingers of toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Rhoyston, 39 Collins St., Hamilton, Vic.

PRUNE CHUTNEY

Two pounds prune pulp, ½ pint vinegar, 2lb. dried apricots, 1oz. cayenne pepper, 1lb. dried peaches, 1lb. raisins, ½oz. powdered cinnamon, ½oz. powdered cloves, ½lb. currants, ½oz. ginger root, 3lb. sugar.

Cut the dried fruits into small pieces and cook until soft. Add other ingredients and cook for 20 minutes, stirring all the time. Bottle in the usual manner.

PRUNE PULP: Cook prunes well in a small quantity of water until the stones can be easily removed, and then beat up into a pulp.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Grice, 6 Arkland St., Cammeray, North Sydney.

GERMAN PUFFS

Eight ounces flour, 2oz. butter, 2 eggs, 1 gill cream, 1oz. sugar, ½oz. German yeast, pinch of salt, the rind of an orange rubbed on a piece of sugar and the zest then scraped off.

First set the sponge with one-fourth part of flour and the yeast in the usual manner, and let it rise in a warm temperature; meanwhile spread the rest of the flour out in the form of a ring and place the sugar, salt, butter, eggs, and cream in the centre; then work well together with both hands and knead thoroughly with the knuckles. As soon as the sponge has risen sufficiently add to the paste, and mix thoroughly; then leave to rise again for a short while. Knead the paste on slab, and cut up into about a dozen pieces of equal size; knead these in the form of round balls, place them on sheets of paper and set to rise in a warm place; when the puffs have risen, plunge them in hot lard and fry them a light color. Drain them on a clean cloth. Sprinkle with cinnamon and orange sugar, dish up in a pyramidal form, and serve with some warm apricot jam diluted with a little syrup.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Daly, Divett Place, Adelaide.

FESTIVE YULETIDE CAKE

Cut a round sponge cake in half, and sprinkle both halves with rum, whip enough cream stiffly to spread on bottom layer, add sugar, vanilla, and rum to taste, mix in some candied fruit and grated almonds. Cover bottom layer with cream and put on the top layer of sponge, ice the top with rum glaze (see below), garnish with candied cherries and walnuts. Wash the sugar off cherries by dipping in warm water and dry well, improves them for decorating purposes.

THE GLAZE: 1lb. icing sugar, moistened with lemon juice, vanilla, 1 tablespoon boiling water flavored with rum. Stand basin containing icing in boiling water and spread on top of cake.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Case, 350 George St., Rockhampton, Qld.

KIDNEY RELISH

After skinning six sheep's kidneys, chop two finely, put in a small stewpan with a couple of tomatoes skinned and sliced, a large lump of butter, a seasoning of salt and pepper, and one tablespoonful of water. Cover and stew very gently until the kidneys are tender. Remove from the fire, stir in two eggs which have been well beaten, and continue stirring until mixture thickens. It must not boil. Mash potatoes with butter and milk, and beat until creamy. Cut remaining kidneys through the centre, season with salt and pepper, place a small piece of butter on each, and grill on each side. Serve by making little mounds of mashed potato for each plate with a grilled kidney in the centre, and use the egg and kidney mixture to form a ring round the edge of the mound.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Button, Box 30, G.P.O., St. Helens, Tas.

Youth is not the Happy Age!





What marvels have been accomplished in the last few years! . . . What marvels the next 20 years will produce — and will thrill those lucky enough to be alive to behold them.

'LIFE begins at 40!'

But only for those *free* from Rheumatism, Uric Acidity, and Troubles of the KIDNEYS & BLADDER

IT has been well said that "Life Begins at 40." For most men and women the years after 40 are really the fruitful, happy ones nowadays, and this will become increasingly so as Science advances, lessening the advantages hitherto possessed by youth.

"FOOLS DIE YOUNG!"

They pass quickly from the active scene because they don't know how to conserve life—don't know how to protect themselves. By forty one's company is richer by the comparative infrequency of fools who, "not knowing" the vital facts about health, have passed, or are passing, from the thrilling arena of effective Life.

AT 40 ENERGY DROPS OFF SHARPLY

Sharply, at somewhere round about age 40, the tune of energy lessens. Occasionally the steep downward drop begins near 35. When the decline becomes apparent, it is necessary to use the brain more to offset the drop. This may easily be done. Youth wastes its energy. Middle age can do more with less effort. Certain ills attack at about 40. Kidney, Bladder and Urinary disorders—troubles like Rheumatism, Backache, Uric Acidity, Stiff or Swollen Joints and Limbs, Arthritis, Urinary Weaknesses, Gravel, and Inflammation, dragging Groin Pains, Disturbed Rest at night—are responsible for the majority coming to grief at middle age or thereabouts.

Overcome these CHIEF causes of middle-age breakdown and you are then free to lead the full life that modern conditions provide. Minor ailments tend to disappear as serious disorders are overcome. No happiness compares to that which is now available to those of 40 and over—so long as handicaps arising out of Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and associated disorders are completely averted. Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary troubles are among those which modern scientific research has successfully attacked in recent years. Several notable remedies have been introduced. One, however, stands out as perfect. It is effective, readily available, universally suitable; and is, moreover, ABSOLUTELY SAFE! This remedy is Harrison's Pills, sponsored by a distinguished London Medical Man. Harrison's Pills provide the most effective known means of combatting the chief cause of the decline in power of the human machine.

HARRISON'S PILLS RESTORE VITAL FORCE

As well as ridding you of your pain and restricted movement, Harrison's Pills give you a new lease of happy, care-free life. The insidious germs, crystals, poisons, and deposits that cripple the body, age the appearance, and undermine your health are genuinely banished. Thus, in the only worthwhile sense, Harrison's Pills form a REMEDY, not merely a palliative. Aspirins, salts, and liniments may, and do, give ease from some aches and pains. But they cannot give the lasting benefit that comes so gratefully, so quickly, and so thoroughly from the taking of this specialised remedy which, for years past, has brought new power, comfort, and happiness to thousands who had failed to get the relief and strength they sought from other means.

TRY WITHOUT RISK

Go to your Chemist and get a package of Harrison's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Three sizes: 1s Pills, 2/-; 22 Pills, 2/-; or 48 Pills, 5/-. If, after taking a few doses, you do not notice a wonderful improvement in yourself—if you do not feel and look brighter and more vitally alive than you have felt for years—if you are not convinced that Harrison's Pills provide the BEST available treatment for all forms of bodily pain, weakness, and suffering arising out of Kidney, Bladder, Rheumatic, or Urinary Trouble, your money will be refunded by the Distributors — Amalgamated Laboratories, Carrington Street, Sydney. You are thus offered relief from pain, the probability of greatly prolonged happy life — without risk of any kind. "FOOLS DIE YOUNG" . . . surely wisdom dictates the acceptance of such an offer as this! . . . Your best days are still to come . . . If you promptly accept the help science has so definitely devised.



Harrison's Pills are a proven safe and effective remedy for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Acid Disorders—Rheumatism, Joint and Muscular Pains or Stiffness, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Groin and Loin Pains, Irritation, Scalding Pains, Disturbed Rest at Night, Gravel, Dizzy Spells, Puffiness under the Eyes, Loss of Vigour, etc.

HARRISON'S PILLS

Remove the CAUSE of Ageing Ills & Make You Young & Well Again!

NEW BEAUTY CREAM *dissolves away* SUPERFLUOUS HAIR



An amazing new discovery by a celebrated Chemist. A delightfully scented toilet cream that removes all unwanted hair in two minutes. Simply spread it on the skin—wash off with water—no trace of hair remains. No stubble—the skin is soft, smooth and clean.

Razors are old fashioned. They only make the hair grow faster and thicker. Nasty smelling pastes and powders are quite out of date. With New Veet (entirely new and improved formula) hair removal is quick and pleasant, safe and easy. Successful results guaranteed or your money refunded. New Veet, 1/- and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists.

NURSE SPREADS NEWS



REXONA SOAP IS MEDICATED TO CLEAR YOUR SKIN

To keep your skin clear and healthy, you must cleanse not only the surface skin, but the pores as well. Special ingredients enable Rexona's medicated lather to penetrate right down into the pores and there, at the root of the trouble, clear away dust, germs, and impurities from which skin disorders begin. Use Rexona to *correct* present skin faults . . . and to protect you in the future.

REXONA OINTMENT . . . FOR STUBBORN SKIN DISORDERS

For more stubborn skin disorders—sores, ulcers, even eczema—Rexona Ointment combines with Rexona Soap to make a complete skin treatment. Its soothing properties ease irritation instantly.



Rexona

SOAP, 9d. per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/6 tin. (City and Suburbs)

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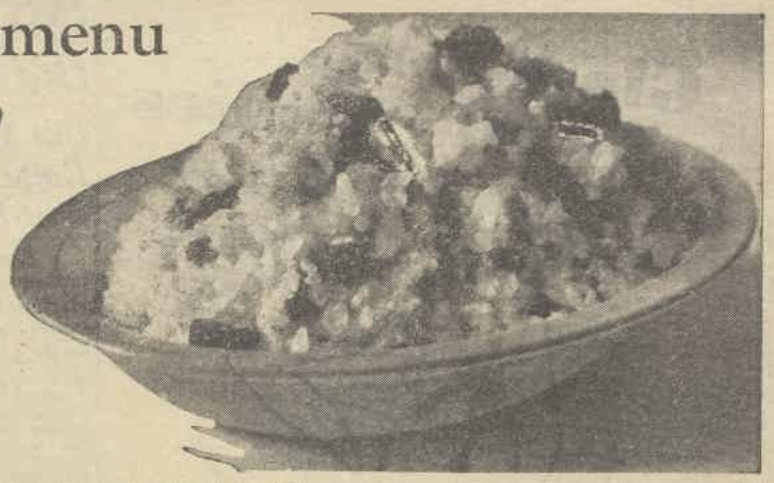


BABIES are Australia's Best Investment. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. stamp for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 351 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years. x.156.36

Pack health into your daily menu with RAISINS!

Retaining the natural sugars, minerals, and the vitamin content of fresh grapes, they are an invaluable aid to good health ... and happiness!

By RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



WHAT COULD be nicer for breakfast than raisin rice? It not only looks attractive, but can be kept piping hot in the new colored, fire-proof china.

OUR dried fruits stand unequalled for quality, purity and prolific output. And yet we Australians do not make the most of them. But, remember: Concentrated nourishment and health-giving goodness are packed into every ounce of dried fruit you buy. So use it more often! This page is brimful of suggestions for using raisins. Try them!

IN a few months grapes will be in season again—one of our most delectable fruits, and perhaps the only one not improved by cooking. But dried in the hot, Australian sunshine, all their piquant flavor is captured, and we find the raisins and sultanas invaluable additions to our daily menus.

They are equally delicious in cakes or puddings, or stewed and substituted for porridge on hot summer mornings.

RAISIN PUDDING

Four ounces plain flour, 2oz. breadcrumbs, 4oz. sugar, 3oz. chopped suet, 4oz. raisins, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon spice, ½ teaspoon baking powder, little milk.

Sift flour, spice, and baking powder. Rub in chopped suet, add sugar, breadcrumbs, and raisins. Mix till thick enough to drop from a spoon with beaten egg and milk. Pour into well-greased individual moulds, cover with greased paper, and steam one hour. Turn on to a hot dish and serve with lemon sauce.

RAISIN FRITTERS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, little milk, 3oz. raisins.

Cream butter and sugar, add yolks, then flour, raisins, and a little milk, lastly the stiffly-beaten whites. Drop small portions into boiling fat, fry till a golden brown. Drain on paper. Sprinkle with sugar, and serve with slices of lemon.

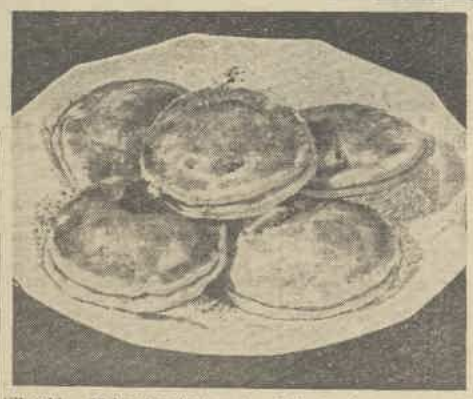
BAKED RAISIN ROLL

Shortcrust.—½lb. self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 3 tablespoons water.

Centre.—1 dessertspoon sugar, 6oz. raisins, cup cold water, 2oz. brown sugar, lemon juice.

Put chopped raisins into a saucepan with 1 cup water, sugar, and lemon juice, and cook till thick and soft. Leave till cold. Make the shortcrust. Roll out into oblong. Spread with the raisin mixture. Moisten edges. Roll up and seal ends. Glaze with water, sprinkle with sugar. Place in greased tin and bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Lift on to hot dish and serve with custard.





Concentrated goodness: Raisin grapes grown in the famous Yanco district.

Raisin tarts—they may be served hot or cold with equal success.

RAISIN PATTY-CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 8oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. raisins.

Cream butter and sugar. Add well-beaten eggs gradually, then sifted flour, baking powder and fruit. Place spoonfuls in well-greased patty-tins and bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Turn on to a sieve to cool. When cold, cover with warm icing colored a pale green and flavored with almond.

RAISIN QUEEN CAKES

Four ounces butter, 3oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 5oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. raisins.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs and essence, then flour and chopped fruit. Grease deep patty-tins and put a spoonful of the mixture into each tin. Put into a moderate oven. Bake from 15 to 20 minutes. Turn out carefully on to a cake-cooler.

RAISIN FILLING

Half pound chopped raisins, 4 tablespoons sherry or water, grated rind and juice of lemon, 2oz. sugar.

Put raisins into a saucepan, add sugar, rind and juice of lemon, and the sherry. Cook slowly till raisins are soft. When cold, use as a filling for cakes, sandwiches, or tarts.

RAISIN SCONES.

One pound self-raising flour, 1 good tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup seeded and chopped raisins, salt, 1½ cups milk.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in the butter, add sugar and raisins. Mix into a firm dough with milk. Turn on to a floured board. Knead till smooth. Roll out, cut into shape with a sharp knife. Glaze. Place on a well-greased Swiss roll tin. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cooked turn on to cake-cooler. When cold split and butter.

RAISIN SQUARES

Puff pastry, ½lb. seeded raisins, 1 cup butter, ½ cup sugar, essence or lemon juice.

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly, add chopped raisins and lemon juice. Make pastry in the usual way. Roll out thinly. Cut into 4-inch squares. Place a spoonful of the mixture on the centre of each square. Wet the edge and fold the corners to the centre. Glaze with water and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Sprinkle with icing sugar. Serve hot or cold.

STEAMED RAISIN PUDDING.

Four ounces flour, 2oz. breadcrumbs, 4oz. sugar, 3oz. suet, 4oz. seeded raisins, 1 egg, spice, ½ teaspoon baking powder, little milk.

Sift flour, spice and baking powder. Rub in flaked suet, add sugar, raisins and breadcrumbs. Mix with beaten egg and milk till thick enough to drop from a spoon. Pour into greased mould or individual moulds. Cover with greased paper. Steam 1½ hours, or 1 hour for small ones. Remove from steamer. Turn on to hot dish. Serve with lemon sauce.

RAISIN RICE MOULD.

Three ounces rice, 1½ pints milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2oz. seeded raisins, essence vanilla.

Wash rice in several waters till clear. Put into a double saucepan with milk, sugar and butter and cook very slowly till thick and the milk almost absorbed. Add the fruit, chopped finely, and essence, mixing in well. Pour into a wetted mould. When cold and set turn out and serve with boiled custard, or, after cooking, serve in coupe dishes for breakfast.

RAISIN BREAD PUDDING.

Three ounces seeded raisins, thin slices of bread, butter, 2 eggs, 1oz. sugar, 1 pint milk, essence.

Grease a plain mould and arrange raisins in a pattern all over it. Cut the crusts from the bread, butter it. Cut into fingers, and arrange in the mould, half filling it. Sprinkle in the remainder of the raisins. Beat the eggs well, add sugar, milk and essence. Pour into the mould, cover with greased paper. Steam from ½ to 1 hour, or till set. Remove from the steamer, turn out. Serve either hot or cold.

RAISIN AND ORANGE ROLL.

For Pastry: Half-pound self-raising flour, 4oz. chopped suet, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, ½-gill water.

For Centre: Two cups raisins, rind and juice of 2 oranges, 1 tablespoon golden syrup.

Make suet crust. Roll out into oblong. Spread thinly with golden syrup. Mix raisins and orange rind together and spread over the syrup. Roll up. Pinch edges together. Roll in floured pudding cloth. Tie ends firmly. Pin the centre. Plunge into boiling water. Boil 2 hours. Remove from the water. Allow to stand 1 minute. Then remove cloth. Serve on hot dish with sweet sauce.

RAISIN ROLLS.

One and a quarter pounds self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, ½lb. raisins, good ½-pint milk, nutmeg, or cinnamon if liked, salt.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in butter, add sugar and prepared raisins. Mix into a soft mixture with milk. Divide into four and place each portion into a well-greased 1lb. cocoa or salt tin. Cover with greased lid. Stand upright on a sandwich tin. Place in moderate oven. Bake for 20 minutes, then lessen heat and cook 20 minutes longer. Test with skewer. Turn on to cake-cooler. Sprinkle over nutmeg. When cold cut into slices and butter.

RAISIN WINE.

To every gallon of cold water add 5lb. of the best whole raisins. Wash the fruit and cut in halves or chop them. Put them into the water you have measured and let them steep for a fortnight, stirring them every day. Pour the liquid off. Squeeze the juice of the raisins and add it to the liquid. Put both together into a jar or cask that is of a size to contain it exactly. Let it stand open till the wine has done hissing or making the least noise. Add 1 pint of brandy to every 3 gallons. Stop it close for 3 months. If then it is clear, bottle it. It should remain twelve months before using.

RAISIN SLICES.

Eight ounces wholemeal self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, ½lb. raisins, 2 tablespoons water, lemon juice.

Seed raisins and chop finely. Put into saucepan with water and lemon juice. Cook over low flame till soft and resembles jam. Turn on to plate and allow to become quite cold. Rub butter into the sifted flour, add sugar. Mix into stiff dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board. Cut in halves. Roll half out into 8-inch square. Place on an upturned greased Swiss roll tin. Spread with raisin jam. Cover with other half of the dough. Mark into slices with back of knife. Glaze with egg. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Cut into marked slices and leave on the tin till cold. Sprinkle with icing sugar before serving.

RAISIN CREAM

Three-quarter cup seeded raisins, 3 cups milk, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup tapioca.

Soak tapioca in a little milk for one hour. Add remainder of the milk, place in a double saucepan, and cook slowly till the tapioca is soft and clear. Add sugar, beaten eggs, and raisins. Pour into a well-greased piedish. Bake in a slow oven till set. Serve hot or cold with stewed fruit, cream, or custard.

KITCHEN WISDOM

IF you want to make your whipped cream go ever so much further, try folding in the white of an egg, and you'll be delighted with the result

* * *

TO test the freshness of an egg, place it gently in a bowl of cold water. If it immediately sinks to the bottom and lies flat, it is fresh, but if it floats on the top, deposit it in the garbage tin as soon as possible, and be careful not to drop it on the way out!

* * *

MIX your pastry with a beaten egg and a little water, instead of all water, and you'll find it will keep fresh for several days, even in the hottest weather.

* * *

IF you haven't quite enough ground almonds to do, mix into your supply a few spoonfuls of white breadcrumbs, and let stand for a while to allow the breadcrumbs to absorb the almond flavor.



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YOU'LL revel in wearing these suave little step-ins.

They're of Bond's Duladene, that fascinating new locknit with the dull sleekness of pussy-willow. They have a deep insertion and edging of ecru lace. The tailored bust is doubly reinforced to give the most artful control. Shoulder straps are adjustable . . . 8/11, and your heart pounds with excitement that such a glamorous little garment costs so little.

Duladene is ridiculously inexpensive, yet it is the strongest-wearing locknit that money can buy. Know why? Bond's Duladene is knitted from only the very highest-quality British rayon. So you can see how important it is that you ask the salesgirl to show you Duladene. Insist that each garment carries Bond's label.

Bond's

DULADENE

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Look for the Bond's label — it guarantees you more for your money.

ASTERS...*Aristocrats of the* SUMMER GARDEN

But Wait Till You See The New Royal Emperor—the Perfect Purple Aster. It's Wilt-Resisting ... says the Old Gardener

The glorious vivid blooms of the aster are familiar to all garden-lovers, and now comes the same popular flower in a glorious new guise—the rich purple Royal Emperor. Tall and stately, with a profusion of fine blooms, and particularly hardy, this new variety sounds like a gardener's dream.

THE zinnia, petunia, phlox, snapdragon, marigold and the like all bring abundant color and charm to our summer gardens, but the outstanding gem is the aster—aristocrat of the summer garden. Its delicate coloring and exquisite formation make it a firm favorite with everyone.

To-day, I am introducing to you a glorious new variety which will literally stir the entire gardening world—and aptly named the Royal Emperor.

We have a large stock of seed of this magnificent flower, and once garden lovers grow it they will include it among their "permanent treasures."

If you cannot get the seed locally, send to us. You may obtain packets from 1/- to 2/6, and, when writing, address all letters to The Old Gardener, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, and your seeds will be sent by return mail.

The new Royal Emperor is the result of many years of constant work, and it is the fulfilment of all details for a perfect purple aster. The flowers are extra large, of rich, glowing purple, the petals are gracefully incurled, and the fact that it is most sturdy and grows vigorously should make it a firm favorite.



YOU SEE a close-up of the new Royal Emperor—the perfect wilt-resisting aster—exquisitely formed and of a rich and glowing purple.

I have grown this aster myself, and so I can recommend it with the greatest confidence; in fact, it has all the qualities that make for a perfect flower.

Aster-growing has been a weighty problem for many gardeners, as the plants are so apt to wilt and die off, just before blooming, but now, after years of patient work in crossing and hybridising, the wilt-resisting Royal Emperor has been produced.

And with this lovely new variety you may have asters right into the winter months. The seed can be sown now, and again at the end of December for late blooming.

Asters will do well in almost any soil, but will give best results in light, sandy loam, not over-manured. A good plan is to select a bed which has been manured and cultivated for last season's flowers. If a new bed is being used for the asters, dig deeply and give a light dressing of well-rotted manure, and be sure that the draining is good.

Morning Sun Best

SELECT a position where the plants will receive the morning sun, and protection during the hotter part of the day. Late sowing is far more successful than early, but many people plant in August, and so the plants are ready to prick out at the end of September, and with such early planting a special position must be chosen for their permanent home.

October and November sowing will produce fine results, while if planted in late December or early January they will bloom when flowers are scarce.

I have found that plenty of woodash used in the beds is excellent for asters, but when not available use sulphate of potash—one teaspoonful to every gallon of water would do about twelve plants.

Water is, of course, one of the main factors to be considered. Personally, I have found it a splendid way to plant the asters in rows, then hill the soil up to them, as you would with potatoes, and, as they grow, keep pushing the soil up around them. Mulch the hills all round the plants, and when watering fill the drills between the plants.

This method also keeps the water off the foliage, thus preventing sun-scalds in the hotter part of the summer, and water-rot in the cooler weather.

Care must be taken, too, with insects, for the very young plants are very often attacked by grubs, slugs and snails, and at flowering time or just as the buds are forming, aphis usually make their appearance. So spray the plants with nicotine (Black Leaf 40), or an emulsion made of Sunlight soap and kerosene—add ½ a cake of soap and one teaspoonful of kerosene to each gallon of water.

Sowing the Seed

THOSE who have the space should select a semi-shaded corner of the garden, and one where there is plenty of morning sun, but sheltered during the hotter part of the day.

Dig the plot, breaking the soil up finely, remove all weeds, and make the surface firm with a piece of flat board. Sprinkle the seeds over this surface, then cover lightly with well-decayed manure, rubbed through a fine sieve, and in a few days the tiny plants will make their appearance. Keep the bed moist, but not too wet, and when the seedlings are big enough to prick out into boxes, space them about an inch apart each way.

If your garden is only small and you have to raise the seeds in boxes, be sure that the boxes are well-crocked to enable good drainage. Cover the bottom of the box with broken stones, cinders or old coke, then a layer of old grass or leaves, and fill with good fine soil, and finally sow the seeds and cover as previously directed.

Other popular varieties of asters are Rochester Crego, American Beauty, Heart of France, Aurora and Californian Giant, but most spectacular and loveliest of them all is the new Royal Emperor.

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Trained Nurse offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture that Quickly Darkens it

Miss Mary J. Hayes, the well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair:—"The use of the following remedy which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns back to its natural black, brown or light brown. Of course you should make it yourself to save unnecessary expense. Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1oz. Bay Rum, 3oz. Glycerine and half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb through hair every other day until mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless and cannot be detected; free from grease or gum. Is not sticky, and does not rub off. Cannot affect waving of hair. Dirty dandruff quickly leaves the scalp, and hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look twenty years more youthful."

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By Evelyn

HELPING YOU to Help YOURSELF!

This article deals briefly, but expertly, with many of the minor difficulties met with on the highroad to charm and loveliness.



ABOVE: It takes more than one beauty treatment to erase the ravages made by ill-fitting shoes, plus aching corns or ingrowing toenails. See article.



RIGHT: Pastries and lavishly creamed cakes spell disaster to a skin inclined to greasiness. Avoid them as you would poison!

A DOUBLE chin seems to creep on one unawares. We don't realise what's happening until it's there! But don't worry. Get to work on it. Splash it night and morning with ice-cold water. Pat beneath the chin until it tingles. Exercise by turning to right and left as far as possible; right back, and then forward on the chest.



ABOVE: If your skin feels dry and parched after a day in sun and wind don't cleanse with soap and water. Use cold cream instead.

LEFT: Clever way of solving the short lipstick problem: Melt the stick and dip match-ends in it. You'll be surprised at the clear-cut outline these "matches" give your lips.

ONE of the surest ways to attain beauty is to know what to do and then set about doing it. No use hoping that any little problem that pops up from time to time will vanish of its own accord.

And worrying about beauty problems only puts lines and wrinkles of discontent into your face. Here is very practical help for you—and perhaps the solution to one of your little problems.

IF you think that your complexion looks rather dull—muddy-looking above your pretty spring frocks—don't worry, but do something about it.

First of all, look to your diet. Drink plenty of water between meals. Cut down on the heavier foods. Eat plenty of fresh fruit and greens. And if your skin is inclined to be greasy, don't on any account eat pastries.

In conjunction with the lighter spring diet give your face a daily (or twice daily) beauty treatment, after making up this mixture:

Buy half a pound of finely-ground almond meal, half an ounce of powdered sulphur and a tablet of the best superfatted soap.

Now measure out a breakfast cup of the almond meal into a basin, and grate into it a teaspoonful of the soap and add a large pinch of the sulphur. Mix thoroughly. Put into an air-tight glass jar.

After washing the face at night (and morning) take about a dessertspoonful of the mixture, spread it onto a small folded towel (or face washer), which has been wrung out of very warm water and rub it vigorously over the face and neck. It will work into a soft lather.

Do the job well and then rinse off with cold water. Finally rinse in cold water to which have been added a few drops of simple tincture of benzoin.

This treatment continued regularly for a week, then bi-weekly, will clear and soften your skin whether it be dry or greasy.

Feet Problems

INGROWING toenails and corns cramp your walking style, stamp your face with misery and age-bringing lines. A simple and effective home remedy for removing corns is to tie a small piece of lemon on the affected toes every night. Do this every night for a week. At the end of the week, soak the corns in hot water, to which has been added a dessert-spoonful each of washing soda and common salt. The corn should then lift right out.

If ingrowing toenails make your life miserable, cut the nail square along the top and then nick out a V-shape piece of nail in the centre of that straight line. Then, using a fine emery board, rub down the surface of the nail. If the pain persists place a tiny piece of cotton-wool between the toes and paint once a day with tincture of iodine. Keep right away from shoes with pointed toes, and don't wear high heels.

Those of you who, having given up plucking the eyebrows, find them looking a little unruly, can bring them to order this way: Brush into shape and before slipping into bed cover with a paste made of flour and water. Remove in the morning, of course, with tepid water. And while on the subject of eyebrows: The constant application of good vaseline will darken them. Castor oil has the same effect, though it makes them grow. By the same token, castor oil is an excellent eyelash grower. It should be gently smeared on lashes. Don't allow it to get into the eyes.

Thrifty Suggestions

HERE is a simple remedy for underarm perspiration which, with summer in the offing, is a problem to so many girls and women. Wash the underarms with hot water, and sprinkle freely with bicarbonate of soda.

And another thrifty idea you'll appreciate: When, to your annoyance, you find your lipstick is too short to use, melt down gently the remains and dip match sticks in it, after cutting off the match-heads, of course. When dry, return to the case. You'll find that you can get a beautiful, clear-cut outline by using these lipstick matches.

Are your hands inclined to be red and rough? If so, here's a simple remedy for making them smooth and white:

Let the hands rest awhile in fairly hot water. Then, without drying, massage well with cold cream. After about five minutes of the cold cream, massage with slices of lemon. Follow by rinsing in cool water. Dry thoroughly.

If you find that your skin seems parched and dry after spending a day out-of-doors in sun and wind, don't cleanse with soap and water in the ordinary way. Use cold cream instead. Smooth it on face and neck, generously, leave it on for a few minutes, and then remove with a soft towel or face tissues. Then, if you like, you can spread over a film of skin food, working it with the tips of the fingers in upward and outward movements.

You girls who insist on using mascara to darken and stiffen your eyelashes can counteract the "brittling" effect this way: Get out your olive oil bottle and pour a few drops onto your mascara block. Let it dry in and then repeat until the block has absorbed as much as it can of the oil. Moisten the brush with hot water and apply in the ordinary way.



Your Nails Will be Lovelier with Cutex

Lovely hands never fail to win favour, and immaculate finger nails help make beautiful hands.

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Cutex has a complete range of fashionable shades to suit every need.

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BEECHAM'S PILLS
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Stop worrying about perspiration—its odour and damage to clothes. Use Odorono, regularly and see what a difference it makes... Daily baths or temporary deodorants cannot give the complete freedom from perspiration that Odorono does... Odorono was invented by a doctor. It stops perspiration in the small area of the underarm and this, authorities agree, is a healthful and sanitary practice.

Odorono is made in two strengths — "Regular", for use twice a week; and "Instant" for daily use, or for people with more sensitive skin.

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Mothers . . . Use PROTEX for the children. Wash cuts and scrapes with it. Use it for bathing those nasty mouth sores which are so catching.



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Take one extra precaution against germ infection — the simplest and safest of them all. Wash regularly with Protex, the latest Colgate soap, into which is blended a non-poisonous antiseptic with very marvellous germicidal properties. Protex is sold at a price everyone can afford and, being French-milled, is long-lasting and therefore doubly economical.

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The essential oil of Melaleuca Alternifolia (ti-tree oil) is blended in Protex with other oils of proven antiseptic value. The result is a pleasantly medicated soap, which not only deodorises, but is highly germicidal and a positive safeguard to health.

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...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

Neuralgia Often a Symptom of Other Trouble

PATIENT: Although I avoid undue exposure to colds and draughts, I frequently suffer severe pains, which I think must be neuralgia. What is the best remedy to relieve this complaint?

ANY affection of a nerve, where the pain comes and goes and often is severe, may be a neuralgia. In other words, neuralgia is a broad term that, even in medical parlance, includes several painful conditions of a nerve.

However, the wide application of the term neuralgia has led laymen to think of it as a purely temporary affair, usually due to exposure to draughts, and of very little fundamental importance.

Carelessness, therefore, has resulted, and often the real underlying cause of the neuralgia has been overlooked.

Neuralgia, no matter what its type, should not be considered a disease of and by itself. It is often a symptom of some other trouble, and it may be exceedingly important to the patient to find this other deeper reason for the neuralgia—apart from the relief of pain.

May Be Organic

IT is possible that a toxic condition of the nerve trunk itself may be responsible. Exposure surely can inflame the nerve and produce most severe flashes of acute pain.

But poisoning of the system from bad teeth, infected tonsils, malaria, measles, typhoid, and a host of other ills may be directly responsible, as may also be poisoning from tobacco or alcohol.

Anaemia may cause neuralgia. Even heart, kidney, lung, and intestinal disorders may produce neuralgia pains in some remote part of the body.

The pain in neuralgia is, of course, the most distressing symptom. There are many varieties of this, but it is seldom continuous. That is, the pain usually comes and goes in quick, sudden spasms.

Different persons describe it in various ways. It may be a shooting, boring, tearing, biting, or throbbing pain, like a hot iron or like an electric shock.

Sometimes it stops for hours, or days, for no apparent reason, even without treatment, but then returns with as much vigor as before.

The skin often becomes tender to the touch where the ends of the affected nerves approach the surface. Sometimes there is tenderness to pressure along the course of the nerve itself.

Find the Cause!

THE well-known neuritis is, of course, a form of neuralgia. When it is severe there is marked weakness of the arms or legs involved, and often a definite paralysis. Even fever and a general feeling of being sick—what the doctors call "malaise"—may occur.

Herpes zoster—popularly known as "shingles"—likewise is a kind of neuralgia. It may, however, be part and parcel of a more serious organic nerve disease. The striking symptom of herpes is the eruption of vesicles over a very painful skin area running part way around the body.

There is a superstition current that if the shingles should run entirely around the body and meet, the patient will surely die. This notion is purely nonsense.

Neuralgia may also be caused by mind disturbances. It is not uncommon in hysteria.

Various remedies, including electrical treatment, may help the pain of neuralgia. But always each case should be studied by a doctor on its own merits and the underlying cause found before special treatment is prescribed.

Pertinent Diet Hints

Some Advice From a Doctor. . . Take Heed!

CABBAGE, celery, lettuce, spinach, squash, cucumbers, tomatoes and watermelon are rich in water and cellulose content. Cellulose makes for "roughage" in the intestinal tract and aids elimination. Furthermore, as these foods have a low caloric value, they are excellent with any meal, and are especially recommended to those desiring to reduce their weight.

OVEREATING is as bad as undereating. No matter how much you like a certain dish, be sure not to overload the stomach, as this puts a strain on the digestive apparatus. Furthermore, it may also cause you to dislike that particular food in the future, this being a mental effect in the nature of a "defence mechanism" to help out the stomach. Avoid second helpings, therefore, as much as possible.

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IT often happens that an individual is very fond of a certain dish. As a consequence, he tends to overeat of this particular food and neglects other foods which would help to balance his diet. Variety should always be sought.

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A KNOWLEDGE of the caloric values of various foods will enable you to cut down considerably on your menu cost. For this, consult a book on diet, which you should be able to obtain from any public library. Expensive foods are not always the most nutritious, and with a little planning inexpensive foods may be selected that are both appetising and satisfying.

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AFTER each meal one should lie down or recline in a chair for about fifteen minutes to rest the stomach. This is because while eating the blood mass is in the splanchnic area (near the stomach) to facilitate the carrying away of digested materials. After the rest period, however, mild exercise is desirable to help move the surcharged blood around the body.

THE average adult's dietary is apt to be deficient in calcium, phosphorus, and iron. Milk contains a high percentage of calcium. Other calcium foods are celery, cauliflower, string-beans, spinach and cheese. Eggs, lean meat, and wholegrain cereals furnish phosphorus. Good sources of iron are spinach, dried beans, tomatoes, carrots, beets, and turnips.

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THE white meat of poultry is slightly easier to digest than the dark meat. Their nutritive values, however, are exactly the same. That poultry contains less protein than the red meats is another popular fallacy. As poultry can be prepared in so many different ways, it is a welcome change in the regular weekly diet.

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WHEN not eaten to excess, jams, jellies and preserves are excellent foods. They are specially to be recommended for those who cannot digest butter fat. These sweets, however, should not be given to children exclusively. When they complain of hunger after a full meal, the old-fashioned bread-and-butter sandwich is still excellent. They need butter at least once a day for their health.

o o o

THE practice of eating fish on Fridays is highly recommended, regardless of religious convictions. In fact, fish or shell fish might well be eaten at least twice a week. When fresh and well cooked, the soft meat of fish mixes readily with the digestive juices of the stomach and intestines. Furthermore, fish can be prepared in many different and appetising ways.



WE'VE BEATEN NEURITIS

By attacking neuritis where is begins . . . in kidneys and liver . . . by checking the flow of harmful material which poisons the system when these important organs are disordered, Warner's Safe Cure permanently cures not only neuritis, but also rheumatism, sciatica, biliousness, and all symptoms rising out of this common cause.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated form at 2/9.

Summer Best Time to Relieve

Catarrhal Deafness

It May Not Trouble You in Warm Weather, But the Germ of Catarrh is Still in Your Blood.

Those who suffer from catarrh, catarrhal deafness, or head noises, often imagine they have thrown it off during the warm days, only to find the first touch of winter brings it back with all its former dreadful hawking and spitting. Mild weather, however, is an excellent time to thoroughly cleanse the system of the germs, because they are then less active.

That catarrhal troubles are a disease of the blood may be readily understood. Disease germs lodged in the membrane of the nose or throat are likely, naturally, to be breathed or swallowed into the lungs and stomach, and thence to the entire system by means of the blood!

To rid yourself of catarrh, you must attack the disease itself—and not merely the symptoms. Sprays, salves, inhaling liquids, etc., merely act on the outward signs.

Much time has been spent in perfecting an effective internal tonic that would quickly dispel all traces of catarrh. This is given here in simple form, so that anyone can use it at the least expense.

Get from your chemist a one ounce bottle of Parmint (double strength), and mix it up with 4 tea. of sugar and ¼ pint of hot water. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first few doses should begin to relieve the distressful head noises, headache, dullness, cloudy thinking, and difficult breathing; while—if nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh,—there must be many whose hearing may be restored, as the system is invigorated by the treatment's tonic action.

Loss of smell, mucous dropping in the throat, and choked-up air passages are also overcome. Every person who has catarrh in any form, should give this Parmint mixture a thorough trial this very summer.

DEAF

Test for 1 Month



and PROVE that the VIBRAPHONE defeats DEAFNESS

NOW available in Australia. A perfectly safe hearing aid. Non-electrical — Practically invisible — No wires — No batteries — No head-bands. The VIBRAPHONE is not an artificial ear-drum.

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SAY

Happy Christmas

This Charming Way!

Exquisite Guest Towels in Linen and High-grade Huckaback . . . for Yuletide Gift-giving.

THEY'LL make such charming and inexpensive gifts, enriched by an hour's needlework . . . You may have them traced with any letter of the alphabet, with hemstitched hems, or spoke-stitched for dainty lace and crochet edgings.

Designed by . . .
Bertha Maxwell



WHAT A LOVELY GIFT to receive on Christmas morning—a set of dainty guest towels, each carrying your own richly-embroidered initial! The personal touch gives them charm and distinction, don't you think?

CHRISTMAS is surprisingly close, and soon little time will be left for gift-making. Small towels are the last word in speed, and always such charming gifts for friends of every age that their suitability need cause no pondering.

Here are towels which have been specially prepared for busy people whose leisure moments are few, but who have to give something carrying the personal touch. Just an initial to embroider, not even the hemming to do. But what an initial! Each one is a perfect piece of small cut embroidery, new and original, all ready to finish off in less than an hour. You may order any letter in the alphabet.

Initials are always welcomed on gifts. They possess a personal touch (which is always appreciated) and indicate that the donor has actually thought of her friend and done something special for her own sake.

When they have been wrought by the giver's own needle, these little letters carry an even more sincere good wish than usual; and they are so easy to do.

Gifts That Cost Little

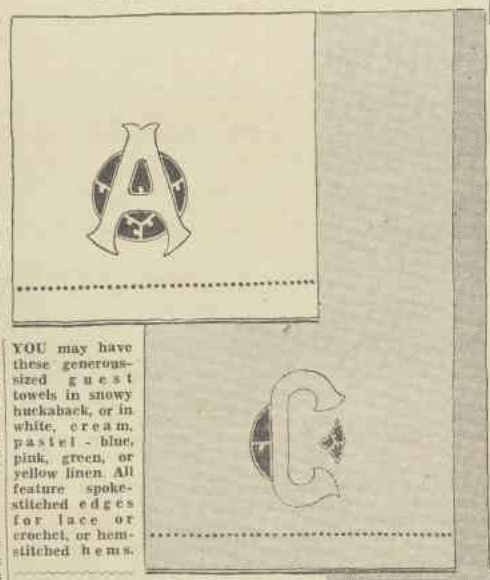
MOREOVER, a useful hand-towel embellished in this manner becomes quite a valuable object, although its money cost has been small—a very appealing point to the girl who must make her Christmas fund go round a lot of friends. Of course, there is that odd half-hour of stitching to squeeze in, but it can be done quite well with a little forethought; try a little every day, or even every week.

Here are the sizes and prices:—

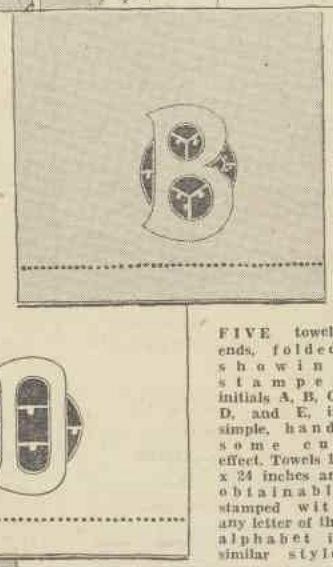
High-grade linen towels, traced with any desired initial, in white, cream, pastel-pink, blue, green, or yellow. Each towel measures 15 x 24 inches. Spoke-stitched for crochet, the price is 2/3.

With narrow, hemstitched hems, price 2/6 each. These hemmed towels require only the embroidering of the initial to complete.

Snowy huckaback towels, traced with any initial as illustrated. Each towel measures 15 x 24 inches. Spoke-stitched crochet, price 1/6 each. With narrow hemstitched hems, price 1/9 each. These hemmed towels require less than an hour's work to complete.



YOU may have these generous-sized guest towels in snowy huckaback, or in white, cream, pastel-blue, pink, green, or yellow linen. All feature spoke-stitched edges for lace or crochet, or hemstitched hems.



FIVE towel-ends, folded, showing stamped initials A, B, C, D, and E, in simple, handsome cut effect. Towels 15 x 24 inches are obtainable stamped with any letter of the alphabet in similar style.

Omitting the Cutwork

JUST occasionally one comes across a worker who finds cut embroidery not quite to her taste; these designs will suit also those who prefer handsome, solid stitching, for the cut parts can be filled with masses of seeding or dot stitches. Begin at the outer edge of curved or other shaped bits, and place a line of dots on the stamped line, as closely together as possible; then keep on working in the same way round and round inside the shape until it is all filled and your stitching finishes off in the centre.

The effect is very pretty, and forms mossy little panels which are very attractive when worked in green or blue on white linen with a white letter.

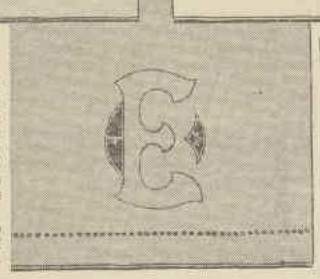
When the cutwork is being omitted in this manner the letter itself may be treated in satin-stitching, outlining with thick thread, chain-stitching, or other methods.

Ordering Initials

YOU may order any letter you wish to be stamped on each towel. It will be placed in the correct position, in the middle of one end, so that when the towel is folded in three, lengthwise, to hang over a rail, the needlework is in the best position. The drawing on this page indicates five towels folded in this manner.

Extra letters: Additional letters to make up the recipient's full set of initials will be stamped at an extra cost of 3d. per letter.

Letters on your own linens: Your linens can be stamped with any of these lovely letters for 6d. plus return postage on the parcel. Each letter measures about 2¼ inches tall, and is suitable for all table and bed linen, as well as frocks. If you are sending anything to be stamped, take a needle and contrasting thread and tack round the place where the letter is to appear. This will save mistakes and wasted time.



How to Work Them

THE letters which are not shown match the five which you see; all are large and simple, with curved bits of cutwork following a circular line about each letter.

The first thing to do when you come to the stitching is to make sure of the letter itself, by working it alone and finishing it right off. You will then notice that very little extra work forms the cut pieces, and the whole piece works up together in the quickest and most compact manner.

As cutwork is to be considered, buttonholing becomes the principal stitch; to make it secure it should be worked over one running thread. So take a length of your working thread and run round the letter just inside its outline. Then buttonhole over that, with the knotted edge outward.

Treat the remaining pieces in the same way, with the knotted edge turned inwards facing the other buttonhole. Snip out the piece of linen behind the bars you have worked, and there you are. The bars are buttonholed or merely wound over a few threads. The buttonholed letters may be filled with seeding if liked.

Have You These?

HAND-CUT pattern of gorgeously-designed Eastern-style kimono, designed by Bertha Maxwell, available for 1/1. The apple-blossom transfer design, measuring 10 x 20 inches, for its decoration can be had for 1/6.

Hand-cut pattern of slendersising frock for midsummer wear (featured in our issue of Sept. 19), sizes 32, 34, 36, 40 inches. Price 1/1. Special transfer for embroidering the yoke, price 1/6.

UNABLE TO MOVE A LIMB

Resigned Herself to Chronic Rheumatism

Kruschen Gave Her "A New Lease of Life"



She had suffered so long that she lost heart—she was resigning herself to being a permanent invalid. She had no more faith in medicines, and regarded her rheumatism as incurable. That was the state of this woman when she was persuaded to try Kruschen Salts as a last resource—and at last she had found something she could believe in. To-day she has taken on a new lease of life, and is as active as ever. Read this letter from her daughter:—

"Five years ago my mother was terribly crippled with rheumatoid arthritis. At one time she was scarcely able to move a limb, or turn whilst in bed. We took her to a spa for treatment; she came back considerably better, but after a few weeks she caught a severe chill, and became just as ill and as crippled as before.

"She lost heart and faith in medicines, until we persuaded her to give Kruschen Salts a trial. She has kept to it ever since, and never misses her daily dose. To-day, she can do nearly all her own work, and go out and about the same as before she was ill. Yet at one time she was resigning herself to being an invalid. In her case, Kruschen has really given her (at nearly 70 years of age) a new lease of life."—(Mrs.) K.J.P.

Rheumatic conditions are the result of an excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals. Other ingredients of these Salts assist Nature to expel these dissolved crystals through the natural channels. And as they go, there's no doubt about those aches and pains going too!

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To see how Sparkling White your teeth can be

-he says KOLYNOS



Used on a DRY brush morning and night it will quickly improve your teeth. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look naturally white—whiter than you believed possible! This remarkable dental cream foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs which cause stain, tartar and decay. It cleans every tooth surface and enters every nook and cranny. Your teeth are cleaned perfectly—right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury. Get a tube of Kolynos to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

ONE TUBE LASTS TWICE AS LONG

Half-an-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush cleans Teeth PERFECTLY!

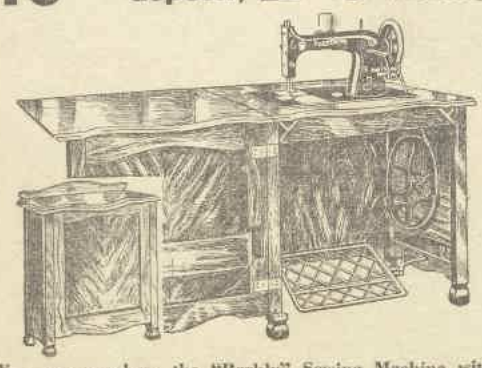
KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

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"Barkly" Machine

COSTS ONLY

10/- deposit, 2/6 weekly



You can purchase the "Barkly" Sewing Machine with every confidence. It is a silent, easy-running, and well-constructed machine, with the castings of Australian manufacture, and the woodwork of specially selected and thoroughly seasoned, fully polished oak. The "Barkly" carries our guarantee.

Write or ring Mr. Bray, M2394 for any information concerning our Cash Order System.

Special Features!

1. **Sews backwards and forwards.**
2. **Latest improvements and attachments.**
3. **It is built to last a lifetime.**
4. **More than pays for itself.**

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— HOLIDAY —

Where you get most for the least. Be Wise. Plan Ahead

A little deposit now will save a lot of disappointment later.

TOUR NO.		
30 — Orange	£5/5/-	CAR & 8 DAYS' ACCOM.
4 — Limestone Caves	£10/10/-	750 MILES, 7 DAYS.
5 — Lord Howe	£13/5/-	NINE DAYS ALL PAID.
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33—Burragorang Valley	£3/15/-	CAR & WEEK'S ACCOM.
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3 — Barrier Reef. Fares, accommodation and cruising at Day Dream Island.	£20/15/-	
41 — Broughton Island, Shoal Bay. 7-day parlor coach tour. Fully inclusive.	£5/19/6	
42—Canberra & Kangaroo Valley. 4 days' wonderful trip.	£6/17/6	
1 — Lovely Lorne in Victoria. Highly recommended. Sea and motor. Melbourne, Canberra and one week at Lorne. Fully inclusive.	£15/6/6	

SPECIAL WOMEN'S WEEKLY FAR EASTERN TOUR

In co-operation with Miss Bertha Clarke. Leaving about February 27, 1937.

Free Friendly Advice on all Holidays

Women's Weekly Travel Bureau

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney. Tel.: MA4496

FOR *Young* WIVES and MOTHERS

How to Overcome Trials of Teething Time

By MARY TRUBY KING

The signs that baby is about to cut a tooth are shown by an excessive flow of saliva, fretfulness, disturbed sleep, tenderness of the gums, and the constant putting of the hands to the mouth.

Baby may also show signs of loss of appetite, and he may not put on any weight for a week or two. The giving of teething powders or soothing syrups is quite a wrong practice.

NOT every baby shows these symptoms. Some cut their teeth without the slightest trouble so that their mothers are surprised to find the teeth there!

Just occasionally a baby may have a rise of temperature for a day or so, with complete loss of appetite. It is a mistake to force a teething baby to take more food than it feels inclined for; but the fluid intake should be kept up by frequent sips of boiled water. A teaspoon or so of COLD boiled water will be welcomed occasionally.

Guard baby against colds at teething time, for his resistance will be lowered.

If baby has a tendency to eczema, quite possibly there will be a fresh outbreak of the rash during teething, as teething predisposes to (but does not cause) illness.

Avoid Digestive Upsets

IF baby is breast fed, give about an ounce of warm boiled water before every feed, and reduce the time at the breast.

If the child is artificially fed, dilute the humanised milk for several days by taking out two or three ounces of the milk-mixture and substituting plain boiled water for the quantity deducted. Boil the milk-mixture for at least five minutes (unless baby is constipated).

As baby improves, reduce the time of boiling to the usual three minutes, and gradually restore the full amount of humanised milk, at the same time lessening the extra quantity of boiled water.

Babies who are teething should be given clean chicken bones or bone rings to bite on, as they get relief from biting on something hard.

From nine months onward, give a finger of twice-baked bread, ten minutes before meals. To prepare the rusks, cut a slice of one-day-old bread (about half an inch thick) into fingers about three inches long, and place in the oven, with the door ajar, until they are dry and crisp right through. Do not use sweet rusks.

When To Seek Advice

IF baby seems ill, consult a doctor, as you would do at any other time. Do not put off this duty thinking, "I expect it's only his teeth."

Many babies have been lost in this way, and others brought to Mothercraft Centres utterly worn out with diarrhoea because their mothers have considered that if they attempted to cure the diarrhoea the teething troubles might break out in some worse form!

Remember that an increase in the number of daily motions means that Nature is getting rid of the excess food with which baby is temporarily unable to deal, and the proper treatment is to reduce the strength of the food.

On the other hand, baby may tend to be constipated. If this is so, give extra drinks of plain boiled water between feeds, and do not forget baby's fruit juice.

An enema may be given if found necessary, but it is better to bring about regular action by means of corrective foods such as prune juice and prune pulp (or raisin pulp if the prune pulp fails to act).

Baby should be safeguarded against sudden chills at this time. Do not let him remain on a draughty floor, and see that his little feet are always cosy.

A mother who has brought her child up at the breast, and who has studied the essentials for healthy, happy babies (such as an abundance of fresh air day and night, exercise, sun-baths, and a sufficiency of sleep), need not worry about the trials of teething-time, for they will probably pass her by.

As the child grows, she should be careful to see that his mouth is regularly examined by a dentist.

The child will not be frightened of the dentist if it has been used to going with its mother on the occasions when she has her own teeth attended to, and if the dentist has made a point of asking to see and count the little one's "pretty teeth." Once the child's confidence is won, the dentist's task is much easier.

Make a Game Of It

REGULAR inspection should be made at least every six months. Only the dentist can detect the first signs of decay and prevent loss of teeth.

He will advise as to any necessary extraction of the first teeth, and will correct the position of any teeth which may, through being cramped, "come in crookedly."

Thorough cleansing of the teeth at night is of the greatest importance, and it should also be carried out AFTER breakfast.

If there are several children in the family, a lined-up "toothbrush drill" makes a game of this somewhat uninteresting task.

In order to keep the gums healthy, do not permit mouth-breathing. It is one of the causes of pyorrhoea. Teach the children to blow their noses well last thing at night, and to shut their mouths tightly before going to sleep.

If there is any obstruction of the nasal cavities, have the child medically examined and adenoids removed if necessary.



"Look what I've got!"

SUNNY smiles soon take the place of tears when baby gets his "Ovaltine" Rusks. They are so delightfully crisp and crunchy—and so helpful at teething-time. They provide the natural biting exercise which brings each little tooth easily and comfortably through the gums.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are made from pure, unbleached wheaten flour, retaining all its nutritive elements. The addition of a proportion of "Ovaltine" makes them even more nourishing and delicious.

Always remember that healthy temporary teeth are essential to ensure perfect permanent teeth later on. That is why every baby and child should have "Ovaltine" Rusks.

"OVALTINE" RUSKS

APPETISING · DIGESTIVE · A · NOURISHING

PRICES: 2/3 and 4/-.

A. WANDER LIMITED, 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY

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Silvo cannot possibly harm the finest silver, being entirely free from acids and mercury, with no power to scratch.

Only Silvo is good enough for your Silver.

SILVO

LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Made in Australia by the Makers of Reckitt's Blue.

CLEVER IDEAS

REJUVENATE THE CEILING: Kitchen ceilings are apt to become so dirty looking, so try this idea for brightening them again: Make a solution of one ounce of alum and one quart of water and wash the ceiling with this. This treatment will also prevent the ceiling from peeling.

SMARTEN YOUR SUNSHADE: Sunshades wear so badly as a rule, and if yours appears to be rather shabby this season here's an easy way to make it look like new. Put a tablespoonful of sugar in a bowl and cover it with ½ pint of boiling water. Let the sugar dissolve, stir the mixture well, and then apply it to the surface of the parasol with a dry, clean rag, then leave to dry in the open air.

GLEAMING MIRRORS: Try cleaning your mirrors occasionally by rubbing them with a wad of tissue paper moistened with methylated spirit, and you'll find they won't become fly-stained.

TO CLEAN VELVETEEN: If you want to clean your velveteen coat or frock before putting it away for the summer, you'll find this hint most effective. Make a lather with some good soap. Put the velveteen into this, and move it about well. Then take it out, do not wring it, but put into a bowl of clean water and move about rapidly to remove the soap. Take the garment from the water and leave it to dry, still without wringing. When nearly dry shake well, and you will be delighted with the result.

BOTTLING PICKLES: Before bottling pickles boil the corks, and while still hot push them into the bottle-necks. When they become cold they will tighten up and effectively seal the bottle.

BRIGHTEN THE WALLS: How often we notice the wallpaper round the electric-light switches looking grubby; you can make an amazing transformation in this simple way: First of all brush the wallpaper down with a clean duster, then clean off the finger-marks with a piece of stale bread.

BRONCHIAL COUGH !!

Just a Few Sips and—Like a Flash—Relief!

Spend 2/2 to-day at any chemists for a bottle of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting)—take a couple of sips and sleep sound all night long—your irritating cough or bronchitis is under control.

Buckley's Canadiol, now available in Australia—is by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all blizzardly cold Canada—one little sip and the cough is quieted. Use 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help. If not joyfully satisfied money back.

AT CHEMISTS - 2/2 BOTTLE

W.K. Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Product of W.K. BUCKLEY LTD. Toronto, Canada — Southsea, ENG.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE



DOESN'T SHE LOOK ADORABLE? And just think, by sending 1/4 to The Australian Women's Weekly, you may have the paper guide and full directions for making this dainty set, which is guaranteed to lend charm throughout the summer.

To Flatter the Simplest Frock!

Charming little collar-and-cuff set you can make for yourself. Paper guide with explicit directions available!

If you choose to win by a neck, you'll adore these new sets, which will bring a 1936 flavor to last season's frocks. You'll be ready to meet the hot, sunny days with cool confidence if you add these crisp collar and cuffs to your summer wardrobe.

DAME FASHION is keeping the spotlight on necklines this season, and this lighthearted little affair is the betwitching result.

If your pocket-book is *not as de luxe as your* yearnings, then cheer up, because this little set is the very thing for you. It looks so very exclusive, and would probably be an alarming price in the shops, but you can make it for yourself quite simply and with very little expense.

Send to the Australian Women's Weekly Needlework Department immediately for paper guide and full instructions of this attractive set, which will cost you only 1/3, plus 1d. for postage. The directions are so explicit and the accompanying sketches so clear that you'll make it with ease and will be amazed at the dainty charm of the finished set.

And what a delightful gift one of these collar-and-cuff sets would make for a very special friend. Start on your Christmas supply now, and bring cool and chic touches to your frocks.



YOURS FOR 1/- DEPOSIT



Smart Frock of washable Spun de Chene, in latest fashionable narrow stripes. Exclusive model. Sent on FREE APPROVAL to any address in the Commonwealth.

This attractive creation by our Expert Fashion Designer for Spring and Summer wear is an unusually smart model. Frock is relieved by two crossway strips of self-material, forming panels in front from neck to waist. The narrow collar is worn either open or fastened high in front, to form smart cravat which ties in bow (as illustrated.) Sleeves are short and trimmed with crossway band. Skirt has full 3-inch hem, and inverted pleats form panel down front, and waist is finished with neat belt of self-material and white buckle.

FULL PRICE: 13/11
(S.O.S. and O.S.—2/6 extra.)

SIZES: S.S.W., S.W., W., S.O.S. and O.S.

COLOURS: Pink, Green, Blue and Brown —all on white ground.

BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me, on approval, striped Spun de Chene Frock (washable) at present bargain price of 12/11. S.O.S. and O.S., 2/6 extra.

Size..... Colour.....

I enclose Postal Note for 1/-, as deposit, together with 3d. for postage, and will pay balance either in one sum or in fortnightly instalments of 2/- till full price is paid. If not satisfied, and I return frock unworn within 7 days, you will refund my deposit. Enclose Coupon with Full Name (Mrs. or Miss) and address clearly written on separate sheet.

No. 5 Women's Weekly 10/10/'36 — No. 28

Post your order to
FELIX ARDEN
A.C.A. Building, York and King Sts., Sydney.

For the Housewife—

USEFUL LITTLE PRESENT

Crash peg-bag, gaily bound, traced ready for a touch of embroidery. Practical and inexpensive. Available from our Needlework Department.

GOOD housewives will welcome this little peg-bag, which is looking forward to a long life of crisp freshness.

Made of strong, high-grade crash, and firmly bound with vivid braid, the bag has a sensible loop to slip over your arm when you are hanging out the washing.

Springing gaily from one corner there's a jaunty spray of flowers, which can be quickly worked with an intriguing selection of vivid cottons.

So brighten your washing days with one of these quaint crash peg-bags, which are obtainable from our Needlework Department for 1/9, plus 3d. postage.

Knit it for Him as a Special Christmas Gift

Handsome Scarf in Ivory Cable Silk

You will delight in knitting this attractive scarf in ivory cable silk. It features a neat diagonal rib with moss-stitch border, finished with a fringe five inches in depth. It is not too early to start now knitting up one or two of these scarves for Christmas, as they will make most acceptable gifts.



THIS scarf has been designed exclusively for our readers. Handsome, isn't it?

CUT the silk into 10-inch lengths for the fringe, and knot firmly when making.

Material Required: 2 hanks cable silk. 2 No. 14 steel knitting needles.

Length: 42 inches without fringe.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; m.-st., moss-stitch.

CAST on 67 stitches and work 9 rows m.-sts. (that is, 1 plain, 1 purl, always commencing and ending each row with 1 plain). Then k. 2 sts. together to get an even number to commence pattern.

1st Row: M.-st. 9, * p. 6, k. 6. Repeat from * 3 times, m.-st. 9. **2nd Row:** M.-st. 9, p. 5, * k. 6, p. 6. Repeat from * twice, k. 6, p. 1, m.-st. 9. **3rd Row:** M.-st. 9, k. 2, * p. 6, k. 6. Repeat from * twice, p. 6, k. 4, m.-st. 9. **4th Row:** M.-st. 9, p. 3, * k. 6, p. 6. Repeat from * twice, k. 6, p. 3, m.-st. 9. **5th Row:** M.-st. 9, k. 4, * p. 6, k. 6. Repeat from * twice, p. 6, k. 2, m.-st. 9. **6th Row:** M.-st. 9, p. 1, * k. 6, p. 6. Repeat from * twice, k. 6, p. 5, m.-st. 9. **7th Row:** M.-st. 9, * k. 6, p. 6. Repeat from * three times, m.-st. 9. **8th Row:** M.-st. 9, k. 5, * p. 6, k. 6. Repeat from * twice, p. 6, k. 1, m.-st. 9. **9th Row:** M.-st. 9, p. 2, * k. 6, p. 6. Repeat from * twice, k. 6, p. 4, m.-st. 9. **10th Row:** M.-st. 9, k. 3, * p. 6, k. 6. Repeat from * twice, p. 6, k. 3, m.-st. 9. **11th Row:** M.-st. 9, p. 4, * k. 6, p. 6. Repeat from * twice, k. 6, p. 2, m.-st. 9. **12th Row:** M.-st. 9, k. 1, * p. 6, k. 6. Repeat from * twice, p. 6, k. 5, m.-st. 9.

This completes pattern. Now commence from 1st row and repeat till work measures 36 inches, including the 9 rows of moss-stitch to correspond with other end. Attach fringe, wash and press. The scarf will drop to 42 inches.

"The Difference in My Wash...Marvellous!"

writes Mrs. A. Dwyer, of 2 Brooklyn St., Tempe

HERE IS HER LETTER

"Not very long ago I used to finish up every washing day weary and dissatisfied because I could not get my clothes white. No matter how much soap I used, my linen was getting steadily dingier and greyer. Then I heard about Rinso and tried it straight away. The difference in my wash that week was marvellous—everything beautifully white again! I use Rinso always now. For washing-up too, it gets rid of all unpleasant grease."









Almost whiter than white, almost cleaner than clean . . . a Rinso white wash is indeed a wash to be proud of. How carefully and protectively Rinso washes colours, too! All the dirt goes but not one jot of the colour because Rinso suds are extra rich and yet so extra-ordinarily mild. Remember that when you have woollies or delicate silks to wash and use *Rinso alone.*

SO EASY TO USE—JUST SPRINKLE INTO THE TUB

A LEVER PRODUCT 6.166.19N



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Our Fashion Service & Concession Pattern

Distinctive Styles for Spring and Summer!

Secure Your Patterns Now!

Paper patterns of all designs showing on this page may be obtained from our offices. You will find them easy to follow and completely reliable.

Note below our amazing three-in-one pattern for price of 3d. From it you may cut three completely different beach styles—frock, shorts and suntop, shorts and shirt!

PLEASE NOTE!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



DEMURE.
WW1355.—Surely a choice that will meet with every young girl's approval. Very sweet in uncrushable figured linen. Bust sizes 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR SPECTATOR SPORTS
WW1356.—Attractive, sporty frock with scarf at neck, and unusual skirt treatment. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PLEATS INTRODUCED
WW1357.—Pleats, fashion's favorite, are shown here in lovely effect on sleeves and front. Sizes 32 to 38. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TUNIC DRESS
WW1358.—A really charming design for the popular tunic frock having smart sleeves and simple neck treatment. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5¼ yards, 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TAILORED.
WW1353.—Smart version of the new vogue, tunic for evening, showing tailored tunic of figured contrast, and plain skirt. Flowers on the bodice give feminine touch. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: For tunic, 3¼ yards; for skirt, 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

AFTERNOON MODE
WW1354.—Chic frock, suitable for many occasions. Fan-shaped jabot is a new and attractive note. Bust sizes, 33 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BABE'S FROCK
WW1359.—A very pretty and charming design for the little one, aged 1 to 2 years. Very easy to make. Material required 1¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d**

GIRL'S PYJAMAS
WW1360. — Comfortable, sensible pyjamas for little girls aged 6 to 12 years. Material required: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard for bands. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

DON'T forget, when ordering your concession pattern by post, to include 3d. in stamps for each separate pattern and size required. State clearly which size you want.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated below, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use *following* Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:—

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 499Y, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4250YY, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—C/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-113 Liverpool Street, Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name
Address
.....
State
Size
Pattern Coupon. 10/10/'36.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Patterns for Three Complete Beach Outfits. Price 3d.

THIS week's three-in-one concession pattern provides for three complete outfits for beach wear—shorts and suntop, beach frock, and shorts and shirt—of smart, distinctive style.

Pattern is obtainable in three sizes, 32, 34, 36 inch bust. To obtain, fill in coupon at left, stating clearly which size you require, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices as directed on coupon.

Material required (36 inches wide):—

For No. 1, shorts and suntop, 1½ yards.

For No. 2, beach frock, 2¾ yards, and ¾ yard contrast.

For No. 3, shorts and shirt: 1½ yards for shorts, 1⅝ yards for shirt, ⅛ yard for belt.

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BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

Prittle Prattle on Backing Signs and Omens at Randwick

By BETTY GEE

Oh, for a handsome plunge on a winning long shot! Otherwise, how am I to get to Melbourne for the Cup? The Epsom almost dashed my hopes, but small profits from the tote saved a crash that would have been heard in the next suburb.

BUT I still believe in omens. Fancy a girl not backing Prittle Prattle.

The small talk of the stables led me to Prittle Prattle for the Epsom with a fling at 10 to 1; but he was among the half-dozen who stayed gossiping at the barrier and gave Capris and Gay Lover enough start to win the retreat from Moscow.

He was beaten two eyelashes for my £20.

But still I didn't give up the ghost. The tote proved a real life-saver in the hurdle race.

Dickie bumped into Jimmy Abbs who trains Musician and he thought he would play them a merry tune, so I invested £1 each way on the tote.

But he was getting to the front near the half-mile when something suddenly happened, and he dropped right out about seven bars behind the rest of the orchestra.

Suddenly he made another dash in the straight and he was right up in third place at the finish. That earned me £2/10/- for my £2, and later Dickie told me that what beat Musician's chance was he tried to run off near the half-mile, because that's where he lives, and he goes through the passage there in his daily work on the track, and when he got there on Saturday he thought it was time to call it a day.

Navy-blue Hair

Seeing Mrs. Hans Fay's lovely navy-blue hair gave me the tip to back The Athenian for the Trial Stakes because his colors are navy-blue. But that bunch was silly, as matters turned out. The Athenian hasn't the courage to do anything outstanding like wearing hair of an unusual color, and he finished nearly last.

In fact, I never caught a glimpse of him until they were nearly all past the post, and there he was penned in the ruck like a lost sheep.

Color schemes are futile on the race-course, I mean as a line to winning form.

I am satisfied now that bookmakers set a trap for the unwary punters, I mean those who haven't a good system rule like mine which says you mustn't, except under exceptional circumstances, take less than 2 to 1 about a horse, and, above all, must eschew laying odds on anything less certain than the sun rising.

Anyhow, the books offered to take 11 to 8 on Gold Rod for the Derby, then 6 to 4, and finally 7 to 4, and people kept laying it down in big wads. They believed it was just stealing candy from the books, backing such a certainty.

Almost in Tears

It struck me they might be right, so my footsteps were directed tote-ward, but instead of backing what I believed to be the second best each way, I staked my £2 on Mala for a place only.

Just when he passed Gold Rod and looked like winning the Derby you might have noticed a woman almost in tears. That was me, thinking he was going to win outright, and I had only place bets on him at a third of the odds.

But suddenly up came Talking to take it off both, and Mala gave me an even £2 profit.

I ran into Miss Nola Carter, charming in her raffia embroideries on linen, and she told me she'd had it from somebody who'd had it from Mr. James Carr that Prittie Prattle would win the Epsom.

Well, that confirmed what I'd told you last week that I had from the butcher boy, so in I went for £2 on Prittle Prattle straight out at 10 to 1 ... and while I was queued up I thought that just in case there should be any falsity about these stable secrets I would take out a small insurance with Lloyd's, so I put £1 for a place on Gay Lover.

That covered Joe Cook's stable to the point of safety, I reckoned.

And was I warbling merrily when Gay Lover looked like beating Capris as they came down the straight, and Prittie Prattle was sweeping like a blizzard down on them? Faster, yet faster, and still faster, he ran, yet would he get there? I ran down to shift the winning post on a yard or two so he could get up in time. But it was too heavy, with Mr. Dudley Smith and Mr. Tom Nicholson, the judge and his assistant, sitting there, and Gay Lover won, Capris second, and Prittle Prattle third, but only heads and necks between them.

That they disqualified Gay Lover later didn't matter to me. I had him for a place. Prittle Prattle, too, and I rescued £4/17/- from the wreckage that way. Later I met little Allan Cooper prancing round full of excitement. And he said, "Isn't Vic marvellous." Vic's his brother, and he trains Capris and Alleviate (who won the hurdle.) Later I met Vic, and he said, "Isn't Allan wonderful?" Allan owns them.

I wish I'd met either of them before, and they'd whispered in my shell-pink ear. I might have put a 10/- saver on Capris.

Sterling Silver Ring

Well, I could find out nothing satisfactory about anything to beat Silver Ring in the Spring Stakes, so I plunged on it. Three pounds to two, and went with fluttering heart to the grandstand, where I enjoyed the thrills of victory to the full.

A great old horse is Silver Ring. Sterling Silver, I think.

The last race was a trap for young punters.

I ran into Mr. F. L. Moore, and he was most convincing about his horse, Goorka. He said Goorka had beaten Capris last week, and Capris had won the Epsom. So in I went for £1 each way.

Goorka was in front a furlong from the winning post. Then he got all embarrassed at the idea of a suburban horse winning all the way at fashionable Randwick. He faded out and dropped back into the ruck.

At this point I folded my tent like the Arabs. I would have silently stolen away also, so desperate was I feeling, but the books had it all in their nice, shiny satchels.

Delight for Gimcrack

Anyway, here are some ideas for you: Mac Sawyer has a good filly called Delight for the Gimcrack this week that might help a struggling woman.

The man who takes the laundry to Dr. Nigel Smith's is on my round, too, and he says take no notice of Shakespeare being thrown on his back in the Derby; he'll do better than that in the Craven Plate, because he wasn't hurt.

But what about Mala in the same race? What I'll do is tote them both, if they MUST start against each other.

And get ready for Sylvandale in the Randwick Plate on the last day. I know that his owner, Mrs. Utz (Lorna Doone), only came back from her American tour this week, and he's due to be at his best for the Melbourne Cup. This might be the stepping stone. Watch out!



MISS OLIVE ROSENTHAL, a Melbourne visitor, caught in a pensive mood at Randwick.

Our Book Offers

Here is Token CG19 in the "Australian Home Cookery" and "Australian Home Gardener" Book Offer.

TOKEN **CG 19**

CUT OUT NOW AND KEEP IT CAREFULLY WITH YOUR VOUCHER

TOKEN **BB 37**

Here is Token BB37 in The Australian Women's Weekly

"BEAUTY" BOOK OFFER

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

Here is Token D54 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Mystery Stories."

TOKEN **D 54**

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

It's easy

to get every scrap of dirt, grease or burnt-in substance off aluminium. Use Steelo... It polishes also. A packet contains 5 pads and special soap—enough for 5 weeks.

STEELO



20

Dangerous Varicose Veins Can be Reduced

People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil at once. Applied night and morning, you will quickly notice an improvement, until the veins and bunches return to normal. The leading chemists sell lots of it, and your money will be gladly refunded in the rare event you don't gain relief with the first bottle.***

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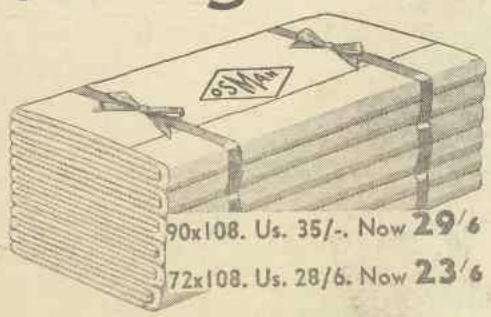
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FARMER'S

SEEKERS OF SOL lunch all through summer in Farmer's Roof Garden. Six flights above street level. Two-course luncheons from 11.45 to 2.30. From 1/-. Pitt St. elevator.

October savings now



90x108. Us. 35/-. Now 29/6

72x108. Us. 28/6. Now 23/6

SHEETS CLEAR

300 PAIRS TO GO! The greatest Sheet sensation Sydney has seen — a wonder Farmer's scoop that makes real October Savings. "Super Osman" hemstitched sheets of pure Egyptian cotton. Single or three-quarter bed.



12/6

USUAL 16/6

'SPREADS OUT

Printed Linen Bedspreads. Colourful designs are well in keeping with modern bedroom lay-outs. And they're guaranteed fast to boiling! 70 x 90. Four shillings off



Big English Towels 2/10

USUAL 3/11. That's more than a third saving on towels imported from England. A thick, absorbent quality. All hemmed. Size 24 x 48 inches.

Brides-to-be will find this great for trousseau-building.

2,400 "Babnaps" go

Wonderfully thick baby squares. Soft, too. Size 24 x 24. Why not an easy Farmer's lay-by?

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USUAL 15/11

Main Entrance — First Floor



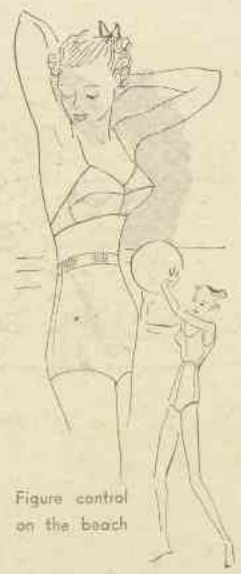


Figure control on the beach

Beach Girdles and Brassieres

A figure-retaining girdle to wear beneath your costume. Specially processed rubber that withstands sea-water. White or pink in small or medium 4/11

Both manufactured by Farmers

The brassiere is adjustable. Of finest fleece nap rubber. 34 to 42 5/11

Ground Floor. No mail orders

Silk linen for summer!

When the pavement bubbles SILK LINEN helps you defy heat like a lady. Keeps aloofly unmussed, and perfect holiday frock or consolation for summer in town. And note the style points for the price.

Sizes, 32 to 38



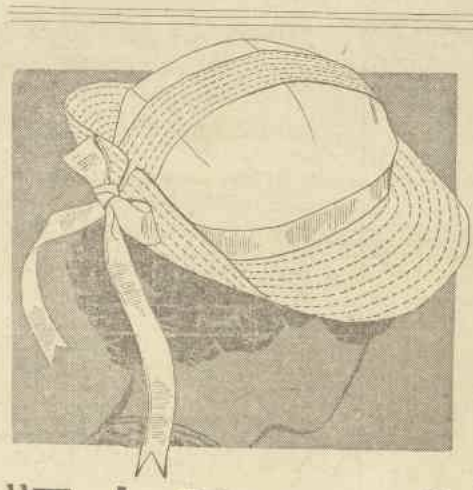
27/6 Yellow, blue, green, beige, pink.

29/6 Pink, brown, natural, navy, red.

TOYS AT HALF

Just to make room for the hundreds and thousands of dolls pouring into Farmer's from all clear at amazing prices. Dolls, fur toys, mechanical toys. Some slightly soiled. Many selling at Half price.

Lay-By for Xmas.



"Tub Topper"

You slide a zipper at the back of the crown and the hat's ready to be tubbed. Then iron it as flat as a hanky, and reassemble. Stitched silk linen in white, beige, natural, blue, pink 13/11

- No complications
- No hooks or eyes





"Tub Toppers" will be as fresh after six months as when you first buy them. Only at Farmer's.

Helena Rubinstein

brings her London Salon to you. Places 30 years research in beauty at your disposal.





Here are three perfectly blended preparations suitable for average skins. WATERLILY CLEANSING CREAM, beautifying cleanser containing essence of Waterlily buds. SKIN TONING LOTION, refines pores, braces tissues. PEACHES AND CREAM POWDER, for blonde or brunette.

ESME SCOTT, Helena Rubinstein's personal representative, lectures daily at 3 p.m. No charge.

10/6 Refrigerator Sets, 7/9

Refrigerator sets of green opaque glass—latest colour "mist" for kitchens. Lay-by?

4/11 Bath Stools, 3/11

Sturdy things, handy for the bathroom. Ready for lacquering. Special one week only.

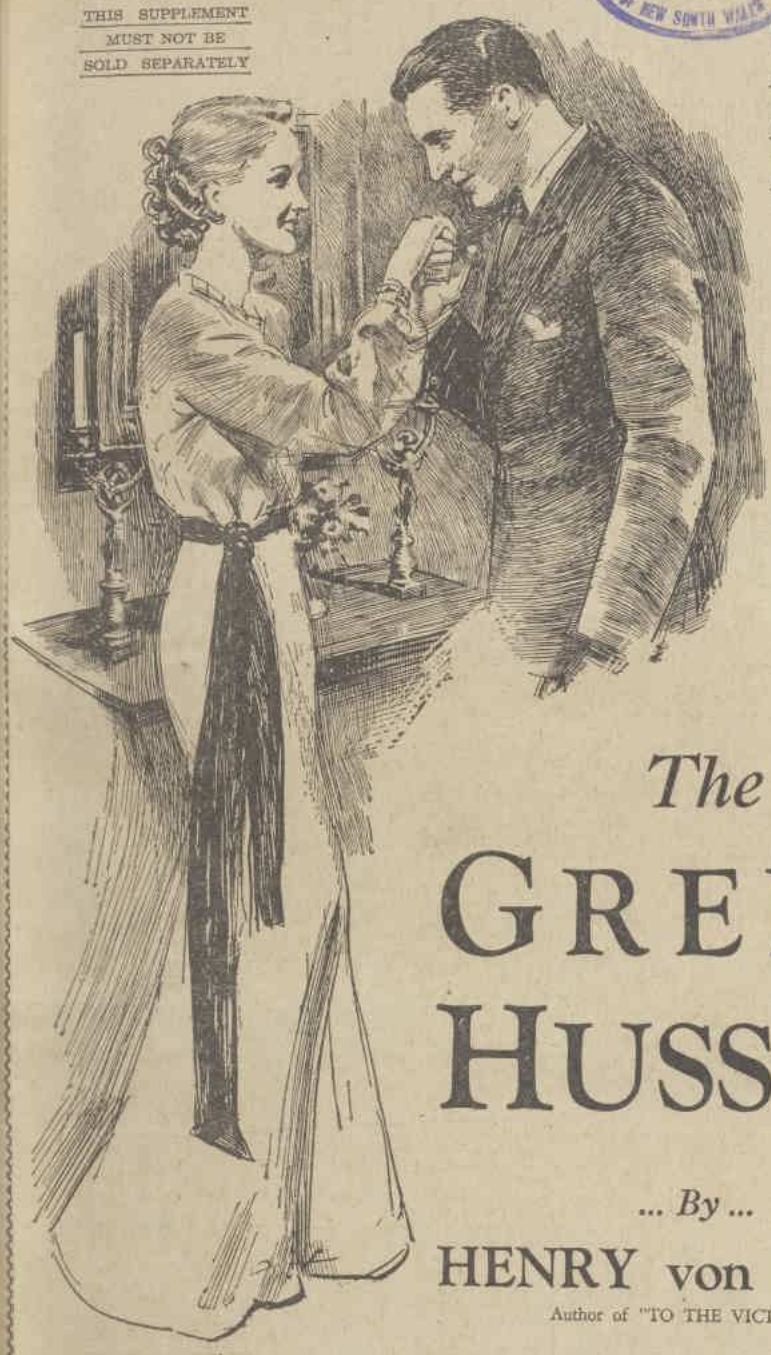
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Complete Book-Length Novel

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

The

GREEN HUSSAR

... By ...

HENRY von RHAU

Author of "TO THE VICTOR—"

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THE GREEN HUSSAR

By Henry von Rhau



"HIS Majesty the King!"

The voice rang clear through the still night air. The sentry's pace came to a precise halt. Heavy boot-heels cracked together. A rifle snapped to a smart present. The voice again, compelling, clear, commanding: "Turn out the guard! The King!"

A confusion of sounds, of men moving, of rifles being snatched, and of stumbling, hurrying feet.

A car glided to a stop. A footman flung himself upon the handle of the door and swung it open. A youthful, graceful form stepped out, garbed in the brilliant uniform of the Green Hussars. Light, quick footsteps fell on the ancient flagstone courtyard. A soft voice spoke, gently, and vastly bored, "Never mind the guard!"

Within the guardhouse a moment's pause, then the shuffle of shambling, heavy boots and of sleepy, yawning commentaries, of rifles being replaced in racks, belts loosening, and heavy bodies dropping on their iron cots again. A moment later, blissful snores.

The great iron doors of the east wing of the palace swung back silently. Two footmen bowed. The King entered. The doors closed, smoothly, quietly.

He glanced down the corridor, high-ceilinged, stately, cold, austere.

"Cheery little place," murmured the King.

Like tiny tinkling bells, silver spur-chains jingled as they touched plush carpets, soft as early springtime grass. The corridor seemed endless. The King hummed a stanza of one of his own compositions.

Behind him in heavy silence strode Feval Haas, his aide, his hand twitching nervously, and now and then his near-set eyes darting a strange look at the King's back.

The corridor turned sharply to the left. A soldier with side arms stiffened to attention. Wonderingly, the King halted before the sentry.

"What's all this martial splendor?" he asked.

The old soldier's pleasant, chubby face grew scarlet, his childish eyes bewildered, frightened.

"Your Majesty——" he stammered.

"What are you doing here?" the King asked gently.

"Sire," answered the soldier, "I am to permit no one except members of your Majesty's suite to pass this corridor or enter your Majesty's study."

The King whistled softly.

"That sounds serious," he muttered, "but after all it gives you something to do. Keep an alert watch, sentry. I've heard footsteps scampering down these corridors late at night; I think—they were mice! If you catch them, arrest them by all means!"

With a pleasant nod the King turned away.

Feval Haas opened a door. The King entered his study. A cheery fire was burning. A clock ticked briskly atop a marble mantelpiece, before which stood two elegant gentlemen—one in horizon-blue, with a fine face, twinkling blue eyes, and light golden curls cropped short, the other, slim and lithe like the King, and, like him, wearing the uniform of the Green Hussars with an unconscious air of swagger and a sense of devil-may-care. Sabre-slashes scarred his white face from his high cheekbones to his strong wide mouth.

Captain Ulric von der Lanz bowed stiffly. "Hohenlohe and I attend your Majesty," he said formally.

"Very nice of you, I am sure," murmured the King. He looked at the pleasant, smiling face of Count Joachim von Hohenlohe.

"Joachim," he said, "you know one of my most ardent wishes is to get away from the Polizei as much as possible, and yet when I enter my humble home I find an earnest uniformed tramp blocking my pathway."

"Your Majesty has dined well?" asked Hohenlohe, smiling.

"Far too well," sighed the King. "Far too well; about twenty courses, I should think. I lost count after the first dozen. You know what those burgomasters' dinners are: just a snack of goose with red cabbage, rack of venison, bear steaks, boars' heads, apfel strudel, linse torten. . . . But what am I to do? If I don't eat their food I insult them. If I do I get indigestion. If I drink as much as they I go to sleep. That happy condition I don't dare attain at the banquet table, but I do permit myself a state which mildly stupefies me during the speeches after dinner. My own I always read in a coma, and I am firmly convinced no one listens anyway. Why should they?" The King yawned. "I am bored to utter distraction. I wonder what will happen next?"

OUTSIDE the gate, under the walls, Sentry Number Three trod his beat with listless precision. Down the street, beyond the rays of the lamp, three figures moved. A whisper passed.

"Quick, now!" A small man put his foot in the interlocked hands of a companion and, swinging himself up against the wall, was shoved from below. With quick, eager hands he grabbed the wide wall top and, drawing himself up, in a flash he dropped on the other side into the palace garden. Whirling, the sentry challenged:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Two citizens of Konigsburg," grumbled a voice.

"I could have sworn," muttered the sentry. "I heard the footsteps of three men."

"Drink less schnapps," mocked the voice, "and you will stop hearing and seeing things."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head," said the sentry sharply.

"Servile, you mean," growled the speaker. His companion touched his arm.

"Quiet, comrade," he said soothingly. "We have more important work at hand than baiting soldiers."

Silently they walked down the street, the sentry's eyes upon them. On the other side of the palace wall a silent form was speeding over the straw-covered flower-beds of the gardens, racing between trees, silent, sinister, past great stone basins where in summer-time pleasant fountains played, over the flagstones of sunken gardens, past shrub and bush. Clenching his hands, the man dashed over the lawn to the east wing of the palace, where warm lights from the King's study beckoned welcomingly. He scaled a wide box hedge and, dropping breathless to the ground, paused to regain his composure, then creeping inch by inch to the wall, glued his face to a pane and searched with ferret eyes for an opening between the portieres.

The King, rubbing the palms of his hands slowly together, glanced at the clock.

"It is just about time that I should tuck myself up for the night," he sighed. "Feval, you trip along and get a couple of bottles of champagne."

Haas bowed himself out; Von der Lanz scowled after him. The King looked at the Hussar.

"Ulric," he said, "there seems no love lost between you and Feval."

The Hussar took a deep puff of his cigarette.

"Your Majesty," he said dryly, "I am not an emotional person."

"So much the better for you," murmured the King, negligently flicking his blazing medals and orders. "You sleep better at night. What is the matter with Feval? He is far from a fool."

"Too far, your Majesty," grumbled the Captain, "and, being stupid myself, I naturally distrust clever people."

The King glanced at Hohenlohe.

"What do you think of him, Joachim?"

"I seldom think, your Majesty," parried Hohenlohe.

"So I notice," sighed the King. "However, you gentlemen will kindly remember that Haas is my old tutor's son, and as such is a sort of legacy to me. I suspect in you a nasty snobbery because he is a commoner."

"Forgive my presumptuous disagreement with your Majesty," replied Hohenlohe, tossing his cigarette into the fire, "but I fear it is the other way round; Feval, being bourgeois, resents us, and furthermore, I suspect him of being half-strangled with the most debasing emotion—envy."

"Envy of what?" asked the King, astonished.

"Of your Majesty's possessions," said the count in a low voice.

THERE was a knock at the door and Feval entered, followed by a footman carrying a tray with bottles and tall glasses.

"Shall I serve your Majesty?" he murmured.

"No, thank you, that is all."

Bowing, the man disappeared, closing the door behind him.

"Open those bottles, Feval," said the King. "My throat is as dry as a camel's address."

"And mine," added Hohenlohe, "cries for cool wine like spring flowers for April rain."

Smiling, the King twisted the stem of his glass between his fingers. The aides raised their glasses and, bowing together, cried: "Health and long life, your Majesty."

"And lots of champagne," added Von der Lanz, refilling the King's glass.

"Yes, that is important," said the King, sipping his wine, "but always in moderation."

He extended his empty glass to Von der

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THE GREEN HUSSAR

Lanz. A smile played round the aide's mouth as he refilled it.

"Your Majesty has a very full day to-morrow," Feval Haas reminded him sullenly.

"Let him have a full night to-night!" growled Von der Lanz, crossing to the tray. "Shall we get him a little tight, Hohenlohe?" he whispered.

"By all means, by all means!" assented the count. "It's wonderfully relaxing."

Refilling his glass, he took it to the piano; sitting down on the stool, he flexed his hands a moment, then, letting them stray over the keys, skilfully played a light, gay tune from the latest Viennese operetta.

His Majesty Alexander II, King of Zagau, luxuriously stretched his legs.

"This," he murmured, with a sigh of content, "begins to look like a party!"

The King's glass was replenished. With a little start of surprise he looked first at the glass and then at his aide.

"Ulric," he said sternly, "if this keeps up we'll soon need more."

"We need more now, your Majesty," answered the Hussar, shaking a nearly empty bottle.

"You mean you need more," grumbled the King. "You always want to make a beast of yourself. Hop along, Feval, and get a brace of bottles, and this time bring it yourself."

With a half-veiled, sulky look, Feval withdrew. Hohenlohe gently played a pleasing waltz. The King smiled at the opening bars. A hard, white face, pressing against the window-pane a scant two yards away, nodded with grim approval, and a voice, muttering between clenched, uneven teeth, growled, "Laugh, clown; sing, fool; drink, parasite! Soon your little Rome will burn."

Beaming, the King crossed to the piano.

"YOU know, Joachim, I remember when that tune was new, eighteen years ago. I was very young, and it was before I ever thought that I'd be King. If only my brother had lived——"

"Zagau would then have been deprived of your well-beloved Majesty's good rule," finished Count Hohenlohe.

"A good thing for Zagau," said the King, "and a rather better thing for me. I could have stayed in the Green Hussars without having secret police peering behind the portieres. You know, I never retire without peeping under the bed for a policeman as other people look for burglars."

The piano, responding to the touch of the count's slim, practiced hands, poured out a pleasant melody of old, unhurried times, which floated round the study and seemed to encircle the King like the gentle arms of a woman.

"They played that first," mused the King, tapping a cigarette on his finger-nail, "when it was spring in Paris and I was in love with a girl who sang."

The King paused. Feval entered. Von der Lanz signalled him to silence as Hohenlohe played on. Glasses were quietly filled. A moment later four goblets, drained of amber liquid, were standing mutely side by side.

Heavy steps muffled by deep carpeting passed near the door.

"What is that?" demanded the King.

"The sentry in the corridor, your Majesty."

"Oh, yes," assented the King. "My military nursemaid. I feel as if I were tied to his martial apron-strings. Poor old soldier! Send him in."

"Your Majesty?" queried Feval Haas in amazement.

"I said," repeated the King, relaxing into an easy-chair, "send him in."

Von der Lanz bowed and, opening the door, called: "Sentry! His Majesty wishes to speak to you. Follow me."

Entering the room, the soldier stood rigidly before the King, who looked at him for a moment searchingly.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"First-class Private Carl Shultz," came the answer.

"How long," continued the King, "have you been in the army?"

"Seventeen years, your Majesty."

"Why," asked the King, "did you decide to be a soldier?"

"My father was a soldier, your Majesty," came the simple reply.

The King nodded.

"AH, to be sure; that explains it all, of course. My father was a King." He paused a moment. "Now, tell me, soldier, are you satisfied?"

"Oh, yes, your Majesty," answered the soldier eagerly.

Rising abruptly, the King took a glass from the tray, extending it to the sentry. For an instant an incredulous flicker seemed to pass through the soldier's eyes, then reaching out a huge, trembling paw, he clumsily grasped the crystal goblet. The King filled it to the brim, and then his own. He clicked the other's glass.

"Your good health, Soldier Shultz," he said.

The soldier flushed.

"Your Majesty is very good," he murmured, draining his glass exactly as the King had done. Quizzically he shook his head. "They will not believe me when I tell them at home that I have drunk wine with the King. But I shall tell them, if I may, your Majesty?"

"Of course you may. Are they so interested in what I do?"

The soldier smiled eagerly.

"And now you must return to your military duties," said the King, rising. "But, before you go, is there anything that I, as King, can give to you who have been so faithful in my service?"

A suggestion of surprise showed for an instant in the mild blue eyes of Count Joachim von Hohenlohe. A line creased the forehead of the Green Hussar, but the soldier appeared to ponder deeply. Then, a smile lightening his heavy, stodgy face, he said: "Your Majesty poured me a measure of wine into that goblet."

The King nodded.

"I was just wondering," continued the soldier, "if it would be too much to ask to have the glass."

Through the instant's hush that fell upon the room the King cleared his throat and, reaching for the goblet, extended it to Shultz.

"Are you sure that is what you want, and that is all?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, your Majesty, and my very best thanks for giving it to me."

Holding the glass as if it were some fragile jewel, he bowed himself out of the room.

"What a nice old chap!" he said. "He has given me one of the better moments of being King. And, speaking of better moments, skip along, Feval, and get another bottle, and we will make this the last."

The suggestion of a smile passed over the thin lips of the white, hard face pressing against the window-pane. A figure moved away with a cunning sense for silence, and, flitting swiftly over the lawn, disappeared among the trees.

Like tinkling notes from a silver bell the clock struck the hour as the voice of the sentry was heard in angry protest: "I will not let you pass. My orders are absolute."

Then a woman's voice, scornful and angry: "Out of my way, you silly beast. I will see the King."

Then sounds of an ensuing scuffle and two resounding smacks. The door burst open.

The King turned to confront an angry female whirlwind dressed in a tight white brocade dress. Her full, red lips were drawn in an unpleasant line. Her fine nostrils quivered. Her black eyes flashed.

"You see!" she cried triumphantly, "I do get in, for all your thugs and popinjays!"

With a tightening of his mouth, the King bowed gravely.

"I see you do, Madame Poniatofsky."

"You did not expect me, then, your Majesty?"

"Hardly, Nina. I thought you were safe in Warsaw."

The woman laughed.

"You mean, Alex, you thought that you were safe and I in Warsaw. Well, I was—but I am here now. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Overwhelmed," said the King, "fairly prostrated with joy. And, since you are here, I will not ask by what bribes and lies you arrived, but I will ask you to state your business briefly and to go."

Nina Poniatofsky smiled, this time more serenely, and with a gesture deliberately challenging, threw off her cloak and, turning her beautiful back upon the King, strode to the fireplace where, turning round, she faced him defiantly.

"I want a cigarette, Alex," she said simply.

"And so," said the King, extending his case to her, "you got through the guard, whisked by footmen, assaulted a sentry, slapped my aide, and burst into my study to smoke a cigarette?"

"Exactly, Alex, and," she said, smiling maliciously, "to be alone with you."

THE King, after considering a moment, turned to his suite.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you will excuse us for a moment."

The three officers, bowing, quickly withdrew.

The King looked at Nina for a long moment, steadily.

"I told you," he said in a hard, crisp voice, "six months ago, that you and I were finished absolutely and completely. Whatever there had been between us was over and done with."

"And then you paid me off and sent me on my way."

The King raised his eyebrows.

"You did not seem displeased, Nina, with what I gave you. You know as well as I that I am not really rich. I settled enough on you to keep you comfortably for life, and now——"

"And now," finished Madame Poniatofsky, "it is gone! Every cent and every crown and ever penny."

The King's exhalation of breath sounded like a whistle. "What did you do with it, Nina?"

"Oh, how should I know?" cried Nina irritably. "I hardly remember. The races at Longchamps, baccarat at Le Touquet, the five-louis table at Deauville, the roulette-wheel at Monte Carlo, some odds and ends of jewellery—a hat, a coat, a dress, and what has one. Oh, I don't know. I only know it's gone!"

"I am very sorry indeed to hear that,

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Nina," he said detachedly, "but why tell me about it?"

Taking four steps, Nina Poniatofsky moved across the intervening space between them. Clasping her hands behind her back, she lifted her face and tilted her chin to the King.

"Alex," she whispered pleadingly, her full lips parting, "take me back. There will never be anyone in my life but you."

The King drew away sharply.

Nina smiled serenely.

"I came here, Alex," she said mysteriously, "to sell you something."

"Whatever it is," answered the King sharply, "keep it, or sell it elsewhere. I am not in the market for the purchase of information or intrigues."

"Do you mean that, Alex?" asked Nina.

"I do!" snapped the King.

Nina shrugged her white shoulders.

"Don't say that I did not warn you, Alex."

"The discussion is closed, Nina," the King said, turning away abruptly, "and now I shall have to beg to be excused."

Bowing stiffly, he crossed to the door and opened it.

Nina Poniatofsky looked after him with smouldering eyes.

"Sentry," he called, "my compliments to the gentlemen of my suite. I am awaiting them."

With slow, deliberate movements Nina slipped into the wrap the King was holding for her as the three aides entered the room. Turning, for a moment she faced the King. Boldly she looked him in the eyes. Her face was very white.

"Alex," she said softly, "I hope to make you very, very sorry."

The King bowed again.

"Then I may hardly pray to prosper Madame's wish," he answered dryly.

He looked at the waiting aides, the suggestion of twinkle leaping back into his eyes.

"Feval," he said, "you will see madame safely home."

Haas started slightly, then flushing deeply, followed her from the room and down the long corridor in silence. The palace doors were opened.

"My car," said Nina in a strangled voice, "is beyond the gate."

They walked across the courtyard in silence, side by side.

"Leave me here," said Nina, peremptorily.

Mutely the aide bowed.

She leaned forward. "Do you want to come with me?" she whispered.

Haas nodded. "If I may, Madame," he mumbled.

Nina, reaching out to him, took his hand in both of hers.

"I will help you, but you must help me, too."

"But how, Madame," asked Haas eagerly.

"By doing exactly as I say. Will you?"

Feval nodded. "Oh, yes, Madame," he said breathlessly.

"No matter what?"

"No matter what, Madame."

"Come with me," she said quickly.

THE street was roughly cobbled. The buildings flanking it were low, bleak, and dirty. Huckster's shops had closed. Heavy shutters barred the shop windows of the poor. A single gas light burning in a small corner cafe shed a tiny glow shot with ghostly green.

Behind the bar a heavy man was wiping glasses methodically. Before the bar a solitary customer was standing, hard-faced, fill-clad. A person of unkindly mien, and unapproachable. And yet the bartender had seen many people come that night to drink a glass of beer, and all had spoken to this stranger.

The customer, silently sipping his beer and tugging at the remnant of the cigarette end caught in the corner of his thin slit of a mouth, struck a slow burning match upon a grimy thumbnail and with relish sucked the weed to glowing life again.

The door opened. A man came in. Slowly and solemnly he shuffled to the bar.

"One beer," he said. He was staring at the hard-faced man.

"A black night," he said abruptly.

"Red dawn follows a black night," a low voice replied through discolored teeth.

The newcomer nodded.

"Roda," he growled behind a cupped hand.

"Zuppke," mumbled the other into his glass of beer. "Number 27."

The newcomer, gulping his drink without another word or look, left the bar. Turning abruptly to the right, he strode up the narrow pavement.

* * * * *

Number 27 was a dank dwelling-house. He strode into the lobby. Three lounging forms converged, blocking him.

"Roda," he murmured.

"Second rear," said a voice.

HE climbed the musty, narrow stairs. A door swung in. The room was crowded. Behind a desk, facing some twenty, sat a stocky, middle-aged man. His face was flat, cunning, peasant, with a scholar's brow. His eyes were keen and his smile fatuous; his personality electric, charged energy checked by iron self-discipline. As the door opened he looked up, then down again at a watch before him on the desk.

"What time have you, Comrade Thirty-eight?" he asked crisply.

The newcomer drew out a ponderous timepiece.

"Eleven-forty-five," he answered sullenly.

"Synchronise your watch with mine!" snapped the man behind the desk. His voice was clipped and crisp. "It is now eleven-forty-eight. Your watch is three minutes slow and you are eighteen minutes late."

In the silence of the room the newcomer felt the glances of the other men.

"Comrade Thirty-eight," continued the speaker, "learn that the first duty of collective man is to function with the precision of a perfect machine. Success of revolutionary action can only be achieved by perfect timing. You are rebuked! Sit down!"

Turning abruptly to his papers, the speaker continued: "Comrades, we are now all present. This special meeting was called for a resume of our situation in the territory known as Zagau. I wish to take up with you, firstly, the necessity of, and the means for, the removal of the so-called King, Alexander II. Secondly, the time for"—his voice rose triumphantly—"the revolution!"

Pausing, the speaker's eyes swept the the room. A hand was raised.

"What is it, Comrade Twenty-four?" he demanded.

A heavy, stolid man with a stupid, brutish face rose.

"It is my opinion, Comrade Zuppke," he said ponderously, "that the White counter-espionage system under the Citizen Premier, calling himself Duke Maximilian of Brandtenburg, is informed of a great portion of our plans."

As the speaker sat down heavily Zuppke made a sharp gesture of impatience. "Comrade Twenty-four," he said icily, "we are aware of the activities of Brandtenburg and his counter-espionage agents. I shall instruct you as to the treatment of all White counter-revolutionists. I quote sub-Paragraph B, Special Order Number 101, Headquarters, Moscow, U.S.S.R.:

"'At the moment of direction action by force for revolution at the time, known as m hour, r day, the instructed comrades will immediately execute all active enemies of Proletariat progress; this includes women and minors. The revolution cannot recognise any distinction of age or sex.'"

The speaker stopped. Putting the paper down, he glanced at his former questioner. "Are you answered, Comrade Twenty-four?"

The man nodded slowly in his sullen fashion.

A hand was raised. Zuppke turned; his tone became a trifle less abrupt. "What is it, Comrade Schwartz?" he asked.

A thin, delicate, nervous man rose—Communist Deputy Leopold Schwartz. His hair was black, his complexion sallow, his nose Hebraic; his mouth was small, and had a disappointed look. "Comrade Zuppke," he said in a thin, high-pitched voice, "it is my understanding that our action hinges upon two factors: One, upon the removal of the so-called King; and two, upon the time when this and the general revolution is to take place. May I take up the second matter first?

"With reference to time we apparently find ourselves in a most propitious position. The army, under Marshal Imboden, is on its annual manoeuvres near the Russian frontier. With the railways in our hands it would require fully four days for Imboden to march the army back to Konigsberg, giving us that time to establish our control here."

Communist Deputy Leopold Schwartz sat down.

"Comrades," cried Zuppke, "you have heard the suggestion of Tovarisch Schwartz. His suggestion bears out my opinion: I voice an expression of yours. All those in favor of the revolution taking place within the next five days will rise."

There was a scraping and shuffling of feet as the room rose, eagerly, to a man. The grim lines of Zuppke's mouth relaxed into an almost senile smile and tightened again. "The motion is carried," he said abruptly. "And now we shall return to the discussion of the first phase taken up by Comrade Schwartz, to wit, the removal of the Citizen Alexander. He is symbolic of all that is anti-Communistic, but, remember, without a symbol a cause is lost. It is like a staff without a banner. The revolution must succeed—the King must die!"

* * * * *

ON a deep couch in a pleasant living-room at the Grand Hotel, Bonn, Anne Coatesworth was resting after a late and solitary dinner. Drawing the soft, silken folds of her pink negligee around her with a sigh of content, she yawned with lazy joy. "He's late," she murmured. "I had better start dressing, Lisette," she said to her maid. "What am I wearing?"

"White, Miss Anne. De new white dress you done brought from Cal-o in Paris."

A knock at the door interrupted her. "Show Mr. Hamilton to the living-room," Anne said.

The bedroom door closed, and reopened a minute later. Lisette entered with a telegram.

Anne ripped the flap open and read:

The American Embassy,
Konigsburg, Zagau.

Mrs. Gordon Coatesworth,
Grand Hotel, Bonn,
Saxe-Radig.

One hundred apologies. Delayed in Konigsburg. Awaiting instructions from Department Washington. Please meet me

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at inn Zum Hirsch in Stuehlau over Zagau border at one o'clock to-morrow for luncheon.

Fisher Hamilton.

.

"THE King must die!"

Zuppke paused to let the words sink in, and then continued rapidly: "The method of the so-called King's removal has not yet been found. His staff and suite, brought up in the worst aristocratic traditions of loyalty, is unapproachable. His servants are retainers of the old regime. The Citizen Alexander seems to have the gift of the common touch, which makes him a hero to his valet. The execution of the former Tsar and the family of Romanov in Ekaterinburg was carried out in such a way as to leave the revolution blameless. It is in such a manner that this so-called King must be disposed of. Fortunately for us he is blissfully ignorant of our actual strength, Brandtenburg having made repeated avowals to him of the security of his throne. His conduct is completely guileless. Comrade Seventeen saw this himself through a window of the palace at so close a range that it would have been easy for him to have shot the so-called King——"

"Why didn't he do it?" growled a throaty voice.

"Because," replied Zuppke sharply, "the blame would then have fallen upon us and upon the revolution and brought about the possible intervention of other imperialistic powers. This must not be."

The thin voice of Leopold Schwartz broke the moment's silence: "Is his entire staff unapproachable?"

"Apparently," replied Zuppke curtly, reaching for a paper in a wire basket, "it is. His staff consists of Captain Ulric Von der Lanz of the Green Hussars, a bitter reactionary, quite poor, but utterly devoted to the so-called King. He and the Citizen Alexander are inseparable. Count Joachim von Hohenlohe is enormously rich, a scathing, unapproachable aristocrat and the Citizen Alexander's constant companion. The third member of the staff is Feval Haas, the son of a poor pedagogue who was Citizen Alexander's tutor. Haas has been the so-called King's aide since boyhood. He cannot be considered. We are at a momentary impasse. An appropriation of fifty thousand crowns has been made to defray the expenses of the execution so long as it is conducted by someone not identified with the revolution. Our problem now—"

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," snapped Zuppke, glancing sharply towards it.

A man entered, breathless with excitement. "Comrade Zuppke," he cried, "downstairs is the King's former mistress, Nina Poniatofsky, who demands to see you, and she is accompanied by"—his voice sank almost to a whisper—"the King's aide, Feval Haas!"

Suppressed sounds of surprise issued from a score of throats: even Zuppke looked amazed. Then across his cunning face flitted his strange, enigmatic, almost senile smile. Drumming his fingers upon the desk, he nodded twice. "Show her in," he said.

Footsteps sounded upon the creaky, dusty stairs, light, quick, firm, determined, followed by others that seemed to lag. Nina Poniatofsky swept into the room, her head erect, defiant, and, walking behind her, with white, twitching face, came her companion, Feval Haas. Eyes followed them. This strange, ill-assorted pair in this even stranger place stopped before the desk of Zuppke. He looked at them, expressionless.

"How did you know about this meeting?" he demanded abruptly.

"Simple enough," replied Nina, laughing. "Through my maid. She was once a Russian countess. I picked her up when she was starving, and she is weak enough to be grateful to me, so she tells me everything, and, you see, I learn a lot."

"What is her name?" asked Zuppke unblinkingly.

"Anna Lytoff," answered the woman casually.

Reaching into a card index file before him on the desk and opening a drawer, he ran quickly through the cards. His fingers coming to rest upon one, he took it out, and, glancing at it, read aloud: "Anna Lytoff, Number 1642; maid to Nina Poniatofsky . . ." His voice trailed off, and his lips moved slightly as he read to himself some further remarks. Silently replacing the card, he closed the drawer.

"You appear to speak the truth so far," he said coolly. "Anna Lytoff is tabulated as an operative of the counter-espionage system. You see," he said with a note of satisfaction in his voice, "we keep a most complete dossier of many people. If you knew what we know you would be surprised."

"I would like to be," mocked Nina, "but I very seldom am."

Zuppke frowned and glanced at her sharply. "Why did you come here?" he asked abruptly.

"For the only reason," replied Nina, "that I ever go anywhere—because there is something I want to buy, or because I have something I want to sell."

"And in this case?" asked the man.

"In this case," said Nina, pointing to Feval, "I have something to sell."

Zuppke checked a tiny start. He looked at Feval, noted his wavering eyes, his weak, twitching mouth, the deathly pallor of his face; he saw that his moist, clasped hands were trembling. He studied Nina's exotic face, her voluptuous, sensuous body. Deliberately he nodded. Then, looked up suddenly: "Will he do it?"

Nina smiled confidantly and slipped her arm through Feval's.

"Of course he will," she said.

IN a flash Zuppke was on his feet, bringing his face close to the trembling aide's. His hard eyes bored Feval's. "Will you do it?"

The aide's head nodded like a palsied man's. His lips moved. No sound came. He tried again as he felt Nina's fingers closing round his arm. "Yes," he whispered weakly.

"Why?" demanded the man behind the desk. In a flash Nina intervened.

"That," she said, "is no concern of yours. All that we are concerned with is the price, and that, I know from my gentle Anna, is fifty thousand crowns."

Zuppke silently assented. "That sum," he said, "will be paid to Haas upon the completion of his work."

"That sum," Nina interposed, "will be paid to me, and half of it will be paid in advance! And even then what guarantee have I that I shall get the rest?"

"The revolution," said Zuppke ponderously, "keeps its faith."

Nina smiled unpleasantly. "It had better," she said boldly. "I am one of those who believe the workman worthy of his hire, and I am paying in advance."

Zuppke, looking past her, caught the glance of Leopold Schwartz. Faintly the other nodded in assent.

"Citizen Poniatofsky," said Zuppke, "you may withdraw, and to show our faith in you, twenty-five thousand crowns in gold will be delivered to your house to-night."

"A pleasing thought," said Nina, "to take to bed with me."

Slipping her hand through Feval's arm again, her strong, white fingers bit into his flesh.

"Hold up your head!" she whispered fiercely as they walked from the room.

The door hardly closed behind them when confusion broke loose with a babble of tongues. Eager hands were raised. "Comrades," cried Zuppke, rapping for silence, "the revolution moves like an overwhelming avalanche to engulf everything before it!"

"When? When?" came anxious, eager queries.

Zuppke's hand shot up for silence. Drawing himself up, he looked at the strained faces. His voice, cold, mechanical and yet commanding, rang out:

"At 10 a.m.," he said, "to-morrow!"

THE room was cheery, high-ceilinged, and airy. A gracious, pleasant room, covered with rich carpeting of soft dove-grey. Inviting easy-chairs stood carelessly about, and a wide, deep couch of Prussian blue damask faced a fireplace. A tallboy of shiny mahogany wore its brass, polished handles as a footman might wear twinkling buttons upon his liveried coat. Through gently waving, heavy portieres came draughts of cool, sweet air. Upon a platform stood a huge four-poster bed, from which was thrown back a blue damask covering embroidered in gold with the arms of Zagau. Between cool sheets the King was sleeping blissfully.

"Time to get up," muttered the King, throwing the covers back and stepping from the bed.

Some twenty minutes later, before a cheery fire in his room, he pushed his easy-chair back from the table which held his breakfast tray. Stretching his booted legs, he folded his arms across his flimsy silken blouse, tight at the wrists and bellowed at the sleeves. Behind him, on a straight-backed chair, hung a green velvet tunic trimmed with gold and ermine. Reaching for a cigarette, he lit it. The smoke was sweet, cool, and aromatic. He flicked the ash so spiritedly that the cigarette spun to the floor. With an exclamation he reached quickly for it. The sudden move, perhaps from a twist, sent a sharp jolt of pain through his left side. His hand moved instinctively, convulsively, to the spot where, under his blouse, were strange, cruel marks—white furrows that looked as if they had been seared upon the naked flesh by a glowing brand. The pain passed suddenly, and as suddenly eighteen years passed, too, and for the moment faded out.

He was a youth again. It was summer—August, 1914.

The fire crackled; the cigarette burned unheeded in his hand. The King gave a sudden start.

Reaching for the paper to scan the day's news, his eyes sped over the headlines; a bumper crop expected in the farming country; a new plan for the amortisation of the war debt; the text of the speech of Communist Deputy Leopold Schwartz upon industrial discontent; the reply of the Conservative leader, the young Prince of Hesse-Seng; actress sues millionaire (the King smiled grimly); a new aeroplane; the price

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of wheat; a picture of Mrs. Gordon Coatesworth. . . . The King's eyes rested on the picture. He read the sub-heading: "The most beautiful woman in America." His lips pursed into a whistle.

The King's eyes skipped to the printed words:

Mrs. Gordon Coatesworth, of New York and Paris, widow of the late Colonel Gordon Coatesworth, is staying at Bonn, the famous spa of Saxe-Radig, having motored from Paris. She is en route for Gorlitz, where she will be the guest of Baroness Adelfelz, wife of the Saxe-Radig Ambassador to Poland. Baroness Adelfelz, nee Stuyvesant, of New York City, is Mrs. Coatesworth's sister.

The King nodded detachedly.

"VERY interesting," he acknowledged. "Very interesting, no doubt, but how I hate family histories! I didn't think they had them in America."

His eyes travelled back to the picture. He held it closer.

"I wonder," he said, "I wonder what color your eyes are?"

A nervous knock came at the door. Irritably the King put the paper down. "Come in," he cried.

The door opened slowly. Feval Hass came in. The aide's face was very white, his eyes were lustreless, his lips seemed to twitch slightly. With one moist hand he clung for support to the knob of the closing door. The King's brow relaxed.

"Why, Feval," he said kindly, "you don't look very fit."

The aide mustered a sickly smile.

"I'm—I'm all right, your Majesty," he mumbled.

"Of course you are," said the King cheerily. "Just a little washed out, perhaps."

He pointed to a door at the far side of the room.

"Go to the cellarette in my sitting-room," he continued, "and take a drop of spirits. That will set you right."

"Thank you, your Majesty," said Feval weakly, his eyes determinedly avoiding the King's.

The King looked up as Feval re-entered.

"Feeling a little better, Feval?" he asked. "You will be all right in a moment. What you need is to learn about 'Early to bed' and all that sort of thing. You probably came in at some indecent hour like an old stray cat."

The King slipped into his tunic.

"By the way," he went on, "aren't you a little early? My first appointment is not until ten-ten."

"You have an earlier appointment, your Majesty," Fevail said—something ominous tinged his voice—"at ten o'clock!"

The King slowly buttoned his tunic.

"So?" he said. "Well, it's all one to me. I feel as if I could face anything this morning."

The King looked at his wrist watch. It was nine-fifty-eight.

* * * * *

The Royal hunting lodge was situated high in the Etrurian Mountains, a cheery, rough-hewn structure of most inviting aspect. From its wide verandah one could look across hills and over valleys and catch a glimpse of the rising spires of the Konigsburg Cathedral and, just beyond it, in what seemed from there a tiny garden, the lovely outlines of the grey stone palace.

Back and forth, with slow and leisurely tread, as if in deep thought, strode the Duke Maximilian of Brandtenburg, the Premier of Zagau. He was a huge man, but despite a touch of portliness, his carriage was erect, as if defying age to bow him.

Picking up the receiver, he clicked the hook up and down several times. A light flashed on in the telephone room of the palace.

"Good morning, my child," boomed the Premier's voice. "Is his Majesty engaged?"

"No, my lord," came a quick, pleasant reply. "I was instructed to inform you that his conferences began at ten-ten this morning, and it is not quite ten."

"Very good, my child," rumbled the Duke. "Put me through to the King."

"Yes, my lord. I——"

A hideous scream rang in the Duke's ear. He started away, then roared questions into the mouthpiece. He was greeted by silence. The wire was dead!

* * * * *

The Sixth Regiment of Infantry, recruited entirely from Roda, was receiving instruction by company on the parade-ground. A quarter of a mile away could be seen the headquarters of Carolus Imboden, Marshal of the Army of Zagau. The Second Company swung into a magnificently precise line.

"Halt!" the captain's voice called out.

Heels clicked. Rifles snapped from broad shoulders to the ground. The captain glanced at the moulded line, then, shooting his wrist out, glanced at his watch. It was nine-fifty-five.

"Rest!" he called.

The ranks relaxed.

"We are going to knock off work for five minutes; time for a cigarette," added the officer.

SOME hands fumbled for cigarettes, but surprisingly few. Three lieutenants drifted out from their places and joined the captain in the front and centre of the company, and idly smoked a minute or two. The captain glanced at his watch again. It was nine-fifty-eight. Taking a deep puff, he exhaled the smoke and, throwing his cigarette away, stepped on it, grinding it into the turf.

At that instant No. 2 of the rear rank of the second squad silently stepped from his place without so much as a word to his corporal. A few strides took him to the flank of the company. He glanced down the line.

"Company, attention!" he yelled.

"With ball-cartridges—load!" roared Soldier Penneck.

Rifles snapped into position, bolts rattled back, flap-pockets on cartridge-belts were ripped open, steel-jacketed bullets clicked into chambers.

"Ready!" called Penneck.

The rifles rose in unison. Two young lieutenants looked at each other, utterly bewildered. An amazed look flashed through the captain's eyes, as if for a moment he thought that it was he who had gone mad, then his hand dropped to the butt of his pistol.

"Aim!" cried Soldier Penneck.

"Drop, you kids!" yelled the captain, raising his pistol.

"Fire!" The officers fell to the ground. Some twitched and some lay still.

"At ease!" shouted Soldier Penneck. Coolly he walked to where the bodies lay. Calmly he took the captain's still unfired pistol and sent a shot through the head of each one of the officers, then he buckled on the captain's pistol-belt. As he did so, volley after volley rang out over the parade ground.

"Comrades," he said, "we go to join our soldier-comrades. Company, attention! Squads, right march!"

Steel wheels turned with incredible speed over the rails of a hard, wide road-bed. A great engine drew a long train effortlessly. On a line of flat trucks was lashed the material of an artillery brigade, consisting of the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Regiments of field artillery of the Army of Zagau.

IN a signal box a man sat before a row of levers. The Roda - Felsburg Special would whir by any minute. Already he could hear the shrill scream of the whistle. The special came into sight, the great black engine rocking gently, the whistle, with its ear-piercing shrieks, heralding its approach.

An instant later engine and cars roared up. The man in the signal-box pulled a lever with lightning speed. The driver [illegible] unfamiliar tracks skip beneath him. He never had a chance to lift a hand. In a fraction of a second hundred of men, scores of horses, and tons upon tons of steel crashed over the mountain side! Over and over turned engine and cars, men, horses and material. Couplings snapped, steel bent and broke, bodies writhed like tortured insects. Steel tombs, like huge boulders, bounded, slipped, and rolled down the precipice. Then flames leaped up, as if to complete a holocaust of horror, and through them, distant, weak, hideous, came haunting screams.

A man climbed down the signal box ladder. He crossed the tracks and looked down the mountain side at the inferno in the valley below. Slowly and stolidly Orderade Twenty-four nodded his head.

A sentry strode with conscious swank before the headquarters of Carolus Imboden, Marshal of the Army of Zagau. A man approached his post, wearing the uniform of the Sixth Regiment of Infantry from Roda. The sentry halted him.

"Can't pass you through here," said the sentry. "You'll have to walk round to Number 4."

The other shook his head. "Can't do that," he said. "It's too near the guard tent."

"That doesn't concern me," answered the sentry gruffly. "I have my orders, and outside of obeying them, your business is no concern of mine."

The other lowered his voice. "It may be," he murmured insinuatingly, opening a palm in which lay a silver crown. "All I want to do is to get to the back door of headquarters. The Marshal's cook is a brother-in-law, and I am getting a chicken roast chicken. I will give you a share of that, too."

The sentry hesitated an instant, then looked to the left and then to the right.

"Drop the money on the ground," he muttered, "and watch yourself coming back."

* * * * *

Within the building the red-faced Marshal Imboden was bellowing at the hapless silent aide, the young heir of the Duke of Brandtenburg.

"What devil's business is this? I am supposed to make a show of strength along the border. Even the mobilisation's a sham. What is holding up that artillery brigade? They should be unloading at the railway station now. Answer me! Where are they?"

"I don't know, your Excellency," stammered young Brandtenburg. "I could get no information from the stationmaster, your Excellency."

The Marshal rose. "Confound it," he cried, banging his fist down, "I'll have to straighten this out myself! I always do!" There was a crash of volley-fire, and another, and another, and a fourth!

Imboden looked out of the door.

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what he saw caused him to stagger for an instant. At the top of the flagstaff a man clung like a monkey; his hand hacked at the halyards, and an instant later the flag of Zagau fluttered to the ground. The Marshal gaped incredulously an instant more. With deft hands the man tied a bright red flag with a crossed sickle and a hammer, in the place of the white and black flag of Zagau.

The Marshal snatched the pistol from his holster. He only fired once. The man on the flagstaff screamed and clutched himself convulsively. His hands clawed through the air; they missed the pole, but caught the cloth. There was a ripping sound; he plunged down, his hands still clutching the torn red flag.

FOOTSTEPS dashed along the corridor—desperate, urgent footsteps. Captain von der Lanz sped up a flight of stairs, three steps at a bound. The Hussar's long legs stretched as a horse's might thundering into the home stretch. With two more strides and a bound into the air his booted feet struck the door of the King's bedroom just above the knob. The door crashed in.

Another bound, and von der Lanz stood squarely before Feval Haas. The King whirled around. Feval, snatching his hands from out of his tunic pocket, desperately grasped the back of a chair.

"Uiric," demanded the King sternly; "what is the meaning of this?"

Von der Lanz seemed not to hear. His wide, spare frame towered threateningly over Feval Haas.

"Feval," he demanded harshly, "where is my pistol?"

Suddenly his hand shot out, and, plunging into the wide pocket of Feval Haas' tunic, he drew out an automatic from the pocket's depth. Feval's face turned deathly white.

Von der Lanz turned, his black eyes meeting the King's. Haas leaned heavily against the chair.

"Your Majesty," said the Hussar, "I was breakfasting at the officers' mess. I had hung my belt and cap outside the messhall. Just as I was finishing my coffee the mess attendant whispered to me that he had seen Haas slip my pistol from the holster into his own pocket."

The King looked at Feval. "Why did you do that, Haas?" he asked sharply.

Feval drew himself up desperately. "Your Majesty," he stammered, "as I came down the hall I could have sworn I saw a man trying to hide in the bushes outside your study-window. So I took von der Lanz's pistol and went out to investigate, and——"

"And," interposed the King,

"——found nothing," finished Feval somewhat lamely.

The Hussar whirled upon Feval accusingly, taking a breath as if gathering himself for a burst of words. They were never spoken. . . Through that moment's silence came a sound, overwhelming, thunderous, compelling. The "Internationale" roared from ten thousand throats!

The King blinked for a moment; then, crossing to the window, drew the portieres farther back and looked out upon the Konigsplatz. He stared incredulously a moment, then beckoned von der Lanz.

The Konigsplatz was being swept by a wave of humanity. A sea of faces was upturned towards the palace—hard, white faces; grim, determined faces. Shoulder to shoulder marched the mass, a sea of black ants, with red banners waving. Full-throated, steady, triumphant, surging, they sang their battle-hymn.

The sentry's voice rang through the song. He stood with his broad back to the iron gate, the butt of his rifle against his hip and the bayonet pointing ominously forward. The King recognised Soldier Shultz, waiting, waiting. He staggered from the window.

"Von der Lanz," he gasped, "get down there, quick. Not a shot is to be fired unless I give the order myself. Haas," he cried, "get Hohenlohe for me at once—run!"

Von der Lanz sprang down the palace steps into the courtyard.

"Bugler," he roared, "sound the alarm!"

An ancient call rang on the air with piercing notes from a trumpet. With a rush the guard turned out. The harsh voice of von der Lanz seemed to cut through all other sounds.

"Fix bayonets!" he snarled.

Across the palace ground and towards the gates opening on the Konigsplatz came the guard in double time. Ahead of them, with his pistol in his hand, double-timed Captain von der Lanz.

Before the walls a solitary soldier stood, waiting, waiting.

"Corporal of the guard," roared von der Lanz, "Open the gate and bring that man inside."

The corporal of the guard fumbled with a heavy bunch of keys. A paving-stone flew through the air, striking the sentry on the head. His rifle clattered to the ground as he crumpled up, falling before the gate.

In a flash von der Lanz was at the gate, wrenching the keys from the corporal's hand.

HE wrenched the gate open. In a split second he picked up the inert form of Soldier Shultz. An instant later the Hussar with his burden was standing behind the gates again. Laying the soldier on the ground behind the shelter of the wall, he quickly felt the fluttering pulse. Curtly he turned to the corporal standing by. "Have him carried away," he snapped. "The man is dying."

Soldier Shultz's eyelids fluttered as if the last words had pierced the misty curtain before his brain.

"I only want to say"—gasped Soldier Shultz—"long live the King!"

With hurried but unfaltering footsteps Count Joachim von Hohenlohe entered the King's room, quickly crossing to the King's side at the window. Red banners waved over the heads of the mob; hands were raised in a signal, and full-throated the cry arose:

"Down with the King!"

The King smiled grimly. "What kind of rank conspiracy is this?" he asked. "You told me, all of you, from Brandtenburg down, that the country needed me and the people wanted me. See how they want me—riddled with bullets, hung from a scaffold!"

Hohenloe's arm slipped through the King's. "Your Majesty," he said, low-voiced, "must have been aware that there was unrest and discontent among the industrial masses of the country through Communistic propaganda. The deputies in the Chamber from Roda are all Communists, and there are two here in Konigsburg, but they are from the cities. In the villages, on the farms, the people——"

"The people," interrupted the King, "are packing the square down there to acclaim my rule!"

In unison came the thunderous roar: "Death to the tyrant! Down with the King!"

Suddenly the packed mass gave way. Through it passed two burly men, trailed by a third. As he passed, voices were raised lustily in his acclaim. A way was forced for him to the very gates of the palace grounds.

Von der Lanz listened to the gesticulating harangue of Communist Deputy Leopold Schwartz. Then he briefly nodded and turned towards the lieutenant of the guard.

"Lieutenant," von der Lanz's voice rang out, "I leave you in charge. Do nothing unless the gates are crashed or the walls scaled. If that takes place, fire by volley until there is not a man or a cartridge left!"

He dashed into the palace, and a moment later he was standing before the King.

"Your Majesty——"

The King stopped him with a gesture.

"Is poor old Soldier Shultz dead?" he asked.

The Hussar mutely assented.

The King turned to Hohenlohe.

"Joachim," he said quietly. "In case I am unable to do so, you will write his family the full account of his end, and express my sorrow for his death."

Hohenloe nodded as the King looked towards the chafing von der Lanz.

"Continue, Uiric," he said abruptly.

"Your Majesty," went on the Hussar quickly, "a Communist deputy, one Leopold Schwartz, demands an audience at once."

"Send him up," said the King.

Swiftly von der Lanz withdrew. A moment later he started to open the great gate of the courtyard. Suddenly a growl arose from the mob.

"How do we know," a spokesman screamed, "that you'll let him out alive?"

Von der Lanz's face grew black. "The man will be safe enough," he snarled. "I pledge you the King's word."

A chorus of jeers and boos drowned out his voice.

Through the shouts and screams a figure in horizon-blue sauntered leisurely across the courtyard and up to the gate, his visored cap perched at a jaunty angle over his close-cropped curls. A monocle was screwed in his right eye. He was pressing his fingers into white kid gloves.

"Hohenloe!" the mob screamed. "The King's henchman!"

The Count appeared quite deaf. "I have a suggestion to make," he said in a low voice that sounded vastly bored. "Since you sweet and gentle people think so much of this fellow here, to assure you that his Majesty will not eat the animal, I will stand on the far side of the gate so long as he is within the palace. Upon his return I shall re-enter as he exits. Is that satisfactory?"

The leaders conferred a moment, then assented.

VON DER LANZ'S strong teeth clicked together, his devil-may-care mouth twisting into a grim smile. He slammed the gates upon the slim, straight back of Joachim von Hohenloe. His hand twitched for an instant as he faced the Communist leader. Then, turning sharply, he strode away. "Follow me," he snapped.

The King drew sharply away from the window as he heard the familiar martial tread of his aide's approaching footsteps. When the party entered, the King was standing like a statue before the fireplace, his hands clasped behind his back.

Leopold Schwartz waived all preliminaries.

"Citizen Alexander—" he began abruptly.

"Silence!" the King's voice cracked out

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like a pistol-shot. "Take off that hat!"

The Communist leader, shrugging his shoulders removed his headgear.

"It is a silly, bourgeois concept of politeness," he said, "which, like all bourgeois habits, will soon be forgotten, Citizen Alexander."

"You will," said the King in a level voice, each word like a frozen breath, "address me properly."

Leopold Schwartz shook his head. "The Revolution," he said, "does not recognise titles."

"And I," said the King, "do not recognise the Revolution."

A DEEP sigh of content escaped Ulric von der Lanz. Leopold Schwartz peered through his glasses, his shrewd eyes measuring his man.

"The revolution," he said, "is already a fact!"

The King waved his arm towards the window disdainfully. "You mean this little demonstration of factory hands outside? Why," he continued, "if I had one regiment here I could disperse them in a minute if I wished to. Your attempt is well planned and timely, I admit. The army is away, but what if call them back? What would you say if I lifted that telephone receiver and got Imboden on the wires, told him to rush me some crack troops, put the city under martial law, and shot you down as you kill those who resist your system?"

"I should say," Leopold Schwartz said grimly, "that it was a very good idea. By all means, telephone Imboden."

The King felt the challenge in the other's voice, and, picking up the receiver, held it to his ear a moment. It was curiously unresponsive. He called into the mouthpiece. No answer. The wire was dead.

Hanging up the receiver, he faced the smugly confident Communist. "I see you've had the wires cut, Schwartz."

The other shook his head. "Oh, no," he said. "We have taken the wires over. The private wires of the palace have been cut, but the central office is in the hands of our operators. The same," he continued, "applies to all lines of communication, transportation, and other essentials for the conduct of government. We man the railways. The Reichsbank is in our hands."

"You don't expect me to believe it for a moment?" said the King, looking at him sharply.

The portieres parted, and through them, very stiff and most correct, came Jonas, the King's valet. "Your Majesty," he interposed "I trust will forgive my most unseemly interruption, which I can only explain by my desire to serve. The moment this most improper action took place this morning I proceeded to ascertain the Communist strength. It is my regretful duty, your Majesty, to inform you that what this fellow says is true."

The King seemed to weigh the words for a moment in silence. "Thank you, Jonas," he said simply.

"The Duke—" continued the valet.

"The Duke," interrupted the Communist harshly, "by now is probably dead."

The King whirled on him. "What do you mean, 'the Duke is probably dead'?"

The Communist deputy pointed to the distant Eturian Hills, where, near the peak of one, even the naked eye could see a patch of smoke and flame.

"In a few moments more," said Schwartz, in his high, thin voice, "the Royal hunting lodge will be a heap of cinders, and among them you will find the charred bones of Brandtenburg!"

With a sharp breath the King turned upon the Communist. "You trapped an old man like an animal and burned him up alive. Why? For what? Shame on the pack of you! Cowards, cowards!"

"The symbols of your order had to go," murmured Leopold Schwartz coolly. "The collective man can take no cognisance of the individual."

Slowly turning around, the King looked at von der Lanz. "You see what we have to deal with Captain," he said gravely.

The Hussar stepped forward. "Say the word, your Majesty! Let me throw a rope around his neck and hang him from your balcony—Hohenloe would want me to. Let me open fire and sweep the Konigsplatz. Let me issue hand-grenades. I have a hundred men down there. A hundred against ten thousand, but I know soldiers, and I know mobs. I give you my word, your Majesty, I'll be chasing the last of them out of the Konigsplatz with bayonets in ten minutes! Listen to me, your Majesty. Will you say the word?"

The King slowly shook his head. "I cannot, Ulric," he said. "I have seen too much bloodshed and slaughter in the last war. Nothing came out of it. Nothing except the start of what is taking place here to-day. That was a war like every other war—started by a few and fought by many. If I did as you suggest, I'd only kill the very thing I've lived for."

The Hussar stepped back, utterly incredulous. "You are not going to give in, your Majesty?"

"No," he said quietly, "I am not going to give in!"

The Communist deputy, shrugging his shoulders impatiently, made a gesture of inquiry. "What," he asked challengingly, "will you do?"

The King looked at Schwartz. "If I cannot communicate with Imboden, even though you have the railways, my soldiers still have legs, and Imboden will come to me."

Leopold Schwartz gestured to one of his guards. "Give me the despatches," he said.

With two telegraph blanks in his hand he approached the King.

"IT'S time we understood each other," he said briefly. He extended the despatches — "read these. One, as you see, is in your army code, which we have in our possession. As you will note, the other merely decodes the first. They were destined for you and intercepted by us."

The King read the despatches in his hand, verified the coding, and then read:

> Army in open revolt. Artillery brigade missing. Many officers killed by their men. Fifty per cent. of effectives have deserted under arms. Situation desperate Request orders immediately.
>
> "Imboden."

Silently he handed the despatch to von der Lanz. "Ulric," he said quietly, "I think the jig is up!"

A gleam of satisfaction came into Schwartz's beady eyes. Drawing forth a document importantly, he adjusted his pince-nez like a pedagogue. Unfolding the paper and clearing his throat, he read: "Long live the proletariat! The Government and all power having been wrenched from the imperialistic and capitalistic usurpers, and having passed into the hands of the rightful owners, the people, we do hereby——"

The King touched his forehead with one hand, and raised the other sharply, protestingly: "Don't make me listen to these puerile, long-winded assinitities. I can tell you exactly what you are going to say. You are going to demand my abdication!"

"That," said the Communist, "is precisely, in essence, our demand, but——"

The King took the papers in his hand and lightly tossed them into the fire.

"Don't be absurd, Schwartz," he said irritably. "If I tried reading the confounded thing I should go to sleep from sheer exhaustion and boredom, and I will not sign without reading it. But I will—abdicate." With a gesture he stilled a word from anyone. "Ulric," he said to the Hussar, "can you write?"

"Yes, your Majesty," answered the Captain, flushing.

"Sit down over there and write the following: 'I, Alexander II, by the grace of God King of Zagau, feeling that a people only get as good a government as they deserve, do hereby, reluctantly and under duress, renounce my lawful throne and turn over the government of the people to what I am convinced is a most corrupt set of scoundrels, rogues, and tyrants.' There," he said cheerily to the scowling Schwartz, "I'll sign that or nothing!"

"Sign it," Leopold Schwartz said curtly.

The King crossed to the writing table, and taking the pen from the Hussar's hand with a few bold, rapid strokes, signed his name and placed his seal beneath the signature. Then he flung the paper in the direction of the Communist.

AT the west gate of the palace grounds all was quiet. Not one of the thousands swarming before the palace was willing to desert the Konigsplatz, the scene of greatest excitement.

Within the west gate a solitary sentry stood, peering from time to time through the great iron bars. A few metres behind him, along a gravel path between high trees, a woman, swathed in furs, was walking restlessly to and fro with a quick, nervous tread of small, high-arched feet. The sentry's slow mind turned matters over—a day of doing surely: A mob overflowing the Konigsplatz; the beautiful lady whom he had seen in the King's company giving him gold. He glanced over his shoulder as he heard other footsteps crunching on the gravel. He saw the King's aide, Feval Haas, approaching, and the lady running towards him. What next, wondered the sentry, what next?

Nina Poniatofsky's hand shot out and grasped Feval's trembling arm. "You have failed," she said in a low, quick voice. "You have failed—I can see it in your eyes."

Feval's clammy hand closed over her soft, white wrist. "Nina," he stammered urgently, "Nina, listen to me. I was on the point of doing it"—an hysterical sob caught in his throat—"when von der Lanz broke in——"

"Did he see you?" panted Nina.

"No," muttered Feval, "but the way he flung himself at me was awful."

"Does the King suspect anything?"

"No, nothing! He sent me to have his car and chauffeur ready at this gate in ten minutes' time. He is to go by back streets past the Tiergarten, along the Southern Boulevard, and out of the city by the Konigsburg-Crosshaven road, across the border into Saxe-Radig!"

Nina's breath came with a sharp intake. "Good," she said. "You're not such a fool after all. Have you given this information out?"

Feval nodded quickly. "I had a moment," he said, "when von der Lanz was not watching me."

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Nina leaned closer to Feval; her mind was working with lightning rapidity.

"Go back to the King at once," she ordered, "and help him get ready. As soon as he is done Zuppke will give us a pass." She looked at him and seemed to breathe a promise. "And then, Feval, we shall get away from all this and go to my home in Poland."

Feval's mouth relaxed as if surprised at his own determination, and, bowing quickly to Nina, before she could mould his weakness again, he strode hastily up the path.

A strange, trapped look came into Nina's eyes.

.

The King stared, as if fascinated, at the clock. Then his eyes travelled to where Count Hohenlohe was gazing at the floor, pulling at the tips of his white kid gloves. Out of the corner of his eye he saw von der Lanz pacing up and down like a caged black leopard.

"Keep quiet a minute, can't you, Ulric?" he said. "And you, Joachim, for heaven's sake cheer up!"

"How much time have they given you, your Majesty?" asked Hohenlohe with an effort.

"Half an hour," said the King.

"SEVEN minutes have gone," said Von der Lanz sharply, "and a screaming mob of ten thousand people is waiting to tear you to pieces!"

"Very well," mused the King. "I suppose I had better be bestirring myself. I have agreed to depart at once. It is the only thing that will stop useless bloodshed. When I have gone, you and Ulric and the palace servants will withdraw with the guard. Use your own judgment about dispersing or staying together. I have a safe conduct pass signed by Schwartz and Zuppke, whoever the latter may be, and Haas has been sent to have my car in readiness."

Von der Lanz looked up suddenly. "May I be spared a moment, your Majesty?" he asked.

"Certainly, Ulric, but hurry back and bring a bottle of brandy with you."

Von der Lanz stepped quickly from the room, and a moment later was entering the officers' mess-hall, where a solitary figure in an olive-drab uniform sat.

"Captain Parker," said Von der Lanz hurriedly. "I hoped you would be here."

"Of course, I waited," said the American, rising. "I only wish there was something I could do."

Von der Lanz stepped closer to him. "There is," he said. "Will you?"

The American nodded. "You know I will. What is it?"

The Hussar glanced quickly around the empty mess-hall, but even then took the precaution to whisper his request.

The American whistled in amazement. "Our Embassy is only a step away," he said. "I could do it all right and bring the passport to you almost at once, but I'm bound to be caught later, and it might cause all sorts of trouble." He smiled grimly. "They'll probably send me to Leavenworth Prison. However, I guess it's worth it."

A few moments later the Hussar was standing before the King again, with a bottle of brandy in one hand a diplomatic passport in the other; he handed the latter to the King. The King glanced at it, then, laughing, looked at von der Lanz. "Where did you get that, Ulric?" he asked.

"From the American Military Attache. It will be far more useful to you in crossing the border than any treacherous paper signed by Schwartz."

The King assented.

"I think you're right," he said thoughtfully, "Now, let's have a stirrup cup."

As Von der Lanz was filling three small glasses, an ominous sound, gathering in volume, came from the Konigsplatz. "Your Majesty," he said hastily. "Please listen to the arrangements I have made. Feval to the arrangements I have made. Feval Haas has your car and chauffeur waiting at the west gate. . ." He paused a moment. "But you are not going in it."

The King saw Hohenlohe nod in assent.

"I have instructed Jonas to have Hohenlohe's Daimler on the driveway near the north entrance. The first plan was for you to drive through the back street past the Tiergarten and thence out of the city by the Konigsburg-Grosshaven road, to the border. That plan is cancelled."

The King listened, and again Hohenlohe nodded.

"You will now," continued Von der Lanz, "take Joachim's car and tear out of the north driveway just as your car leaves the west gate. You will dash along the Friedrichstrasse until you reach the Exterior Boulevards; then take the Grande Allee until you get on the Konigsburg-Roda Arterial. The last thing that would occur to your enemies is that your Majesty would escape towards Roda, the centre of all Communist activity. Once in Roda, you'll be at the junction of the Russian-Saxe-Radig frontier. Your passport should get you over the border into Saxe-Radig easily enough. Does this plan meet with your Majesty's approval?"

The King nodded and at that moment Haas entered.

"Your chauffeur has been instructed, your Majesty!"

"Good," said the King quietly. "Good! Go back, Haas, and tell him I shall be ready in five minutes, and in five minutes come back here yourself!"

A quick glance passed from Von der Lanz to Hohenlohe. "Travelling clothes," said the King, slipping out of his tunic. In record time Alexander II. was garbed as a private citizen. Quickly, he filled a pocket with cigarettes; then, slipping a grey felt hat on his head, pulled a silk muffler round his throat and lifted the collar of his loose overcoat.

Von der Lanz placed the passport in the side pocket of the coat. Silently the King walked to the door. In the doorway he paused an instant; then, turning back, reached into the breast pocket of his green velvet tunic and gently drew out a folded newspaper photograph.

"I knew," he said softly, "I had forgotten something."

THE room was ominously quiet when Feval Haas entered a moment later. He stopped and looked around. Suddenly a frightened look came into his eyes.

"Where is the King?" he demanded.

"Gone," said Von der Lanz very quietly, closing the door. Haas whirled around. An awful look came into the Hussar's eyes.

"Ulric!" screamed Haas, backing away. "Ulric! What are you going to do?"

Silently, slowly, the Hussar walked towards him. Haas backed away two more steps; Hohenlohe's hands caught him from behind. The Hussar held him erect. Hohenlohe pushed his arms into the sleeves of a green velvet tunic, and Hohenlohe's soft voice whispered in his ear: "You should be happy. Just think—your are dressed in the King's clothes, and—who knows?—someone may think you are the King!"

The room swam dizzily before Feval's eyes. He felt a visored cap pressed on his head and a full-length cloak thrown around him, then a stab of steel in his back—the muzzle of Von der Lanz's pistol, which he had held in his own hand but a short time before, dug cruelly into his ribs. Von der Lanz's voice, ominously quiet, sounded in his ear: "Walk, rat, or I'll drag you!"

Haas felt himself moving forward like an automaton. Down endless corridors they walked, the three former aides to his late Majesty the King. They passed out of a door and down a gravel path. Suddenly a woman, swathed in furs, rushed at them, stopping short as she recognised the three.

"You!" she gasped, staring at the man in the King's uniform. "You!"

In a flash she turned away, but her first step towards escape was her last. She felt Hohenlohe's long fingers bite into the soft flesh of her arm, and heard his low voice whispering in her ear:

"Please take his Majesty's arm, Madame."

NINA PONIATOFSKY hesitated a moment, looking at Hohenlohe. She saw no mercy in the usually gentle, blue eyes. Suddenly, with a brazen little laugh, she slipped her hand into the folds of the King's cloak, touching her fingers to Feval's shaking arm.

Propelled by Hohenlohe and Von der Lanz, the pair passed by the rigid, gaping sentry, and out through the gate to the waiting car. Von der Lanz opened the door, and Nina, stepping defiantly in, seated herself. Haas hesitated an instant, and Von der Lanz prodded his ribs with the muzzle of his pistol. Moaning weakly, Haas stumbled in. Von der Lanz beckoned to the chauffeur.

"Get out," he said, "and unscrew the catches which open the doors from within."

The man obeyed with alacrity. Then, recognising Haas, he almost dropped the screwdriver.

"The King?" he demurred.

"The King is gone," snapped Von der Lanz, "and, God willing, is safe! Hurry, you blockhead; we have no time to lose!"

Quickly the doors were locked from the outside.

The big car, gliding silently off, gathered speed and rolled up momentum, the wheels turning faster and faster. The polished metalwork flashed in the sun. The arms of Zagau, emblazoned on the door, shone arrogantly like steel banners.

Von der Lanz scowled silently ahead, tapping his knee with the muzzle of the automatic pistol which he held in his right hand. The car roared on, the horn shrilling its approach. Through the winding back streets, strangely silent, curiously deserted, it sped; then along the wide, smooth Tiergarten Concourse.

"Aren't you going too fast?" muttered Von der Lanz.

Hohenlohe slowed down an instant, to turn the car from the Tiergarten Concourse into the Southern Boulevard. The tires squeaked on the asphalt as the heavy limousine swung around the corner.

In that instant as Hohenlohe straightened the wheel and pressed his foot on the accelerator, the body of the car came abreast of a policeman's wooden box.

"Fire!" cried a voice.

In a split second the voice was drowned by a burst of machine-gun fire at point-blank range. A hail of lead crashed through the heavy glass panes of the car, finding its mark on human bodies. A figure clothed with regal dignity jerked convulsively and toppled forward on the floor; blood ran down the King's green cloak. A twist of agony threw Nina's head back; her hand strayed vaguely upward, fluttering over her breast, and then fell limply at her side. With a slumping motion she fell forward, and her bloodstained sables covered the body of Feval Haas.

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Behind a flat-topped yellow desk sat Comrade Zuppke. His eyes were red from lack of sleep, and deep blue lines of fatigue showed under them. The telephone rang incessantly. Through excitement and hurry, stress and strain, Zuppke remained aloof and cool. Quietly he turned to a man wearing a red brassard.

"Comrade Twenty-nine," he said lolly. "The army report is still missing. What is your explanation of this?"

"Comrade Zuppke," answered the man nervously, "I myself am at a loss. Definite instructions have been left at the telephone office that a call from No. 1 key man at Imboden's headquarters should be switched through to you at once. Why it has not come through as yet I cannot understand."

The door burst open, and a man rushed to Zuppke's desk. "Comrade Zuppke," he panted, "Comrade Zuppke, I have terrible news!"

Zuppke looked at the man quietly. "What is it?" he asked.

The man seemed to gather his breath for an instant, and then burst out:

"We arranged the execution of the Citizen Alexander, wearing, as instructed, the uniforms of the Konigsburg police. As the King's car swung into the Southern Boulevard from the Tiergarten Concourse, we opened fire at point-blank range. The shots found their marks. At that instant the footman jumped from his seat and on to the running-board, with a pistol in his hand. He shot our gunner through the head, and killed two more of our men, wounding a fourth. Only I"—his voice rose on an hysterical note of fear—"only I escaped!"

Zuppke nodded briefly. "The sacrifice of the comrades was necessary to the revolution."

HE paused for an instant. "Fortunately, we can now blame the King's death on the Cossacks of the old regime. Perhaps it would be——"

"The King is not dead!" chattered the man, in a quick, frightened voice. "The car was found abandoned only a short distance away, and on the floor of it were found the bodies of Nina Poniatofsky and Feval Haas, dressed in the King's uniform!"

A pencil dropped from Zuppke's stubby hand. The color mounted to his face. Clenching his fists an instant, he seemed to call upon his self-control. "Do you know," he asked in an even voice a moment later, where the Citizen Alexander has gone?"

"Yes!" answered the man excitedly. Through the frantic words that followed Zuppke listened coolly, nodding from time to time. Finally he raised a spatulate hand for silence, and lifted the receiver gently from the hook of his telephone.

"Zuppke speaking, Comrade," he said, in a quiet, low voice. "Put me through to our headquarters at Roda at once." There was a moment's pause, and then his voice went on, collected and unhurried: "Headquarters No. 1, Roda? This is Zuppke, Comrade. The Citizen Alexander has escaped. He has been definitely reported in full flight from this city. He is dressed in civilian clothes and is driving a grey Daimler roadster along the Konigsburg-Roda Arterial. He was sighted at the junction of that road and the Grande Allee forty minutes ago and is reported proceeding in your direction at an approximate speed of ninety kilometres per hour. If he maintains that speed, or increases it—as is probable—he should be due at the outskirts of Roda in three hours. You will have every road watched, you will stop and search every car, question every driver and passenger, and detain all who are in any manner questionable. When the car arrives bearing the passenger already described to you—the Citizen Alexander—you will kill him on sight and dispose of his body."

MARSHAL CAROLUS IMBODEN looked at the dead body of the soldier at his feet, still wrapped in the flag. Abruptly the Marshal leaned down and tore the flag from the limp body. He noted the numerals on the uniform collar.

"Sixth Regiment," he muttered angrily. "Pumped full of crazy propaganda."

Along the dirt road leading to the Marshal's headquarters came the rhythmic beat of galloping hoofs. An Hussar officer of the Marshal's staff was rowelling and pushing his mount as if riding to the finish of a flat race. As he flashed abreast of Imboden he flung his weight backward, throwing his horse off stride, and leaped to the ground a few paces from his chief.

"Your Excellency," he gasped, "Colonel Reuter's respects, and he begs to inform you——"

"What," interrrupted the Marshal, "was that volley-firing I heard a minute ago?"

"Your Excellency," panted the white-faced officer, "the volleys were fired by men of the Sixth Regiment of Infantry. They—they executed all their officers as if by some pre-arranged plan."

For an instant the color receded from Imboden's brick-red face, leaving countless deep scratched lines under his eyes and round his moustached lips. His voice shook with baffled rage, his eyes looked incredulous, unbelieving.

"Get to brigade headquarters," he said, in a choking voice. "Have an infantry brigade surround the butchers and disarm them"

"Your Excellency," stammered the cavalryman, "it is too late to do that. The entire regiment—except the Second Company—under arms, and practically fully equipped with ammunition, is already on the road to Roda. The Second Company, having killed the guards and the ordnance detachment, is in full posession of the ammunition dump."

For a moment it seemed as if the words had fallen on deaf ears, as the Marshal looked at the ground before him. Slowly his hand tugged twice at his huge moustache, then he turned to young Brandtenburg. "Have the bugler blow, 'Field-officers' Call'," he said curtly.

A few minutes later, from the steps of the headquarters, the Marshal of the Army of Zagau faced his regimental and brigade commanders.

"Gentlemen, the revolution is a fact. My chief of intelligence informs me that the capital and Roda are in the hands of the Reds. The troops from Roda are on their way to join the Revolution. A few scattered deserters are with them, but the army, with the exception of several futile revolutionary demonstrations in your command, and the suicide of one hysterical young lieutenant, is loyal, thank heaven! Among the hideous tragedies which took place throughout the country but a short half-hour ago, we have learned that the train carrying the artillery brigade was derailed and the personnel wiped out to a man."

He paused for an instant as a murmur of horror rose from his officers.

"To conclude my instructions," continued Imboden; "be ready to move out in half an hour. Gentlemen, that is all. Dismiss!"

Heels clicked, hands were raised to visored caps, a buzz of quick conversation broke loose as the Marshal's officers started to withdraw. They had hardly turned their backs when the chief of intelligence rushed out of headquarters and handed the Marshal a brief message.

Imboden's heavy mouth stretched into a hard line. "Gentlemen," he roared, "come back!"

Quickly the officers reassembled. Silence fell

"Gentlemen," he cried—his voice was bitter—"previous orders are cancelled. Assemble your troops at once. The order of march will follow. We are all going together. We shall have to forget Roda. We shall have to leave our capital in the hands of the Communist jackals." He waved the paper in his hand. "Here is a despatch informing us that advance scouts from the Red army of Russia have already crossed the Baltas River, north of Uba, and that their army will assemble on the Saint Plains. We have to meet them. We have sufficient men to divide our forces. We must forget the revolution that is trying to strangle our beloved country from within, and first defeat the revolution that is attempting to crush Zagau from without. Death to the revolution! Long live Zagau! Long live the King!"

Hands were raised in an age-old salute as if holding crusaders' swords aloft, and, deep-voiced, came the cry from the officers of Zagau's army:

"Long live the King!"

AS the Marshal turned away from the dispersing group, young Brandtenburg stepped up to him. "Your Excellency," he asked, "may I have a word?"

"What is it?" asked Imboden.

"The army," said young Brandtenburg, "is starting on a desperate mission and faced with frightful odds. Would it not have an excellent effect upon their morale if they knew that the ammunition dump had been recaptured?"

"Naturally," growled Imboden, "and it would be a blow to the Reds. Why?"

"Because," answered the young lieutenant quietly, "I can effect it."

"How?" demanded Imboden.

Young Brandtenburg spoke hurriedly for a few moments. At first the Marshal shook his head, but finally, won by youth's enthusiasm, nodded a brief consent.

"Very well," he snapped. "Go ahead!"

The Marshal's heavy hand grasped the lieutenant's, and the Marshal's voice, strangely hoarse, spoke to him. "Your father will be proud," he said. "I shall tell the Old Lion when I see him again, wherever and wherever that is. Good-bye, my boy; good luck!"

* * * *

Of all the new officers of the Sixth Regiment none was prouder of his position than Soldier Penneck, commanding the ammunition dump. Having completed a methodical inspection of his stronghold, he sat down to rest a moment and to reflect on the morning's work. He stroked his red brassard with a stubby hand. A soldier ran up to him.

"Comrade, Captain," he said importantly, "a motor-cycle has just come up the road. Its rider demands to see you. He is none other than the son of the so-called Duke of Brandtenburg. What are your orders?"

Soldier Penneck was silent a moment as if considering a problem, and then smiled knowingly. "Send him to me," he said pompously.

The soldier left, and a moment later Brandtenburg stood before him.

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"What do you want?" asked Penneck ponderously.

Brandtenburg seemed to consider an instant. His eyes roamed restlessly about.

"A cigarette," he answered quietly, "and a moment to catch my breath. I covered those four miles from headquarters in less than no time."

Soldier Penneck looked disapprovingly at the elegant figure before him, noting his complete detachment with disfavor. "We are not interested in the speed of a motorcycle," he said sullenly, "but we wish to hear your message. Be brief!"

Young Brandtenburg nodded pleasantly. "I will," he said, his eyes alert, "be as brief as possible."

His darting glance suddenly fell upon a steel door set in a concrete wall. Penneck's eyes followed his. The Red commander jumped to his feet. In a flash, Brandtenburg hit him on the jaw with all his strength. The Communist collapsed, then slowly rolled over on his knees as the lieutenant dashed to the great steel door leading to the ammunition dump and flung it open. Brandtenburg thrust his hand in his pocket and wrenched out a hand grenade. As he pulled the pin, Penneck fired again and again. Stabs of blinding pain racked the lieutenant. He dropped to his knees. His left hand clinging to the handle of the opened door, and still holding the sizzling grenade in his right, with a last supreme effort of human will he tossed the grenade into the concrete cellar. His left hand relaxed. He fell limply forward. An instant later the very earth seemed to rip apart.

ALONG the Konigsburg-Roda Arterial sped a twelve-cylinder grey Daimler. Behind the wheel, with legs spread out and one hand resting on the car's side, lounged the King.

At a point about half a kilometre from where the road cut into the outskirts of the town stood a small white wooden shack. Out of it sprang a man. He glanced down the road towards the speeding Daimler, then beckoned to a companion. A moment later the Konigsburg-Roda Arterial was spanned by a wooden toll gate. The King measured it with keen eyes as the car sped towards it.

"About a metre and a quarter," he murmured. "Now, if I were only on a horse I could jump it."

He took a firm grasp on the wheel with both hands and braced himself. He reached his left hand forward and pulled the windscreen down, pressing the accelerator to the floorboard.

There was an instant's suspense, a gathering of ultimate speed, a warning cry from one guard, a scream of fear from the other, a crashing, splintering sound as the wood broke like matchsticks; a tinkle of glass from breaking headlights, the sound of metal ripping as a fender crumpled—but the car, like a grey meteor, roared and rocketed on through the deserted streets of the town.

A few faces peered out of windows. Buildings seemed to be packed closer together and then to widen out again.

The King cocked an attentive ear to the engine's roar. "Confounded thing seems to run," he mused.

His eyes were stung by the wind, he pushed the windscreen back into place. A whining noise sped past his car like the buzz of an angry bee. The windscreen cracked as a small hole was drilled through it from behind. An instant later the sound of impact came again and bits of glass fell into the King's lap. The second hole was close to his ear. The King frowned and shook his head.

"That's good shooting," he grumbled, settling himself lower in the seat.

The car tore over the road, up a small incline, then rocketed down a hill at an appalling speed. At the second upgrade the power seemed to drain from it, slowing the car perceptibly. It seemed to toil to the crest of the hill, slowed down, and rolled to a stop. The King stamped on the accelerator impatiently. Nothing happened.

HE jumped out and raised the hood of the engine. He gazed at the mechanism in utter bewilderment. Impatiently he slammed the hood down and walked to the rear of the car. A thin line of liquid trailed along the road over which he had passed. A small hole showed near the bottom of the petrol tank.

A shot rang out from behind. The king wheeled round and saw on the crest of the nearest hill several vague forms silhouetted against the sky. A man knelt with a rifle to his shoulder. Instantly the King dropped out of sight behind his car and, drawing an automatic pistol from his overcoat pocket laid an extra magazine on the running board before him. Then, resting his arm against the body of the car, he sighted down the blunt pistol.

Carefully he squeezed the trigger; the pistol gave an upward bound in his hand. Dust sprang up in the road fully ten yards in front of his kneeling target.

"What rotten shooting!" growled the King. "I am glad Ulric is not here. He would never let me hear the end of it."

Three figures dropped prone on the sides of the road. Rifles cracked. The King steadied his arm and fired again. His shot went far to the right.

The kneeling man's forearm went back, then forward as he closed the bolt of his rifle. An instant later a steel bullet embedded itself in the body of the car within two inches of the King's head.

"Just for that I am going to punish you," muttered the King ominously. He fired three shots in succession; he saw one hit slightly short; then a kneeling figure toppled over, twitched once or twice, and lay still.

A bullet winged over his head; another punctured the tire of the rear wheel; a third thwacked against the metal of the car close to his body.

Reloading, he looked up as a heavy limousine raced over the brow of the hill. Firing ceased an instant, and a hopeful look came into the King's eyes as he saw the machine dip into the little valley and roar up the incline towards him. He had an instant's glimpse of a large, smartly uniformed chauffeur with a heavy face; then he heard the welcome sound of grinding brakes as the car stopped beside him. The chauffeur thrust his face towards him. A door was flung open.

"Hop in, guy, hop in!"

In a bound the King jumped in beside the chauffeur. There was a breathless instant before gears meshed and the car shot forward. With a tinkle of glass the rear window shattered and there was a sharp, metallic note as a fender was pierced; then the car rolled out of firing range down the far side of the incline.

"Gee," said the chauffeur, "I'm glad we got away from them gorillas! What was they tryin' to bump you off for?"

"Oh, I do not know," said the King in his meticulous, almost Oxfordian English. "But I am very glad that you come along. They might have hit me."

"Yeah," added the driver, "and, what's worse, they mighta hit me. This is some dump!"

"I am so sorry," said the King, "that we have made a bad impression."

"Aw, that's all right, that's all right. I used to live in Chicago."

"Ah, yes," nodded the King. "I am Fisher Hamilton, the American Ambassador."

The chauffeur started with surprise.

"You Mr. Hamilton? Well, ain't that the limit! My boss is in a dump where there ain't no telephone, and I was on my way to 'phone you when all the shootin' began and I was stopped and had to toin back."

The chauffeur looked at him out of the corner of his eye in a curious, puzzled way.

"Excuse me, Mr. Hamilton," he hazarded, "but ain't it kind of funny that those guys should be shootin' at you? Even if they have a revolution they ain't supposed to kill ambassadors, are they?"

"No, indeed," said the King heartily. "The diplomatic service is distinctly rated among the less hazardous occupations."

"I guess so," nodded the chauffeur. "None of them guys ever perch their tail feathers in a front-line trench, begging your pardon, Mr. Hamilton."

"Oh, that's all right," said the King lightly. "As a matter of fact I was quite young enough to be an enthusiastic combatant in the little border rumpus of 1914."

"Is that so?" said the chauffeur. "I was with De Rainbow myself—artillery—light housekeepin' for horses, you know. Where was you, Mr. Hamilton?"

"Cavalry—Russia," came the simple reply.

The car slowed down coming to an abrupt stop beside a fallow field. Not a soul was in sight.

"Listen, guy," the driver said ominously, "I picked you up out of a massacree, and I don't ask no questions. You tell me you're Fisher Hamilton who I'm lookin' for. You ain't no more the American Ambassador than I am. I'm Tim Dugan, Chicago, chauffeur. Now, who are you? Come clean!"

THE King slipped his hand into his coat pocket, and fishing out two loose cigarettes handed one to the driver who inspected it carefully and then, with an inquiring, sidelong glance, clamped it between his lips. The other tapped the cigarette slowly on his thumb nail and rolled it between his fingers.

"Do you really want me to tell you who I am?" he asked.

"I do," answered Tim.

"I am Alexander II., King of Zagau."

"Gee! muttered Tim Dugan. He removed the cigarette from his mouth and inspected with renewed interest the stamped gold crown and monogram.

"Is that what all them crowns and things are for?" he mumbled vaguely.

"Yes," said the King. "And I hope you will believe me this time."

"Sure I do, King, sure," murmured Tim uncomfortably. "Say, what kind of a song and dance will you go into if you bump into my boss?"

"Don't let us cross our bridges too soon, Tim," said the King, relaxing momentarily. "By the bye, speaking of your employer, who is he?"

"It ain't a he," he said. "It's a lady, Mrs. Gordon Coatesworth."

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Around the inn Zum Hirsch on the outskirts of the little village of Stueblau hung a curious quiet. The rural postman, cycling by, had missed his route through Stueblau for the first time in fifteen years. So, too, for the first time in fifteen years had he missed stopping at the inn. Only one person had entered—a lady, who stepped from her limousine, merely stating that she would wait. Occasionally for a few minutes at a stretch she paced the verandah restlessly. She jumped from the chair in which she had just sat down when she heard a car draw up. Footsteps entered the inn.

"Is Mrs. Coatesworth here?" a pleasant voice in the entry inquired.

At the sound of the unfamiliar voice she looked up with a puzzled frown. There was a pause.

"I do not know, sir," came the stammering reply, "but there is a lady waiting."

"I think she is waiting for me," came the slightly mocking tone again. "Would you please say that Mr. Hamilton requests her to be so good as to step into the parlor?"

Wonderingly Anne Coatesworth crossed the hallway of the inn to the parlor. A man was standing with his back turned away from her, looking out of the window. He wheeled about. The man and the woman looked at each other; the drab little room faded out. Two pairs of eyes pierced all dimensions. They seemed to come closer together, yet neither person moved.

"You!" she gasped. "You!"

The King bowed gravely.

"THANK you, Mrs. Coatesworth," he said, "for recognising me. It almost makes me feel as if you were expecting me."

"I—I almost think I was," breathed Anne.

The King crossed the room towards her and bowed reverentially over her hand. As he raised his head he looked at her directly.

"You are," he said, "if I may say so, even more beautiful than I had expected."

Anne drew her hand away slowly.

"I came expecting charming speeches," she murmured, "but not from you."

Instantly a gleam came into the King's eyes.

"I came," he said, "expecting a great, great deal, and the very least that you can expect from me is a decent luncheon. May I attend to it now?"

"Please do," replied Anne. "I've only had coffee this morning and I am frightfully hungry."

"I shall do the best I can, Mrs. Coatesworth," said the King opening the door. "Hey, landlord!" he called.

The kitchen door opened and a waiter ran to him.

"Herr Rumpelbauch will be here in a minute, sir," said the fellow nervously. "May I take your order?"

"You may," said the King, "and be quick about it. You will serve us on the verandah and take care of the chauffeur, a most estimable person, who is probably ravenous by now. And be sure, my good fellow, that the brook trout you serve us is fresh."

A few moments later Anne watched him in amazement as he attacked his lunch with the healthy appetite of the untroubled.

"You haven't told me yet why you are here," she whispered. "How did you happen to arrive instead of Mr. Hamilton?"

"Oh," said the King airily, "Mr. Hamilton is very busy, and I am now—a man of leisure. I am as serene as a summer sky, as peaceful as a priest at prayer and as happy as a starling."

A strained expression came over Anne's face. "Please," she begged earnestly, "don't be flippant for just a moment. If you are in trouble I'll help you."

The King dropped his fork abruptly.

"Will you?" he asked humbly. "Why?"

"Because," continued Anne irritably, "I suppose it's my duty. Aren't we all supposed to help one another?"

A DOOR opened, and closed with a bang. Tim bounded on to the verandah.

"On your feet, King!" he roared.

"What is the trouble?" asked the King quietly.

"I heard them whispering in the kitchen just now," gasped Tim excitedly. "I was in the army of occupation, and I understand Heinie pretty good. The landlord what runs this place said he recognised you, then he tells the waiter there was funny doings over in Konigsburg—that the post didn't get through and the telegraph was shut—and he figured that if there was any trouble he'd better be on the safe side. So he hopped on his bicycle for the nearest telephone, tellin' the waiter to keep you here as long as possible."

The King pushed his chair back and rose to his feet.

"Perhaps," he said, "we had better not wait."

"The minute we leave," Anne said quietly, "the waiter will only spread the alarm."

"Oh, no, he won't, ma'am," said Tim firmly. "I fixed him so he won't talk for a while!"

"Stout fellow, Tim," cried the King. "Now we had better be off."

A moment later he was seated beside Anne, and the big limousine started in motion.

"Where to, ma'am?" asked Tim over his shoulder.

Anne turned to her companion. "The car is absolutely at your disposal," she said. "You give instructions."

"Thank you," said the King. "I will if I may." He leaned slightly forward in his seat.

"Take this road," he said, "though Stueblau, and as we come out of the village we shall be back on the Konigsburg-Roda Arterial. You must continue on that until you get to Roda, then get Mrs. Coatesworth over the frontier as quickly as you can."

He turned abruptly to the woman at his side.

"You might as well know the truth," he continued. "The country is in revolt. I have abdicated, and the capital is in the hands of the Reds. My first thought is for your safety, which should be assured if Tim follows my directions and I relieve you of the danger of my presence."

Anne leaned quickly towards him.

"What will you do?" she asked anxiously.

"I shall," said the King, speaking rapidly, "hire a car and make a dash for the border. I anticipate no difficulty in crossing, as I have a safe-conduct pass signed by the Communist leaders."

"If it is as simple as that," said Anne, "why don't you let us take you into Saxe-Radig?"

"Because——"

"Because," interrupted Anne impatiently, "you know as well as I that a Communist pass is probably as worthless as a Bolshevik's word of honor, and you are perfectly aware that the roads are watched and the borders guarded. They have baited the trap—will you let them catch you?"

"Certainly not," said the King reassuringly. "I am going to fly over the border with a smile, waving a diplomatic passport in their scowling faces—a passport giving me the high diplomatic immunity of the American Ambassador, Fisher Hamilton."

Clasping her hands tightly, Anne looked into his face.

"Why, oh, why," she said, a breaking note in her voice, "didn't you tell me all this before? But it's not too late. You go ahead; I'll stay behind. I'll be safe; they can't do anything to me. Let me out! You go on—take the car. You will never get through as Fisher Hamilton, so don't let them stop you. Make a dash for it! Tim will get you through, if anyone can. When you are safe across the border, telephone the American Embassy in Konigsburg, and tell Mr. Hamilton where I am. He can fetch me."

An irresistible impulse clutched the King. He leaned forward quickly and kissed her, then started to rise from his seat as the Konigsburg-Roda Arterial flashed before them.

"Stop the car, Tim!" he cried.

There was a grinding of brakes and a squeaking of tires. The King turned to Anne.

"Thank you," he said humbly. "Thank you, but it is absolutely out of the question."

He opened the door. Desperately she clutched at his coat, drawing him back.

"Can't you see it's impossible for me to leave you? At least, I can help you find some place to hide. We will go wherever you say."

The King hesitated a moment, then, taking her hand, bent over and kissed it.

"I will not try to thank you," he said.

"Please don't," replied Anne quickly. "Just give Tim your orders."

The King leaned forward.

"Take the first dirt road to the left," he said, addressing the chauffeur. "It leads straight into the Eturian foothills. It is about a four-hour drive up into the mountains to the village of Birken. We are going to an inn just beyond. It is kept by a dependable man; it is a little place called Zum Lustigen Peter."

IT was an austere room, complete in its masculinity. The low divan was heavily upholstered. The big Morris chairs had leather cushions. Upon the walls hung many different sabres. On the mantelpiece were suspended heavy cavalry swords; by the fireplace stood an ancient yeoman's pike, serving as a poker.

The ticking of the clock was ominously loud in the silence of the room. Now and then a shot was heard outside, now and then a scream of terror.

With his broad back to the small open gate stood Ulric Von der Lanz, scowling around the living room of his apartment. His eyes roved nervously, coming to rest upon the taut figure of Hohenlohe standing on the edge of a heavy table.

Muffled curses came from the streets. A frightened voice was raised in protest. There was a sound of heavy scuffling followed by a cry of pain, then the eerie wail of a woman's voice.

Von der Lanz jumped away from the fireplace.

"They're gutting Konigsburg," he snarled. "I've got to get out—I've got to fight!"

He started for the door. Hohenlohe blocked his path.

"Stay where you are, Ulric," said the Count tensely, "and take your orders from the Duke of Brandtenburg."

He jerked a thumb over his shoulder to

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wards the bathroom whence came mighty sounds of splashings, accompanied by prodigious "oh's" and "ah's."

"I wish he'd hurry," grumbled von der Lanz.

The bathroom door opened and closed with a bang, and into the living-room strode the vast bulk of the Duke of Brandtenburg, bursting out of von der Lanz's dressing gown. Hohenlohe jumped to his feet with alacrity.

"Feeling better, sir?" he inquired.

"Much better, my boy, much better," rumbled the Duke, flicking out a silk handkerchief the size of a towel and trumpeting into it like a bull elephant. Methodically he slipped into his shirt, suddenly turning to the Hussar and Count Hohenlohe.

"Gentlemen," he said gravely, "I am deeply embarrassed, but I shall have to ask your help with my socks and shoes. I must explain that I have been unable to do my bending exercises since I was seventy-five."

In an instant Captain von der Lanz and Count Hohenlohe were busied on their knees.

"THANK you, boys," rumbled the Duke as Hohenlohe and von der Lanz sprang to their feet again with ill-concealed impatience.

He waited while the Count and the Hussar sat down gingerly on the edge of the couch.

"We have not much to do, boys," continued the Duke, "except get the Communists out and get the King back."

"Do you think, sir," interrupted Hohenlohe, "that if we do find him he will come back?"

The Duke nodded gravely.

"Yes, my boy, I know he will. As soon as our operative brings the information, we will be off. Meanwhile, without casting any reflection upon you as my host, I might say that I am famished. This morning I might have forgiven their burning the hunting lodge but what I can't forget is that they burnt me out before I finished my breakfast! Isn't there a lettuce leaf I could nibble on?"

Von der Lanz opened the door leading to the kitchen.

"There's a cold roast chicken in the ice box, sir, he answered.

"Only one?" grumbled the Duke.

It was one hour, a chicken, and two bottles later when the Duke suddenly raised his hand for silence.

"There is some one at the door, Ulric," he said quietly. "I heard a knock."

Nodding silently, von der Lanz drew a pistol from his pocket and tiptoed cautiously to the door. Screening his body against the wall, he reached for the door-knob. Looking over his shoulder an instant, he saw Hohenlohe's pistol covering the doorway. The Count nodded. With a quick movement the Captain shot back the bolt and flung the door open, jabbing his pistol into a man's stomach. An instant later he relaxed.

"Come in," said the Captain gruffly, standing aside to permit the austere Jonas to enter. The old butler bowed low to the Duke, then to Count Hohenlohe and to Captain Von der Lanz.

"At last, at last!" snapped the Duke. "We were getting worried and this waiting seemed interminable. Glad you're here, Jonas."

"Thank you, my lord, and may I felicitate you upon your escape this morning? The news reached me through the usual channels, by Rosa, the scullery maid, and Schwartz's Italian bodyguard—"

"How did you get away, Jonas?" interrupted the Duke.

"Oh, very simply, sir," answered Jonas modestly. "I got the Zuppke person to write me a pass as soon as I learned the approximate whereabouts of the King—"

"You know that, then?" barked the Duke.

"Yes, my lord."

"They know it too," snarled the Duke, "and they have a start on us."

"Exactly!" cried von der Lanz, jumping to his feet. "We must get there first."

"We'll never do it in Ulric's old crate."

Jonas coughed hesitatingly. "If you will excuse me, Count Hohenlohe, I have a car outside."

"You have?" boomed the Duke. "Whose?"

"Zuppke's," answered Jonas deprecatingly. "As your Grace has been kind enough to remark, I have some facility with the pen and once having obtained Zuppke's signature, the rest was comparatively easy. The car and the Red driver are outside."

"Is the rascal alive?" demanded the Hussar, taking an automatic pistol from a bureau drawer.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Jonas quietly. "I thought I had better leave the violence to you, Captain Von der Lanz."

The red-faced little landlord of Zum Lustigen Peter stood bowing his welcome at the door as Tim brought the big limousine to a halt. So profound was his obeisance to the lady that Lustig's eyes did not take in her companion until he was within the inn. Then he stared unbelievingly at the King. The King walked over to him and let his hands fall upon the innkeeper's fat shoulders.

"Lustig," he asked simply, "do you know me?"

"Yes, your Majesty," murmured the innkeeper. "Who in Zagau would not?"

"Good," said the King. "Then we can deal much more simply. Have you accommodation for us?"

Lustig bowed deferentially.

"Oh, yes, your Majesty," he said proudly. "May I show your Majesty and madame upstairs?"

ANNE and the King followed the innkeeper up a steep little flight of stairs.

"Fortunately," smiled the landlord as he opened the door of a high ceilinged room supported by heavy beams, "I have an upstairs sitting room. I hope it will please madame."

"It is perfectly charming!" exclaimed Anne heartily.

"Thank you, madame," said Lustig, bowing. "Here," he said, "is a large bedroom with a southern aspect."

"Thank you," said the King detachedly.

"And over here," continued Lustig, recrossing the living-room and opening another door, "is a smaller bedroom."

"Perhaps," interposed the King hastily, "it would be possible for you to serve dinner in this charming living-room. That would obviate my running the risk of being seen."

"Certainly, your Majesty," said Lustig, beaming. "I can build a cheery little fire."

"A fire," said the King, drawing his coat collar closer to his neck, "would be very comfortable."

With grateful, bobbing little bends Lustig bowed his way out of the room.

As his footsteps lumbered down the steep stairs the King crossed to Anne's side and took her hand in both of his.

"Everything seems so pleasant, peaceful and tranquil now that you are with me."

He bowed over her hand and kissed it.

"I can scarcely believe it myself, but you are here," said the King.

"Yes," said Anne quietly, "I am here."

His face came closer, her eyes holding his. Involuntarily her head went back. She raised one hand in trembling protest as she felt his warm breath close to her lips.

The King started suddenly on seeing the door opened by Lustig, who entered, his arms full of wood.

"Forgive me, your Majesty," murmured the innkeeper, passing to the fireplace.

"Why didn't you knock?" asked the King sternly.

"I did, sire," answered Lustig, busy with the fire. "I knocked several times, quite loudly."

AFTER dinner they sat before the fire, the King chatting pleasantly. Anne's sallies were brief and nervous. The food was cleared away, and Lustig bowed himself out. A momentary sense of relief seemed to come over the King and Anne.

The King filled a liqueur glass with brandy and handed it to Anne. She took it. Crossing to the couch, he sat down beside her, looking into the fire. His arm stole around the back of the sofa, then around her. He leaned over her mouth. She hesitated an instant, eyes wide, lips slightly parted. Then, with a quick, caressing gesture, she kissed him swiftly on the cheek.

"I should be afraid to let myself become attached to you," she whispered.

He stifled her protests with kisses.

"You know," he said a moment later, "I suppose every beautiful woman looks her best at night, because you look infinitely more lovely now than you did early this morning."

"This morning?" Anne asked, puzzled.

"Yes, this morning, my darling."

Searching rapidly through his pockets, he brought out a folded piece of newspaper and handed it to Anne.

"I look," said Anne, gazing censoriously at her likeness, "as if my face needed lifting."

"You look," said the King, taking the picture from her, "exactly what you are—the most beautiful woman in the world."

His arm went around her again. He kissed her throat.

"Dearest," he murmured, "to-day my world fell crashing at my feet, but I found you and count the world well lost. So it has always been with lovers. In your eyes I see the hope of another life. Don't—please don't take it from me!"

She held his face in her hands.

"Alex," she whispered, "I don't want to take anything from you. I want to give you everything. But in me is that foolish woman's fear—that it may mean so very little to you."

He sank on one knee before her, his arm encircling her, pressing her to him.

Joachim von Hohenlohe kept his eyes upon the road. Captain von der Lanz scowled dead ahead. In the back of the car the Duke of Brandtenburg dozed comfortably, while from time to time as he stirred in his sleep Jonas tucked the lap rug gently about him.

"If we stop at every barn asking questions," growled the Hussar, "we shall never get anywhere."

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"If we don't stop at every house," amended Hohenlohe, "we shall certainly miss the King."

"Well," grumbled von der Lanz, "can't you speed this snail's pace?"

Hohenlohe slowed the car down still more as the curve in the road brought them perilously close to a sharp declivity.

The car wound higher into the hills. Dawn was breaking. Hohenlohe switched off the headlights. A little red showed in the sky.

Suddenly, clear, sharp and penetrating, came the staccato crack of shots. In an instant von der Lanz stiffened and bent forward eagerly as if tugging at invisible bonds. Hohenlohe's foot pressed the accelerator; his face remained unmoved. Jonas reached over and gently shook the Duke, who protestingly opened his eyes and sat up with a prodigious grunt.

"I thought I had better awaken your Grace," murmured Jonas apologetically. "Shots are being fired. There may be danger ahead."

"What of it?" grumbled the Duke, yawning expansively. "There always is."

AT the top of the incline was a level grade. The car gathered speed, rolling to a stop under two great oaks before a little mountain tavern, in front of which stood a high-powered car. A man sat at the wheel; his left arm was encircled with the Communist badge.

In a flash Von der Lanz leaped from his seat, tugging at the automatic pistol in his coat pocket. The driver whirled in his seat, revolver in hand, and aimed point blank at the Captain. A shot rang out. The pistol dropped from the driver's hand. Blood ran down his face.

"Got him," boomed the Duke's voice.

Count Hohenlohe leaped from behind the wheel and sped after the Hussar to the tavern's door.

In an instant Jonas flung himself upon the Duke, dragging him to the floor of the motor.

"Forgive me," he said, pressing the Duke's great bulk firmly down, "but your Grace will remain here."

With amazing speed he leaped from the car, dashing after Hohenlohe and the Captain.

Von der Lanz, pistol in hand, flung his bulk against the oaken door. It burst open and he almost stepped upon the body of a little red-faced man in an old-fashioned nightcap, whose blood discolored the floor. Bursting into the next room, he was confronted by a huge, hairy fellow with the neck of a broken bottle in his hand.

"Where is the King?" roared Von der Lanz.

"Who are you to know?" growled the big man.

"Von der Lanz—the King's aide. Speak, or I fire!"

Tim's scowling face relaxed.

"He's upstairs," came the answer quickly, "and so are a couple of Bolsheviks, waiting to give him the wolks."

Von der Lanz brushed him aside and bounded up the stairs, pistol in hand. The stairs were clear, the passageway empty. The house seemed ominously hushed as Hohenlohe joined him. Pushing the Count aside, Von der Lanz rapped upon a door before him.

"Is that you, Ulric?" came a quiet voice.

Color flooded the Hussar's face, and Hohenlohe breathed a sigh of thanks.

"Yes, your Majesty," roared the Captain.

The Captain flung the door of the upstairs living-room open and entered, followed by Hohenlohe. Just over the threshold stretched the body of a man whose skull had been crushed and, by the mantel, stripped to the waist, stood the King, with a poker in his hand.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said pleasantly. "I am so glad you came to remove this distressing object," he pointed at the corpse.

Two shots rang out, followed by a hideous scream. Then the thud of something striking the ground.

"Got 'em! boomed the Duke's voice. "Got 'em both! They came out of that window under the eaves."

A moment later the old Duke came wheezing up the stairs and into the room.

The King extended his hand.

"Good morning, your Grace," he said gravely. "I think you are high gun this morning."

Laughter wrinkles creased under the Duke's steely blue eyes.

"Why not?" he boomed. "Why not? Nowadays boys like Ulric need telescopic sights to hit a barn door."

"Obviously you don't, your Grace," murmured the King. "I heartily rejoice to see you safe. I thought you had gone up in smoke with the hunting lodge."

"Tut, tut," said the Duke, "how people talk!"

Suddenly Von der Lanz jumped to the door, pistol in hand.

"Now what, Ulric?" asked the King patiently.

Von der Lanz whirled about.

"The driver is one," he cried, "the King accounted for another, the Duke shot two —that makes four. We heard from Jonas there were five. There must be one left!"

Tim stopped the Captain in the hallway, significantly waving his broken bottle.

"I knocked him off," he said simply, "before you guys come. He was guardin' the back door, but he ain't no good to nobody now."

"YOUR MAJESTY," exclaimed the Duke, "may I suggest that you put on the uniform that we brought you and that we depart with the utmost despatch? That is, unless there is something here to detain you."

"As it happens," the King said, "there is."

Joachim von Hohenlohe lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

"I trust that nothing serious has happened, your Majesty?"

"Something very serious, Joachim," answered the King.

"Your Majesty," the Duke of Brantenburg said solemnly, "may I remind you that your throne is empty?"

"I gave it up yesterday."

"Under duress, Sire," interrupted the Duke, "and in answer to what seemed to you a demand from the people of Zagau. It was not. It was a daring thrust of the Communists. The army was reported to you in high revolt. That was absolutely false. The despatch you received came from the Communists, not from the Marshal. The army under Imboden holds the frontiers. If its task there is successful it can retake Konigsburg and drive the rascals out."

"Really," murmured the King absently; "if it is as simple as that why do you need me?"

"The army needs you," thundered the Duke; "the people want you."

"The people," answered the King bitterly, "showed me their love yesterday in the Konigsplatz, screaming for my blood." His eyes flashed as he faced the Duke.

The strained silence of that moment was broken by a sound of singing outside the inn. Down the road towards the inn came a surging crowd—heavy peasant women, broad-shouldered men in heavy boots, children and old people, singing the national anthem of Zagau. At its head strode a greybeard with a fowling-piece over his shoulder.

"Where is the King?" he shouted.

Hohenlohe showed himself at the window.

"His Majesty is safe," he cried. Stout peasant lads, carrying rifles, pushed to the fore. They conferred a moment. Then the old greybeard raised his voice.

"It's all right, your Honor," he cried in a ringing voice, "and we are glad to hear it from your lips. But, begging your pardon, we don't believe anyone any more. We want to see the King."

The King showed himself at the window. Instantly a cry went up: "The King! Long live the King!"

THE King swallowed hard, then found his voice.

"Thank you," he spoke simply. "You see I am safe, but"—his voice faltered—"I am no longer your king. Yesterday I gave up the throne. The capital and the palace are in the hands of the Communists——"

"They won't be long, Sire," cried the greybeard. "From every hamlet, from every hillside, the people are marching on Konigsburg, and will kill every Communist that obstructs their way. We own our lands and we mean to keep them. Death to the "communists!"

The King raised his hand in protest.

"If you believe in me," he cried earnestly, "listen and obey, or there will be a frightful civil war. It was to avert this that I gave up my throne. If you still recognise me as your sovereign then obey my command: Go to your homes and lay down your arms."

"Your Majesty," the old patriarch said, "we are fighting for more than a throne: We are fighting for our lives, our homes, our liberty, and the possessions that we have earned by the sweat of our brows. We won't have them pooled to enrich the shiftless. We will keep what we have wrung from the earth through a lifetime of toil."

"We'll see you in Konigsburg, your Majesty," cried the old man.

The procession moved on. The dust rose under their marching feet. As they started down the mountain road their voices rose again in the thunderous hymn of an angered people.

The King whirled upon the group round him.

"Attention to orders!" he snapped. "Perhaps this is my last command, but obey it you must! It will take at least two days for any considerable number of peasants to reach Konigsburg. Imboden, you tell me is along the border on the Salada Plains. Direct him to force combat on the enemy and push on to Konigsburg with all speed, endeavoring to arrive there before the peasantry can convene. Once in the capital he is to wipe out all Communists offering resistance, interning those who quietly capitulate. It is only by the army arriving there first and stamping out the Communists that we can prevent a civil war, involving every human being in Zagau. Are there any questions?"

"May I call your Majesty's attention to the fact that your own plans are undisclosed?" said Count Hohenlohe.

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"My own plans," answered the King coldly, "are private."

Mutely Count Hohenlohe bowed.

"May I ask," the Duke inquired, "when your Majesty intends to return?"

"You may ask me, and I shall answer—never!"

"I may not question your Majesty's decision. Am I right in assuming that your Majesty no longer wishes to be King?"

I never wished to be King," came the tart reply. "If my brother had not died, I should never have been. Circumstances made me King, and no man can say that I failed to do my duty."

"No man can say so," answered the Duke solemnly, "until now."

"Your Grace will explain," the King commanded icily.

"You command Imboden to strike a blow against an unknown force," said the Duke tensely, "yet you will not be there yourself."

"The army of Zagau," the King said proudly, "does not need me to direct it."

"All those men, your Majesty, have been brought up in the traditions of your forefathers' house. Their morale is excellent, based upon a firm belief in your leadership. Will you——"

The door of the bedroom opened, and Anne Coatesworth burst into the room.

"Stop!" she cried to the Duke.

A look of utter amazement spread over Von der Lanz's face, then he bowed stiffly from the waist. Hohenlohe swept her a graceful bow. The Duke of Brandtenburg inclined his leonine head.

"Alex," she said, "I heard every word; I couldn't help it. Why did you fall into this childish trap? Can't you see, dear, this man is just goading you?"

SLOWLY the wrinkles showed again round the old Duke's eyes.

"I was succeeding very well, Madame," he said, "until your charming entrance. By a simple appeal to pride I was attaining my very necessary ends."

"Your ends?" cried Anne scornfully. "The chancelleries of Europe were held by men like you in 1914, and look what happened! Such men have much to answer for."

The Duke's steel-blue eyes blinked an instant through their spectacles. "So your grandfather said to me when he was American Ambassador to Berlin."

"How do you know," Anne asked, "who my grandfather was?"

"Men like me must know everybody."

"Apparently you do," said Anne tensely, "but who I am does not matter. I don't count—he does." She pointed to the King and whirled upon the Duke: "And neither you nor any other man is going to take him from me!" Her voice rose, then broke into a sob on the last word. For a moment she cried unrestrainedly, then with a great effort choked back her tears.

Von der Lanz scowled uncomfortably out of the window, and Hohenlohe looked steadily at the ceiling. The Duke muttered something that sounded very much like, "Poor child!"

"Give me your handkerchief, Alex," she whispered. "I am very sorry; please excuse me. I understand completely, just as well as he does, that he must go. Maybe it would be easier if I went first."

She looked at the Duke, who nodded slowly. "Please order my car," she whispered. "And please don't go. It will be easier if you don't leave us alone together," she said.

The Duke's hard eyes softened. "My child," he said, "I compliment you on your courage. A king cannot leave his realm in danger, his people unprotected; but after——"

"But after my work is done," interrupted the King, "I am coming to you. Or, if I cannot—will you come to me?"

"I will come to you, Alex," she said, "wherever you are. Whenever you want me come for me or send for me. I shall be with my sister, the Baroness Adelfelz, in Gorlitz—waiting."

MARSHAL IMBODEN sat on a camp stool beneath a gnarled apple tree. His chief of staff squatted beside him on the ground.

"Fully half of the hostile infantry," he said, "have crossed the bridge over the Baltas. I should like to attack now, before they have a chance to bring more troops across the bridge; but it is absolutely essential that we should be able to prove we are resisting an invasion."

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sharp crash of rifle fire, followed by the staccato rattle of machine guns. Involuntarily the Marshal jumped to his feet.

A droning sound from overhead mingled with the sharp cackle of small arms firing. The Marshal stopped in his tracks looking up to where the plane hovered almost directly overhead.

"I wonder what that is?" he speculated. "It cannot be an enemy plane: it is coming from the north-west."

Slowly the plane drifted lower, directly over the zone of operations and then continued flying eastward, where it hesitated. Suddenly, meteor-like, it rocketed earthward. There was a sound of heavy detonations as the plane zoomed up again. Gaining altitude, it recrossed the firing lines and spiralled slowly earthward, landing in an open field.

A few moments later, guided by an aide, the King strode to the spot where Marshal Imboden paced up and down. Curtly he waved aside greetings and formalities.

"Imboden," he snapped, "the Duke of Brandtenburg not only provided me with a plane from Saxe-Radig for myself and party, but had the foresight to load it with bombs. I have just destroyed the bridge over the Baltas river. It was packed with Russian troops. They were rushing reinforcements. We have their forces divided; the river is too deep to ford. Bring up your supports and reserves at once and attack with every man."

As the Marshal turned to give the necessary orders the King whirled on the Marshal's aide.

"Two horses," he snapped. "Von der Lanz, follow me." A moment later the King and the Hussar galloped down the Stalgaardt-Utrecht road.

The King drew up as the approaching column of his troops neared. The leading elements were almost abreast before the marching men recognised their sovereign. Then a deep-throated cry rang out: "The King, the King! Long live the King!"

The King's hand went to his visored cap with a smart salute.

Shouting, the column trudged by. As the last elements passed, the King galloped along the ditch in the road, past the marching men and fell in at the head of his troops. He deployed his forces on the reverse side of a slope on the far side of which, ground was being hotly disputed. He saw the steel-grey line spread out like a fan, interval being taken with rapid precision. His voice rang out clear, compelling "Fix bayonets!"

The grey line flashed with steel.

The King dismounted and handed his horse to an orderly, then made a forward motion with his arm and started over the crest of the slope. Again his arm signalled: "Avance by rushes!"

With dash and nerve the men plunged forward, building up another line two hundred yards ahead and one hundred yards behind his own first line.

The King's face went white and hard as he saw men stumbling and pitching forward. He turned to a bugler.

"Sound the charge!" he commanded.

The grey line in two waves came to life. Steel flashed on the barren plains of Salada. The King saw the enemy line waver as the first great wave hit it, then watched it break completely as the second assaulting wave struck it like a thunderbolt.

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Leopold Schwartz sprang to his feet. His eyes flashed, his voice was shrill.

"The revolution," he shouted, "will not surrender!"

The shadow of a smile crossed the face of Zuppke.

"Don't you think, Comrade Schwartz," he asked grimly, indicating the empty chairs around the table, "that it begins to look as if the revolution has already surrendered when half the members of the Central Executive Committee disappear?"

Comrade Seventeen jumped indignantly to his feet.

"DO you expect us to wait here and fall into the hands of the Royalists and bourgeoisie?" he stormed. "What kind of a trial do you think we should get?"

Zuppke shook his head grimly.

"Comrade," he said, "you'd get no trial at all. You would be torn to pieces. The revolution does not surrender. It only accepts a breathing space—an armistice. Our greatest blow, and the most unexpected, was to find the army's overwhelming loyalty to the King. A well-fed army does not revolt against a system which feeds it unless it has been schooled in our doctrines and is willing to accept them. It is you, Comrade Schwartz, who informed me that this was the condition here. No—"

Zuppke held up a commanding hand, stifling Schwart's protests.

"Do not interrupt me! You are receiving orders. You will execute them. Imboden's cavalry has already recaptured the rail connections to within eight miles of the city. Before the day is out troops will be pouring into Konigsburg. In the few remaining hours left us we must destroy all records of identity and plans of work.

"The revolution continues. It is simply driven underground. We go away for the moment, but when we come back—we return to stay!"

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The army of Zagau was drawn up in close columns of masses. Officers looked debonair and proud. Confidence exuded from the ranks. Around the flank of the forces galloped a group. A tall figure in the Hussar's green rode beside the Marshal. Commands cracked out. The dense masses stiffened, bristling with steel.

The horsemen drew up and the King dismounted, and, using the interlaced hands of von der Lanz as a scaling-ladder, leaped on a huge boulder and faced the army.

"Have your men stand at ease!"

In an instant the spell was broken and the tomb of silence burst with a roar. The King raised his hand. The clamor died down for an instant, only to swell up again and again. At last silence fell. The

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King found his voice and his words burst forth:

"It is ever said by those who despise soldiers that they never know what they are fighting for. The way you fought to-day shows me you did. You were exhorted by no fine phrases. You were led by no great promises. You simply gave the answer that the enemy demanded. What you fought for is the only valid reason for an armed conflict in the world to-day—to prevent others from forcing their will on you to save themselves. Collectively you have fought and won. So if the time comes, you must fight individually for your right—to be what you want to be! Liberty is only for the brave. Guard it, cherish it, preserve it and keep it, and above all, do not abuse it.

"Soldiers, farewell! That is all. Whenever we have come together you have given me the first salute, and now I will give you the last."

He stood for a dramatic second at salute and then, with a mist of sadness gathering before his eyes, leaped to the ground.

"Sire," said Count Hohenlohe, "the Duke of Brandtenburg awaits your Majesty in a car, half a mile back on the Stalgardt-Utrecht road."

"You and Ulric follow me," replied the King briefly, and mounting, galloped down the road.

As the King clasped the Duke's hand he saw that his eyes were red and that the heavy, sagging face looked very old.

"Imboden told me how your son died blowing up the munition dump. I do not need to tell your Grace how deeply I am grieved for you."

"I had always wanted a son," whispered the Duke huskily. "I was over fifty when he was born. I am sorry to appear shaken. I dread the loneliness that stretches ahead."

Silently the King shook the Duke's hand, and for an instant he felt the huge man's arm encircling his shoulders and his body pressed against his towering bulk in a bear-like hug.

Hohenlohe put his car in gear, and Von der Lanz sat in the back beside the King. With a quick movement the King brushed his hand over his eyes, then he sat back comfortably and relaxed.

"Full speed ahead for Saxe-Radig," he cried. "Over the border wherever we can pass, then the quickest way to Gorlitz."

A MIST hung over the railway station of Bonn. Through the dark of late night and through the shimmering mist the platform lamps flickered, casting a soft yellow glow of light, which threw dimly silhouetted shadows of three officers standing close together. One was clothed in horizon-blue, and the others wore the emerald hue of the Green Hussars of Konigsburg in Zagau.

The three gentlemen seemed in high spirits. Suddenly the door of the waiting-room opened and closed. A man emerged and looked up and down the apparently deserted platform. His eyes fell upon the three officers. Instantly, a hush fell on the group. Three forms stiffened. The man in the doorway hesitated a moment, then strode nonchalantly down the platform towards them. A strange, ominous silence had fallen upon the group. The man drew closer. Suddenly he wavered an instant, faltering in his too casual stride. Instantly the taller Hussar blocked his path.

"What do you want?" growled Von der Lanz.

The man looked past him at the other officer in the green greatcoat.

"Nothing!" he muttered sullenly.

Von der Lanz scowled. "Then be off, my man, and keep your distance! Remember, I am watching you."

Slowly the man's mouth drew into a sneering line. The Captain waited eagerly for a provocative gesture. None came; the man's lips were sealed; only his eyes held insult. Shrugging his shoulders he turned away from Von der Lanz and strode back to the waiting-room. As the door banged behind him, Hohenlohe quickly turned to the King.

"Your Majesty," he said quietly, "that fellow was one of the leaders in the Communist mob on the Konigsplatz yesterday!"

THE King gave a slight start.

"Better take another look and make sure, Joachim. See what is going on."

Bowing briefly, the Count walked down the platform. As he entered the waiting-room, one or two people sitting on the benches looked up sleepily. Near the ticket-window stood the man who had been outside a moment before. He was talking excitedly with two men. Then all three looked questioningly at a fourth member of the party, a stocky man with a grey travelling cap pulled far down over a broad forehead. The stocky man hesitated a moment, then sharply signalled the speaker to silence as he saw the elegant figure of Hohenlohe in the doorway. Four pairs of eyes were focused appraisingly upon the Count. Hohenlohe glanced back indifferently an instant, then, raising his eyebrows, looked away as if dismissing the rudeness of their stares. He crossed the waiting-room past the four silent, watching men, to the ticket-window. The Count rapped on the ledge of the ticket-window with an ivory-headed riding crop. Instantly a face appeared at the wicket.

"Can you tell me," he asked casually, "if the Paris Express is on time?"

"The Paris Express, sir, is always on time."

"That is as it should be," murmured Count Hohenlohe. "I am pleased to hear it. And now I shall trouble you for a time-table."

For a few moments with the aid of his monocle, the Count seemed absorbed in studying the train schedule. Suddenly he nodded as if pleased with a discovery, and, replacing the eyeglass in his breast-pocket, leaned his elbow on the sill of the ticket-window.

"Where," he asked, lowering his voice, "is the station-master?"

The clerk started slightly.

"Over there," he said, indicating a door at the far side of the waiting-room.

"Ah, to be sure," murmured the Count. Reaching into his pocket, he drew out a coin with his thumb and middle-finger, and with a flipping movement spun a gold piece towards the clerk.

"Try," he said, raising his voice again, "to get that compartment nearer the centre of the car. I dislike the idea of riding directly over the wheels all the way to Paris. Meanwhile I shall see the station-master and make sure we have the compartment to ourselves."

Abruptly he turned away and walked towards the door the clerk had indicated. He paused an instant, his hand on the door-knob. Without knocking, he entered. The ponderous station-master sat slumped in an easy-chair.

"Please don't rise," said Hohenlohe cheerily.

Slowly the petulant look came back to the heavy face.

"I wasn't going to," growled the station-master. "May I ask," he continued, "who you are and what you want?"

"I want you," said Hohenlohe calmly, "to hold the Paris Express in this station for ten minutes."

A gasp of sheer amazement escaped the fat man. He rose to his feet, confronting the Count.

"Are you crazy?" he demanded harshly.

"No," replied Hohenlohe quietly, drawing out a bulging wallet. "I am not insane, but I am—rich."

The greedy eyes protruding from the red face fastened on a pile of thousand-crown notes.

"Forgive me, Excellency," murmured the station-master reverently, "for my hasty speech. I should like to aid you"—he sighed ruefully, thinking of the contents of the wallet—"but what you ask me is impossible. Consider my position——"

"Consider your pocket-book," snapped Hohenlohe, "and listen to me. I am travelling with a gentleman from Zagau, who, for reasons of his own and in order not to embarrass the Government of Saxe-Radig, has assumed the name of Baron Raventlau. His life is threatened by four men, who are outside in the waiting-room. To have the shadow of death hanging over him every minute is unpleasant enough for the friends who are guarding him, and must be pretty harrowing for the—er—Baron. Should anything happen to him I shall have to inform the Minister for Public Safety that you refused your co-operation, and I can promise you that you will have much to answer for. On the other hand, if you will help me you will not find me ungenerous. I realise you will have to bribe the driver of the Paris Express and will have to assume the responsibility for the delay. However, I am willing to pay. Will this compensate you?"

The official looked at the tendered bills with bulging eyes. "Your Excellency," he murmured, reaching for them as if in a daze, "you are most kind. Everything will be attended to, you may rest assured. And I shall be on hand with one or two of the baggage porters in case we can be of service."

"We are travelling without baggage," replied the Count, "so we shall scarcely need the porters as such, and it seems only fair to tell you that, much as I personally deplore violence, it may be encountered to-night."

THE station-master shrugged his fat shoulders until his head seemed sunk in them. "My porters," he said, "do not object to violence at all. In fact, they revel in it. Brutality is their recreation."

"Good," murmured the Count, "good. Now, please listen to a few instructions I have for you." He leaned forward and spoke rapidly in a low voice. From time to time the station-master nodded in agreement.

"Your wishes will be carried out to the letter, Excellency," he said gravely, as the Count paused an instant in the doorway.

The Count nodded, and closed the door behind him. With rapid strides he crossed the waiting-room and, passing through the door to the station platform, rejoined the King and Von der Lanz. As he did so, the night was pierced by the shrill whistle of an approaching engine.

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"The Paris Express," cried Hohenlohe, "is coming in on the other side of the station."

Suddenly a group of three officers strode briskly along the platform towards the Paris-bound train. Instantly the stocky man's eyes followed their every movement. The officers were about to board the train, when the stationmaster rushed up to them.

"No hurry, gentlemen," he called out. "There is a tie-up ahead. I shall have to hold the train for ten or fifteen minutes, anyway."

"Good," cried the officer in the blue uniform. "We'll have time for a quick one in the buffet. What do you say, gentlemen?"

"I say, 'yes,' by all means," replied the tall Hussar in a loud, gruff voice, "but I want to make sure that our compartment is held."

He turned to the station-master. "Will you please see," he continued, "that no one is admited to Compartment 6, Coach 113?"

"Certainly, sir," said the station-master. "I'll instruct the guard at once."

Arm in arm the three officers strode jauntily towards the buffet.

A WHISTLE shrilled. The station vibrated slightly as an engine and train drew up on the east side of the station. The bored, nasal voice of the booking clerk in the waiting room drifted into the buffet announcing, "East line, Number 74, train leaving at once—Godesburg, Dutzel, Schalbach, and Gorlitz."

The King sipped his warming drink. Von der Lanz banged his empty glass down and flung a silver crown at the barman.

"Keep the change," he growled, "or, if you'd rather, send it to your aunt in Budapest."

As the man picked up the coin the east door of the buffet opened. A porter ran up to the bar.

"A small beer," he cried. "Hurry!"

The barman had scarcely turned to the tap when the porter edged closer to Count Hohenlohe.

"One minute," he whispered. "All clear."

Hohenlohe gave the suggestion of a nod and glanced significantly towards the King, who exhaled a puff of cigarette smoke imperturbably.

A shrill whistle sounded from the engine of the Paris express.

The wheels of the local on the east line turned slowly, the engine and then the first car puffing laboriously past the window of the buffet. The porter gulped his beer nervously. The second car of the Godesburg-Schalbach-Gorlitz train came abreast of the door of the restaurant.

"Now!" cried Hohenlohe.

Three men leaped away from the bar and, dashing through the restaurant, bounded out of the east door on to the east platform of the station just as the Paris express, with a final puff of warning, started in motion on the west side of the junction.

With quick steps the King raced beside a moving car of the local, and catching a handrail, swung himself up. As the train puffed along a few yards a hatless, dishevelled man plunged frantically through the almost empty waiting-room, wrenching something out of his pocket as he ran. He caught a glimpse of the King crouching on the moving platform of the train and extending his hand to help Von der Lanz, the last of the trio up the steps. In the darkness he levelled his pistol. A form sprang through the doorway, and like a bulldog, the stocky man in the grey cap flung himself upon the weapon.

"Dovolno—enough!" he cried, wrenching the revolver away. "You fool!" he growled tensely, dragging his protesting comrade deeper into the shadows. "What would you have gained by killing him here with plenty of witnesses and no possible chance of escape? He thinks he's rid of us. He is—for the moment."

Gradually the other man's breathing dropped to normal; slowly he relaxed as the train bearing the King drew out of sight.

"You're right, Comrade Zuppke," he muttered.

The stocky man nodded emphatically.

"Had the King headed for Paris as I thought he would it might have been different. In Paris we are in such a strong position that we can accomplish almost anything. Why," continued Zuppke proudly "when the White Russian organisation in Paris became too powerful under General ——, I personally went to Paris, had the general kidnapped in broad daylight, and disposed of him that night. The mystery of his disappearance was reported in every country. No trace was ever found of him, and counter-revolutionists the world over drew in their horns." The speaker paused a moment.

"One must know when and where to strike," he went on. "I cannot deal with your undisciplined impetuosity, Kaleneff. Unfortunately Losofsky and Bitteral are almost as precipitate as you are. Your enthusiasm is apt to be a boomerang to the whole revolutionary movement. I am changing my plans. First I shall telegraph Comrade Molotov at Communist headquarters in Gorlitz, and then I shall proceed alone. I shall not need you Kaleneff, or Comrades Seventeen or Twenty-four for the present. As long as the King is here in Saxe-Radig, so near Zagau, I am beginning to think——"

Zuppke hesitated. His companion watched him intently.

"——to think," continued the stocky man slowly, "that the former King may be more valuable by far alive than dead!"

Kaleneff started in surprise. A smile spread over the enigmatic face of Zuppke.

* * * * *

IN one of the poorer commercial sections of Gorlitz stood a squat brick building from the ground floor of which a sign hung out—"Molotov and Company, Importers." On the second floor half a dozen typists were busily clicking away. In a little private office a scholarly-looking man was bending over a mass of apparently jumbled letters. He rose and, with the papers in his hand, passed silently through the room filled with the staccato drumming of typewriters. Making his way to a room on the ground floor in the rear, on the door of which lettering appeared, "Ivan Molotov, Private," he entered and stopped beside a roll-top desk at which a thick-set man was going over some figures, checking those in red ink against those in black.

The man at the desk looked up.

"Have you got that wire from our cover address in Vienna deciphered yet?" he asked.

"No, Comrade Molotov," replied the man. "I have not, because I have found a telegram, in my 'urgent' basket with Comrade Zuppke's signature. Here is the message."

Molotov extended an eager hand for the paper. He rapidly read to get the general meaning, then carefully re-read the words.

"That will be all, comrade," he said. "You will proceed at once on the Vienna wire. Comrade Klein!" he barked at a pale young man who was sorting papers at a long table, "get me the list of our railway agents—those permanently stationed at the railway junctions."

The young man jumped from his chair. He reached a thin hand into a pile of indexed cards, and a moment later held one up.

Molotov, nodding briefly, picked up the message he had laid on the desk a moment before.

"Who is our operative at Godesburg?" he demanded.

"The newsvendor," came the reply.

"At Dutzel?"

"The driver of Public Hack Number 5."

"At Schalbach?"

"The booking clerk."

"At Gorlitz?"

"The scrub woman."

"Very good. Put through an immediate call to these operatives and inquire if a party of three officers in uniforms other than those generally worn by the officers of the capitalist army of Saxe-Radig detrained at any of these points. They boarded train number 74 just as it was pulling out of the station of Bonn at eight minutes past three this morning. Get busy!"

KLEIN adjusted a telephone operator's headpiece, opened a wire, and spoke into the mouthpiece.

Molotov reached into a drawer and bringing out a train schedule, studied it carefully.

"Comrade Molotov," Klein said a few minutes later, "I can definitely report that the officers did not get off at Godesburg, Dutzel or Schalbach. So if they are on train 74 out of Bonn they will have to get off at the station here in Gorlitz."

"The party we are interested in," said Molotov, pointing to the message, "consists of a former Cossack named Von der Lanz, a millionaire flunkey, the so-called Count Hohenlohe, and Baron Raventlau, who is none other than Alexander II., the former King of Zagau."

"The Butcher," breathed Klein with smouldering eyes.

For a moment Molotov, still ignoring the third man present, let his shrewd eyes wander over the alert, tense form of Abraham Klein. Then, velling a look of satisfaction, he reached for the decoded message again.

"Comrade Zuppke's orders are specific," he said crisply. "The matter of the King's arrival is to remain an absolute secret to us and the remaining members of the Committee of Direct Action. We are expressly prohibited from taking any measures until Comrade Zuppke's arrival—"

"When is that to be?" interrupted Klein impatiently. "This afternoon," replied Molotov soothingly, "on the two o'clock train."

Taking his eyes off Abraham Klein a moment, Molotov glanced at the desk clock.

"Train number 74 will arrive in fifteen minutes," he snapped. "Take a cab and hurry to Gorlitz station at once. Here is all the money you should need for the present. It will be easy for you to recognise the Raventlau party. You are to follow the King wherever he is going, then telephone me. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, Comrade Commander."

Suddenly a worried expression clouded the face of Molotov.

"Abraham," he asked sharply, "are you armed?"

"No, comrade," cried Klein quickly, "I

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could not trust myself. When I think of what I could do with one hand grenade or automatic pistol—"

Abraham Klein raised his hand stiffly in an earnest attempt at a salute and ran eagerly out of the room.

EARLY morning sunlight streamed through the high french windows of the Imperial Arms Hotel in Gorlitz. In the main living-room of the Royal suite three debonair gentlemen sprawled at their leisure in silk dressing-gowns and slippers.

"Comfort," mused Count Hohenlohe contentedly, "is heaven's greatest gift to the naturally indolent!"

"Our comfort," yawned the King from the deep recesses of an easy chair, "is due largely to the indefatigable Jonas' driving some 24 hours by motor to be here with our bags."

The Count's reflections were interrupted by a discreet knock at the door.

"Come in," called the King cheerily.

A frock-coated hotelier bowed in the the doorway, clasping his chubby pink hands in front of his midriff. Beaming and bowing, he ushered in a head waiter, followed by two assistants, carrying a long, narrow table, every inch of which was covered with platters of appetisers.

"Breakfast in a moment, Excellencies," he purred, "but I felt a few appetisers first would not be amiss.

Bowing to the King, the hotelier closed the door behind himself and his retinue.

As the King helped himself to a second cup of coffee, he glanced at his wrist-watch and, with a sharp exclamation of annoyance, rose.

"It's high time for me to be making a really important telephone call," he said.

Abruptly putting his coffee cup down, he crossed to a bedroom, and, entering, closed the door behind him. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he picked up the telephone receiver.

"Operator," he said, "please put me through to the town house of Baron Adelfelz." There was a moment's silence, a pause, a plug-in, the buzz of the ring, the click of the receiver lifted, then a voice—the haunting voice of Anne.

The King started forward. His voice caught an instant; then came her name, half in a gasp and half in a prayer.

"Anne!"

The voice again.

"You, darling, you! Oh, I've been sitting by this telephone, I think, since daybreak!"

"Have you, dear heart?" murmured the King. "And I have been counting the minutes to call you, not wishing to wake you too early."

"I didn't sleep much, worrying about you, wondering where you were. I was alone in the house, except for the servants. My sister and her husband flew to Warsaw late yesterday. Oh, darling, I am so glad you are safely out of it all now. I cannot tell you how grateful I am. Now I can be selfish and have you to myself always. Where are you, Alex?"

"At the Imperial Arms Hotel. I am coming over as quickly as I can."

Smiling, the King re-entered the living-room. Before the sofa on which Hohenlohe and von der Lanz sat, stood the fat hotelier in a state of evident excitement. The King looked at him inquiringly and then at Hohenlohe.

"I suggest," cried the Count gravely, "that you tell Baron Raventlau what has happened."

The hotelier glanced towards the King, a troubled expression on his pleasant, naive face.

"Excelleney," he stammered unhappily, "a most unfortunate incident has occurred, which I am at a loss to explain, but of which I feel it is my duty to warn you. When I went downstairs the hotel detective reported to me that he and his associates had noticed a young man walking up and down the pavement in front of the door. When questioned, the fellow was at first sullen, and then became defiant and abusive, screaming that the detectives had no right to order him away, but that, no matter what happened to him, it would make no difference, as there were many other eyes watching and many others waiting for the tyrant of Zagau. I—I don't understand it at all."

The King looked long and searchingly at the proprietor.

"The Duke of Brandtenburg," he said slowly, holding the man's bewildered eyes, "spoke well of you. That is why we are staying here."

"The Duke," murmured the man, flushing with pleasure, "was most gracious to remember me. During his stay here last year at the Central European Arms Conference he occupied these very rooms, and——"

"What," interrupted the King, "are your political affiliations?"

"Conservative, Excellency," answered the man promptly.

The King nodded briefly.

"Then you consider yourself a good Royalist?" he demanded.

"A good Royalist?" asked the proprietor in an aggrieved tone.

"I feel," said the King gravely, crossing to the bedroom, "that we are in good hands, and while I am dressing to go out, Count Hohenlohe will, to show our confidence, inform you of certain matters concerning me. We may require your good assistance."

When the King, dressed in a sac suit, re-entered the living-room a little later, Fritz Schwam bowed until the blood rushed to his head.

"Your Majesty!" he murmured reverently. "Your Majesty!"

"Please preserve my incognito," said the King hastily, "and if you really want to be of service suggest a way for me to get out of the hotel without being observed."

"I request your Majesty," cried Von der Lanz earnestly, "not to venture out unaccompanied in any circumstances!"

"There are times, Ulric," demurred the King, "when one wishes to be alone."

"Precisely," cried the hotelier eagerly; "and if your Majesty's person will be safe in the streets after quitting my hostelry unrecognised I believe I can offer other means of egress than through the lobby."

"I hope," said the King gravely, "that you have something better to suggest than the coal chute."

"Yes, your Majesty," replied the hotelier. "I know a perfectly adequate but rather unusual route for your Majesty to take—the refuse lift."

"Splendid!" said the King, reaching for his hat. "Gloves, coat, stick—hurry, Jonas! I'm off. See you when I see you, gentlemen. Come on, Schwam, where is the garbage lift?"

STRIDING briskly, the King followed Fritz Schwam down the corridor and through the "Service" doorway. The proprietor rang the bell peremptorily. A moment later, a lift half-full of old newspapers and rubbish appeared. A taciturn lift-man opened the door.

"I suppose," said the King, "you think it rather strange that I should ask for a passage in this car?"

"Not at all," said the man. "I've taken gentlemen down this way for years when they had creditors and moneylenders waiting at the front door."

The car grounded with a slight thud. Nonchalantly the man opened the door.

"Follow the corridor to the left," he said. "You get out into a court there. If you're in a hurry, like most gentlemen are, run up the steps, and right at the pavement you'll always find one or two taxi-cabs parked. You might tell the driver Hans sent you."

"Thank you, Hans," said the King. "Good-bye; and good-bye, Herr Schwam."

He walked rapidly down the concrete passageway lit by an occasional electric bulb. Emerging blindly into the sunlight of the court, he ran up the stairs two at a time. Stepping briskly across the pavement, he jumped into a waiting cab.

"Hans sent me," he cried.

Instantly the gears crashed and the car shot forward with a frightful jolt. Halfway down the street the driver peered back. Noting that the road appeared to be clear, he relaxed.

"A racing start, your Excellency," he said, grinning cheerfully.

"Rather," agreed the King heartily, "but why?"

"MOST of Hans' customers are in a hurry," said the driver, with a knowing wink. "Where to, please?"

The King gave the address of Adelfelz House and as the car drifted round a corner another taxi from the Imperial Arms cab stand tore down the street in hot pursuit, an eager figure leaning forward and indicating the King's car to the driver.

A few minutes later the King rushed up a grey stone flight of steps. The long, drawn-out peal of the bell echoed through Adelfelz House. A heavy iron door swung back, and an old white-haired butler bowed low in the doorway.

"Mrs. Coatesworth is in the library, Excellency," he murmured deferentially, helping the King out of his coat.

A pleasant wood fire burned in the deep, cool room lined with books. A graceful figure in a gold velvet gown rose from a chair. The King closed the door, and opened his arms. Anne rushed into them.

"Anne!"

"Alex!"

"Darling! How long have we been away from each other?"

"Twenty-four hours, beloved—since the beginning of time."

Her head went back, the pupils of her eyes contracted, then the lids fluttered over them. Their kiss started in a wordless greeting of love.

The shadows had lengthened. They sat on the couch side by side. The fire was burning low. The King rose and threw a fresh log on the glowing embers.

"I am a wretched hostess," Anne murmured. "Do you want tea or anything?"

"Yes," said the King. Bending over her mouth, he felt the short, warm kiss of tired lips and a soft hand fluttering over his face. Suddenly he drew himself up.

"Darling," he said, "you make me forget everything. Stay where you are a second. I shall be back at once."

He dashed out of the room and down the stairs. Drawing something from his overcoat pocket he bounded up again, clos-

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ing the door behind him softly. Anne looked up with smiling eyes. From the two packages in his hand he held out one.

"A little present for my sweetheart," he said simply.

Eagerly Anne unwrapped the paper. The lid of a box flew back, disclosing a beautiful set of straight razors set in ivory, with a plain card inscribed, "To Tim from Alexander II."

"How very thoughtful of you, Alex!" said Anne laughing. "That is just what I needed."

"Forgive me," said the King, retrieving the box in some confusion. "This is the first purchase I had made for me in Gorlitz. Will you please see that they reach my good friend, Tim?"

He snapped the string on the other box. "This," he said, handing her a green velvet jewel box, upon the top of which was the faded gold imprint of the arms of Zagau, "my valet Jonas smuggled out." Slowly she lifted the lid. Gasping in amazement and delight, she drew out a chain of forty perfect diamonds set in heavy gold, supporting a pear-shaped pendant blazing arrogantly with undreamed-of shades and colors.

"It was my mother's wedding present," said the King, "from my father."

Anne ran the chain through her fingers. Each stone seemed to shine with a multi-colored, mirage-like picture of the brilliant pageantry of those who had worn it, touched it, and given it. Silently Anne handed the chain back, bending her head towards him. Gently he hung the rosary of grandeur round her throat. The imperial pendant seemed to take on softer hues. Her eyes were moist as she raised her head.

"Alex," she said quietly, "you have made me very proud."

The King held her hands in his.

"My father gave it to my mother on their wedding day." He paused. "When are we going to be married, Anne?" he asked softly.

SHE rose and looked up at him.

"Alex, dear, beloved listen to me, please, I beg you. You left Zagau! But will they let you stay away? Won't they . . ."

"Anne," interrupted the King sharply, "I shall never go back! All I want now is you and the chance to live my life as I wish. So to-night you and I are going to the Imperial Cafe for dinner. Perhaps we shall let Ulric and Joachim join us later, but before they do—after coffee and over liqueurs—you must answer me a most important question: How soon can we be married?"

Anne smiled at him happily.

"Just as soon as is compatible with the dignity that a certain people still have the right to demand of you."

"And," began the King a little uncertainly, "when do you . . ."

He was interrupted by a soft, inquiring knock at the door. Anne looked at him. He nodded briefly.

"Come in," called Anne.

The library door opened, the white-haired butler bowed.

"Beg pardon, Excellency," he said, extending an envelope on a silver tray. "A man left this at the front door just now, saying it was urgent and requesting me to deliver it to your Excellency at once."

Veiling a look of surprise, the King took the envelope addressed to Baron Raventlau in one hand, signalling a silent dismissal to the hovering servant with the other.

As the door closed again he ripped the envelope open, pulling out a piece of paper. By the light of the fire he read:

"The king left his hotel by the back door. How will the White Butcher of Zagau choose to leave this world?

International Communist Committee of Direct Action."

Slowly the King re-read the message, then folded the paper and put it in his pocket.

"What was it, Alex?" she asked anxiously.

The King hesitated a moment, then, shrugging his shoulders, reached for the paper and handed it to her.

"You would have to find out sooner or later," he muttered.

Gasping, Anne read the message. "Alex," she cried, "what does it mean?"

"It means," answered the King bitterly, "that instead of leaving love behind, hate has followed me, a hate so strong that it is not afraid to flaunt its power of destruction."

ANNE dropped her head in her hands for a moment, then took them away from her white face.

"You are in danger, Alex," she whispered, "great danger. I know because of my love for you. I can feel it. I cannot see what is hanging over you, but I sense the threat—it's more than death, it's shame and disgrace!"

"Why, Anne," cried the King, in a voice which sounded as if he had pumped into it the light air of gaiety, "this may be nothing—just some verbose threat."

"It's not," answered Anne tensely. "It is a message from the shadow that hangs over you and stands between us and happiness. Alex, dear," she continued pleadingly, "you've got to get away from Gorlitz at once. If we could only get to Adelfelz Manor in the Rhauental beyond Castle Sonderburg, we could be safe. Alex, if we have Tim drive us we shall only be followed, but if we could get unrecognised on the late train this evening to Felsburg and then take a cab to Adelfelz Manor——"

"Anne," interrupted the King eagerly, "I have it! There are two places they would never look for me. One is the graveyard"—Anne shuddered—"and the other cannot be reached except with the help of a reliable doctor. You have been here before. Do you know of one in Gorlitz?"

Anne looked at him bewildered a moment. "Yes," she replied. "Everybody here swears by Dr. Willy Meyer, the head of the Gorlitz General Hospital. He was the Court physician during the life of the former Prince of Saxe-Radig, and still attends the royal family."

"Good," said the King, speaking rapidly. "I want you to follow my instructions carefully: Telephone Dr. Meyer as the Countess Adelfelz, requesting him to call on me at the Imperial Arms in half an hour. Tell him it is urgent. If it will put your mind at rest you may also telephone the hotel and ask Hohenlohe and Von der Lanz to meet me at the main entrance. Their presence, augmented by that of the hotel detectives, should check the homicidal enthusiasm of any Communists waiting for me. The moment my plans are made I shall call you."

He leaned over and kissed her quickly.

"Good-bye, darling. I am taking a cab back to the hotel at once."

"You will find Tim waiting downstairs, Alex. Please let him drive you. I should feel you were safer then."

"Splendid," cried the King, picking up the case of razors. "Then I can give him this myself."

He gave her another hasty kiss and then blew her one from the doorway. He passed rapidly out of the house, with the mumbled ministrations of the white-haired butler. At the kerb stood a familiar limousine and a smartly uniformed, hulking chap sat at the wheel, his eyes intent upon the house. As the King emerged the chauffeur jumped out with alacrity, and standing rigidly at a hand salute, opened the door of the car. The King ran lightly across the pavement.

"Why, Tim," he said pleasantly, extending his hand, "I am awfully glad to see you."

Tim's hand dropped from the visored cap. He extended a huge, gauntleted paw eagerly.

"Thank you, King," he said, gripping the other's hand. "I am sure glad to see you."

The King released his hand from the other's clutch and handed Tim a box.

"A little present for you," he said.

Silently Tim opened it, and gazed bewilderedly at the contents.

"Gee!" he replied reverently. "Gee, ain't that pretty! Thanks an awful lot."

"Not at all, Tim, not at all," murmured the King gently, getting into the car.

Tim placed the razor case carefully in his pocket and settled himself behind the wheel. He slipped the car in gear.

"They're real gold, ain't they?"

"Yes, yes," said the King. "To the Imperial Arms, quickly—the main entrance."

"Yes, your Majesty," answered Tim eagerly.

A few minutes later the car glided to a stop at the kerb in front of some parked taxi-cabs. The King jumped out, and with a wave to Tim, joined Von der Lanz and Hohenlohe, who, with two burly men, awaited him anxiously on the pavement. As the King's party entered the Royal Suite the King relinquished his coat and hat to Jonas, then, lighting a cigarette, strode silently up and down the room. Stopping, he let his glance wander between Hohenlohe and Von der Lanz. Finally his eyes came to rest upon the captain.

"Ulric," he said, "are you in good health?"

"Thank you, your Majesty, excellent."

"Good," murmured the King. "Good. You are going to have an operation."

"Yes, your Majesty," said von der Lanz unflinchingly.

"I think, a tonsillectomy," continued the King, as if pleased with the word.

VON DER LANZ looked bewildered.

"May I ask what that is, your Majesty?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the King, as if speaking to a child. "You are going to have your tonsils out."

Von der Lanz breathed a sigh of relief.

"I don't want to raise your hopes too soon," admonished the King as Hohenlohe rose to answer the telephone.

"You may not get off so easily," he continued, as the Count re-entered the room.

"Dr. Willy Meyer," announced Hohenlohe, "to speak to Baron Raventlau."

"You see," said the King, rising and looking darkly at Von der Lanz, "you never can tell what the future has in store for you. In view of the fact that you will probably have to spend some time on milk toast, broth, and cereals, I am going to let you order dinner—just as they do before they execute a man. You had better make it a good one, Ulric. It may have to last you a long, long time."

The King was finishing his coffee when the fat hotelier, Schwam, entered and, having bowed respectfully, murmured in his ear: "The private ambulance is here for your Majesty. As you can see," he went on confidently, "you can depend upon Dr. Willy Meyer as upon myself!"

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"Good," said the King, reaching imperturbably for a cigarette. "Have the attendants come up?"

"Shooting his cuff, he looked at his watch. The suggestion of a frown creased his forehead.

"I had no idea it was so late," he murmured. "Better tell that stretcher party to double time."

As if by clockwork, doors opened and closed softly and passages were cleared. Lifts stood in readiness as the groaning figure of the King was carried with despatch through the hotel and into the ambulance. The clanging ambulance of the Gorlitz General Hospital, starting smoothly, gathered speed, and as it started down Prince Heinrich Strasse the King rolled himself off the emergency bed.

"Hurry up, Ulric," he snapped. "Lie down! Be a good boy and take your medicine. You know where to reach me in case of emergency. Hope you thrive on milk toast."

"Don't let that worry you, your Majesty," growled the captain bitterly. "I shall manage to get along very well. My pockets are crammed with fresh caviare, pate Strasbourg, and the finest of Havana cigars, all charged to your Majesty."

"I'm sorry to hear that," murmured the King, "only because I hoped you would give your stomach a rest."

He glanced at his wrist watch again.

"No time to spare," he muttered as the car turned from Prince Heinrich Strasse into Ulm Allee. Looking ahead from his crouching position, he suddenly knocked on the window. The driver half-turned in his seat.

"Slow down as you pass Gorlitz station," cried the King.

Crawling to the back of the ambulance as it slowed down perceptibly, he opened the door and lowered himself to the step, on to the tailboard.

"Remember, Joachim, a sick man's privacy is inviolate."

The Count nodded smilingly—then looked quickly at the King.

"Madame?" he murmured inquiringly.

"Don't be a fool," said the King, grinning. "She is on the Felsburg train."

The door slammed as he leaped off the step and rushed into the station with the speed of a harried business man.

OUT of Gorlitz along the broad highway of the Rhaental road rolled a heavy car, bearing, instead of a number plate, the heavy official plaque of the Government of Saxe-Radig. In the back of the motor lolled with indolent grace Colonel von Stedtman, Under-secretary of State for War. His thin face was grave, though occasionally, perhaps in reverie, his brow wrinkled in puzzlement as an ambassador's might who was despatched on a delicate mission.

"I wonder," muttered the Colonel to himself, "what the King is really like? He may be very difficult. Ah, well" he yawned, "we shall see, all in good time. Ho—hum!"

The car swept past the garrison of Gorlitz. Past sere fields already touched by the frosts of autumn, past peasant hut and roadside tavern, sped the heavy motor. It was fully an hour's drive to where, deep in the ancient pine forest, nestled the sleeping old manor house of Adelfelz, alone and aloof.

In the spacious, stately dining room, oak shone with that deep lustre that is imparted only by countless hours of rubbing. Heavy German silver on the massive sideboard glowed rich and lustrous. At one end of the table the King, in comfortable tweeds, attacked his quail on toast with hearty appetite.

"When I finish this little fellow," he said, "and a few more of these inimitable muffins, I shall have only one worry in the world."

"What's that, darling?" asked Anne smilingly.

"That I shall not have room for those indescribably delicious waffles. Do you suppose," he continued, pouring some butter-thick cream into his fragrant coffee, "that we can always have breakfasts like this?"

"WE can," answered Anne, "as long as your digestion holds."

"One week here," said the King, buttering a steaming muffin, "seems to have left it unimpaired. I wonder," he continued, reaching for a newspaper, "what the 'Gorlitzer Tageblatt' has to tell us of the goings on in the world." Hastily he scanned the headlines and was about to turn to the foreign news, which daily carried a column on the post-revolutionary developments in Zagau, when his eye caught an announcement:

AMERICAN EMBASSY BALL

. . . General Whitridge, America's ambassador to Saxe-Radig, and Mrs. Whitridge will entertain. Mrs. Whitridge is well known for her lavish hospitality . . . Among the guests will be the Minister of War and Public Safety, Baron Von Ulm, the Minister of Finance, Doctor Kommerzienrat Stanislaus von Stedtman, his son, Colonel Von Stedtman, Under-secretary of State for War, Sir Gilbert Outhwaite, the British ambassador . . .

The King glanced over the top of his paper to where Anne was apparently also absorbed in reading the news. "I see," he said slowly, "there is a ball at the American Embassy in Gorlitz to-night. I was wondering if perhaps Fisher Hamilton would be there. You know he's been relieved at his own request of his post in Zagau."

A slow blush spread over Anne's face as she buried her head deeper in the newspaper.

"No Alex," she said softly, "I'm sure he won't go. He probably thinks I'll be there, and of course I've written to him that it would be much simpler if we never met again."

The King nodded, then looked out of the window.

"You know," he said, "I should rather like to go to that ball to-night—incognito, of course." Suddenly he looked over her shoulder and saw a large car pass the window as it drove into the courtyard and stopped before the main entrance of the Manor. A moment later a footman appeared, bowing, in the doorway.

"Colonel von Stedtman, Under-secretary of State for War," he murmured, "begs to see Baron Raventlau on official business."

Following the footman out of the room, the King passed down a long, wide corridor, through the high, gracious reception room of Adelfelz and into a small library. The slight, graceful figure of von Stedtman stood near a window. As the King entered the servant closed the door quietly and withdrew. Von Stedtman bowed low.

"Your Majesty," he began as the King acknowledge the greeting, "will, I trust forgive my intrusion——"

"There is nothing personal," interrupted the King, with emphasis on the last word, "in this meeting. I am granting you this audience because I am mystified as to how you expect to transact official business with an unofficial King, and I am curious to know just how you have succeeded in routing me out."

"Our secret police," answered the Colonel, lowering himself into a chair which the King indicated, "reported about a week ago that Count Joachim von Hohenlohe, whose name in Saxe-Radig is often associated with your Majesty's, was registered at the Imperial Arms at Gorlitz. From there he was traced to the general hospital. The head of this institution, Doctor Willy Meyer, is a personal friend of mine, but I could get no information from him except that the Count was in constant attendance upon his friend, Baron Raventlau, from whose august interior the eminent surgeon, I gleaned, had removed some minor deposits. Touched by such piety in friendship, I presented myself in person at the hospital. Here I was cross-questioned and bullied by an officer whose stern face bore mute evidence of extensive experiments in amateur surgery."

"And whose manner" nodded the King, smiling, "was that of a ferocious and highly-trained watch-dog fed entirely on tidbits of raw meat."

"Precisely," agreed the Colonel, "I trembled like an aspen leaf in the gale of the Hussar's breath, but ultimately did see Count Hohenlohe. To him I expressed a wish dear to the heart of our Minister of War, Baron von Ulm, for an interview with your Majesty."

"Since my recent retirement from public life," answered the King, "I am most anxious to avoid interviews of any kind whatever."

"So I doubly appreciate your Majesty's gracious courtesy in granting me this audience," continued von Stedtman, "if only to say that our Minister of War prays for your Majesty's good offices in bringing pressure on the Royalists in Hungary in the proposed defensive alliance of Zagau, Saxe-Radig, Hungary, and Poland."

THE King sprang to his feet with an exclamation.

"You ask me," he cried indignantly, "to dabble in politics when I am no longer in public life, to attempt unofficially what you cannot accomplish officially? I tell you, Colonel, I am finished. Did you really think that I should play at being King when I am no longer King? I would not consider anything so ineffectual!"

"I was not speaking of what was bad for your Majesty," murmured von Stedtman, "only of what was good—for Zagau."

Von Stedtman's eyes met the King's scrutinising glance unwaveringly. Slowly the latter looked away apparently lost in thought. It was the Colonel who called his attention to a repeated summons at the door. At the King's command a footman bowed himself in.

"Count Hohenlohe," he announced, "is on the wire, and begs to speak with Baron Raventlau. Your Excellency will find an extension on the small table by the writing desk."

"Shall I withdraw, your Majesty?" asked von Stedtman as the door closed after the servant. Crossing to the telephone, the King shook his head.

"Good morning, Joachim," he said, picking up the receiver. "What is the matter?"

"Something serious, your Majesty," came

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Hohenlohe's voice. "Last night Colonel von Stedtman——"

"I know all about that," interrupted the King. "He is here now. Under the circumstances you acted correctly. Is that what you called me up about?"

"No, your Majesty," answered the Count. "A few minutes ago we found a man hiding in the closet. He claims to have bribed his way in only to interview you. There appears to be some truth in his statement because, firstly, he is not armed, and secondly he claims to be, and answers the description of, the man who engineered the Communist revolution in Zagau, Moscow's ambassador sans portfolio—Zuppke."

The King whistled, his brow contracting into a sharp line. "Where is the fellow now, Joachim?" he snapped.

"On the floor, your Majesty. Von der Lans is sitting on him."

"Attend, Hohenlohe: I am having Colonel von Stedtman arrange for us all to go to the ball at the American Embassy tonight—I incognito, of course. Here I shall, much against my wishes, discuss the proposed treaty with Baron von Uim; otherwise I hope to enjoy myself. But before I go to the ball I have decided to give myself a questionable pleasure of a meeting which you will arrange at the hotel with that provocateur extraordinary, envoy incendiary—Zuppke."

"Of course," said Zuppke, eyeing the King narrowly across the table, "it would be much cheaper to kill you."

A sharp exclamation escaped the King; his body stiffened; he sat bolt upright.

"Careful, my man," he said in a voice cold as a frozen breath. "I granted you this interview with the understanding that you would keep a civil tongue in your head."

Zuppke laughed mirthlessly.

"By now," he went on, "you must have some inkling of the magnitude and perfection of our organisation. The oppressed of the world—the toilers and the workers—wait for us. Nothing can stop us. Why try?"

"Well," said the King, "I did not say I was going to."

"Good," said Zuppke. "I had hoped to hear that!"

"Why?" asked the King bluntly.

"Because," answered Zuppke, "as a King who crushed a Communist rebellion in a critical, pivotal point in Europe, you are a great hero to the forces of counter-revolution. They will only try to exploit you. They will use you as the golden lance to shiver upon the steel shield of Communism."

"I hardly think they will," answered the King calmly. "I have no intention of playing an international Don Quixote."

"Exactly," agreed Zuppke eagerly. "Why should you be a useless sacrifice for an anachronistic system when, if you took a liberal view of the revolution, we could do so much for you?"

"I thought," said the King levelly, "that you just said 'the desire for personal possession will pass.'"

"So it will," answered Zuppke, smiling craftily, "in time, but not yet, and never for enlightened people like you and me."

With an effort the King steadied his hand as he crushed his cigarette into an ash tray.

"Go on," he said in a voice that trembled slightly.

"If you," said Zuppke breathlessly, "successful arch-enemy of the revolution, would come out publicly and state that you saw the error of your ways, that all systems had failed, and that humanity's hope lay in Communism, we should acquire thousands upon thousands of recruits, and the world revolution would advance a decade. And you—you would not find us ungrateful. We should pay . . ."

"Why," interrupted the King with deadly calm, "did you think I wanted money?"

"Because," said Zuppke simply, spreading out his spatulate hands, "you haven't any!"

"WHAT are you talking about?" snapped the King.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Zuppke shrilly. "You see, you may have the manner of a King and the heart of an aristocrat, but you have the pocket-book of a greedy bourgeois, and your fingers itch like any kulak's for coins. Wait, wait," he screamed, seeing the terrible look in the King's eyes, "I can understand that you are beside yourself, but it's not my fault. Hohenlohe lied to you. You had no personal fortune, and your only income—the annual grants made you while you were King—this ceased when you left Zagau."

With hand that trembled, despite his iron self-control, the King struck a match and lit another cigarette; his face was white as a mould of wax. Exhaling a breath of smoke, he turned his burning eyes on Zuppke.

"Knowing this," he said, "you have come to buy me as chattel. You are one of a group of power-mad charlatans who see life through the billiousness of hate. You measure others by your own corruptness. Knowing no codes, you live by none. You call me a reactionary. I think you are right. For once I feel like exercising the rule of caprice. I should like to have you stripped and whipped.

"You have challenged. I accept—fire for fire, blow for blow, dirt for dirt, shot for shot, King for Communist—till the end. Now—now get out of here, and the next time I see you may it be through the sights of a rifle!"

Silently Zuppke reached for his hat and coat; quickly he crossed to the door. At that distance from the King he seemed to regain his composure somewhat, for he hesitated a moment as his glance fell on an engraved card lying on the nearby writing-desk:

"General and Mrs. Whitbridge request the honor of Baron von Raventlau's company at the American Embassy . . ."

Zuppke smiled bleakly.

"May I remind you of the very first thing that I said to you to-night?" Zuppke said, opening the door slowly. "That, after all, it would be easier and cheaper to kill you!"

As the door closed the King, hard-faced, took a step towards it, hesitated, then shrugging his shoulders, exhaled a breath sharply as if expelling an unpleasant odor. Slowly the color flowed back into his face.

"A man," he murmured, "without a job, without a cent, without a country. Ah, well . . ."

Shrugging his shoulders again, he turned towards the table and reached for a cigarette.

"Joachim," he called. Almost immediately Count Hohenlohe slipped into the room and bowed before the King.

"Your Majesty called?" he asked cheerily.

"Joachim," said the King abruptly, "it seems that I have unwittingly been your guest."

Hohenlohe gave a start of surprise.

"Why, your Majesty," he parried, "it is only . . ."

"Please do not go on, Joachim," interrupted the King. "You know I appreciate your tact and courtesy, but it is better that I know the truth—that I am penniless. But why did you not tell me? Were you afraid that I should be unable to stand the shock? What you have done is just what other well-meaning people have done for centuries. While I was King I worked to save the people from exploitation and conquest, and in turn, unfortunately, I was shielded too much from reality. While poverty is no disgrace, I imagine it is going to be horribly inconvenient."

"I protest, your Majesty," cried the count.

"Protest until you are purple in the face, Joachim," continued the King calmly. "It cannot alter the fact that if I lived on your bounty it would be very expensive for you and very bad for me.

"I have not yet decided exactly what I shall do. Unfortunately, I have no commercial abilities of which I am aware, and fear that I am woefully lacking in a merchant's guile. However, I am encouraged by the thought that people who acquire wealth quickly are usually ignorant, course, and unscrupulous."

"Your Majesty," begged the count eagerly, "should not deny me the privilege of making advances to the Crown of Zagau."

"A crown," mused the King, "which has been put away upon a dusty shelf, a crown which the greedy Communists will try to snatch to sell for guns and ammunition. That is what enrages me so! If they succeed, Joachim, beauty will be sold; in the end a Red dawn will sweep across the sky. The people of Zagau will be forced to march with drumbeats to spread the Kremlin gospel."

The King paused for a moment.

"However, I shall attend to that when the time comes. Meanwhile, Joachim," he continued, "you understand that it will be impossible for me to go on living like this after to-morrow?"

The count's face clouded.

"Very good, your Majesty," he murmured. "I shall regretfully respect your wishes to-morrow. But might I remind your Majesty that to-night . . ."

"To-night," interrupted the King, smiling, "I am still your guest."

THE American Embassy was ablaze with light. A thick, deep red carpet covered the pavement and the wide, stone steps leading to the great doorways, through which only the privileged few might pass. A heavy awning over the carpeted walk shut out the crisp cold and rain. It was too late and wet for the gathering of a crowd. Only an occasional passer-by idled a moment and went on his way with a murmured comment, perhaps of envy. The British Ambassador's chauffeur and Tim had parked their cars round the corner, and stood at points of vantage, commenting in whispers upon the arriving guests.

A dark green car glided to the kerb. A tiny fat dowager waddled out.

"Looks like a well-fed old duck," muttered Tim out of the side of his mouth. Behind her, with long, determined strides, walked a glittering, scrawny, rangy dowager with a face like that of a hungry horse.

"Now, you see," whispered the other chauffeur to his companion, "what that eighteen-day diet will do."

A beautiful maroon car glided up with the grace of a swan. Some very pretty girls

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jumped out, followed by some officers of the Black Dragoons.

Music from within floating out, drifted off, and the ensuing silence was broken by the horn of an approaching car.

"There's—there's the Baron Raventlau," cried Tim eagerly.

"I say," grumbled his companion, "you seem to know it all!"

"I do," said Tim firmly, "and what's more I ain't talking about it."

The door of the limousine was opened. A tall, grim-looking man stepped out, wearing his top-hat like a Hussar's helmet. He was followed by a handsome Beau Brummel with very blue eyes, who stood aside as the King sprang out lightly. Automatically the two semed to fall in behind the King, take their step from his, and follow him a pace distant.

General and Mrs. Whitridge were standing at the entrance of the ballroom. A butler bowed behind Mrs. Whitridge.

"Baron Raventlau and his party have arrived, Madame," he whispered deferentially.

Mrs. Whitridge looked at the vacant place on her husband's right with the suggestion of a frown.

"Find Mr. George," she said, "and request him to come here at once."

George Whitridge, of international polo fame, was sampling the punch and turned at a cough.

"Baron Raventlau has arrived," murmured the butler.

"Fine," said George Whitridge, hastily draining his glass and putting it down. "Andrews," he continued, indicating the punch bowl, "see that his Majesty—er—I mean Baron Raventlau—gets enough."

George Whitridge took his position at his father's side as the King entered, followed by Hohenlohe and Von der Lanz. Across the left lapel of each glittered a row of miniature orders and medals. Mrs. Whitridge greeted the King with the pleasant assurance of a hostess who knows how much her home has to offer. The King and Count Hohenlohe beamed, and even Von der Lanz conjured up a polite imitation of a smile.

"THE Ambassador of Zagau," whispered Mrs. Whitridge confidentially to the King, "phoned and asked particularly if he might be present, quite unofficially of course, but I thought it better not to let him come."

"Thank you, Mrs. Whitridge. I am sorry he was denied the privilege of your hospitality, but it might otherwise have been embarrassing to me. My official days are so definitely over."

Smiling, he walked off with George Whitridge.

"Who," asked the King, "is that beautiful woman over there talking to Colonel von Stedtman?"

"That's the Baroness von Ulm," replied his host. "She was the Countess Marie of Sonderburg. The little dark one next to her isn't bad, either."

"But tell me," the King continued, trying to keep his voice casual, "is that Mrs. Coatesworth with that big, fair officer with the scarred face?"

"Yes," agreed George Whitridge, "that's Anne Coatesworth, and she's having a chin with the Minister of War, Baron von Ulm."

The King nodded.

"I should like to join them," he said.

Whitridge guided the King to Anne and the Baron.

"May I present General the Baron von Ulm?" he murmured.

"Baron Raventlau," he said, "has been sufficiently gracious in permitting me to hope for a few words with him later. Have I permission to withdraw?"

The King nodded smilingly, and as the music started, offered his arm to Anne.

"May I?" he asked.

She nodded quickly. They danced off together.

"What did you think of the Baron von Ulm?" asked Anne.

"Off-hand," said the King, "I should say that I would rather have his word than most men's bond. The only thing I did not like was that he is far too imposing and handsome a man to be talking to you."

"Darling!" Anne gave a little quivering start towards him. "As if I were ever conscious that there was another man in all the world but you!"

The King's eyes glowed as they looked into hers.

"If we were alone, darling——" he murmured with hungry mouth. Dancers swirled round them.

"Aren't we, darling?" whispered Anne with quivering lips.

MUSIC played seductively. Pretty girls laughed. The floor was filled but not overcrowded. Even men seemed to enjoy dancing when Mrs. Whitridge gave a ball, and when one of them faltered there were ample recruits in the decorous stagline.

With Mrs. Whitridge on his arm the King entered the candle-lighted supper-room over the thick carpets of which liveried servants hurried noiselessly.

Champagne corks popped. A string quartette played. Lobster patties and fowl were placed on tables, and the remains deftly whisked away; brandied ices were served; then supper was over, and the King led his hostess back to the ballroom. Dropping her hand, she touched his sleeve.

"You have danced with me once, and that is enough for a heavy old lady and the handsome young Baron Raventlau. There's Anne Coatesworth over there. I am sure she would love to dance with you."

"I had not thought of that," said the King eagerly, "but now that you suggest it I will ask her."

As he reached Anne's side George Whitridge approached him.

"Please excuse me," he murmured, "but there's a newspaper representative outside who is not only aware of your identity, but is most insistent upon seeing you. Naturally, I tried to send him about his business, but he stated that he had to have a definite personal affirmation or denial of this."

The King glanced sharply at the paper handed him. The first line told the story:

"EX-KING OF ZAGAU TURNS COMMUNIST."

An angry exclamation escaped the King.

"I shall have to see this fellow," he said firmly. "Where is he, please?"

"In the library," answered the host. "Shall I accompany you?"

"No, thank you," answered the King. "I shall make short shrift of him. But perhaps you would be kind enough to stay with Mrs. Coatesworth a moment to see that she does not run away." He glanced towards Anne. She nodded silently, only her eyes seemed to say, "Don't be long, darling."

THE King crossed the ballroom and strode quickly up the carpeted marble stairs. At the landing he turned to the right, walking down a wide high-ceilinged corridor to the door of the little panelled library. He entered quietly and closed the door behind him. Against a table on which an empty champagne bottle stood leaned Abraham Klein. His hollow cheeks were flushed; his eyes were bright; his breath came quickly, eagerly.

Frowning, the King looked at him.

"You are, I presume, the newspaper representative."

"Presumably," answered Klein, with a cunning smile, "I am."

The King gave a sudden start. Sharply he looked at Klein and saw his danger in the other's eyes.

"Well, speak up, fellow! What do you want and who are you?"

"I am," said Abraham Klein, drawing himself up dramatically, "the voice of the Proletariat."

"The Proletariat," answered the King grimly, "has so many self-appointed voices. Of course, I shall not listen to you." He stepped towards the bell.

"Stop!" cried Klein in a high-pitched voice.

The King turned. The Communist's pistol was levelled at his stomach.

"I have come to kill you," he screamed, "to avenge the comrades of Zagau! Nothing can save you. Have you anything to say, butcher?"

"Merely," said the King, keeping his voice calm by a desperate effort, "that it is a devil of a way for a king to die, to be murdered in cold blood by a crazy boy! Look out!"

The last words cracked out like the snap of a whip, and in the instant that Klein flinched the King sprang like a panther. Like a jagged flash of lightning his hand gripped Klein's wrist. The trigger was pulled, and a bullet shattered a window. The Communist writhed in the King's grasp. Like a tiger's stroke to kill, the King's hand ripped the revolver from Klein's hand. He felt the latter stiffen in his arms as the door was flung open by Von der Lanz and Whitridge.

"THANK Heaven, you're safe!" cried Von der Lanz. He stood aside as Baron von Ulm strode rapidly into the room.

"My congratulations, Baron Raventlau," cried the Minister of War, "upon your most fortunate escape. The would-be murderer," he continued, pointing to where Abraham Klein lay with blood trickling out of his mouth, "does not seem to have fared as well."

"All the shots went wide," answered the King shortly. "The poor devil is obviously tubercular, and is bleeding from an internal haemorrhage caused by the struggle. We had better get him to hospital at once."

The King turned to George Whitridge.

"I should like to leave as quickly and as quietly as possible," he said. "Would you arrange with Mrs. Coatesworth, whom I am seeing home—"

"Certainly," interrupted Whitridge. "You had better leave through the side door to Ulm Alley."

A few minutes later a butler bowed his portly best as he opened a door on a quiet side street. A footman opened the door of a car and the King sat beside Anne. Tim started the car, leaning his ear against the speaking tube.

"Adelfels House, please, Tim," said Anne weakly. "What a horrible nightmare!" she moaned.

The King pressed her fingers and stroked the back of her hand gently. Leaning back in her seat, she closed her eyes against the welling tears. A little nervous twitch tugged at the corners of her sensitive lips. The car rolled to a stop. The door was opened. The King, alighting, helped Anne

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gently out. She let herself in with a key. As they entered a living-room she dropped her wrap slowly, giving a sudden start as she saw the pallor of her face in the mirror. With an effort she drew herself up and stood against the mantelpiece with her back to the glowing embers of a fire.

"Alex," she said in a choking voice, "I can't stand it! I nearly died to-night, thinking you were dead. Can't you see it's hopeless? As long as you are near Zagau, as long as you are in Europe, one way or another you will never be free. If you love me and want me with you, at least I have the right to some peace of mind about your safety. I've been thinking desperately—there is only one way out. We are going to America! To the winds with your royal dignity now! I want your life and our lives. Think, darling—just you and I. Oh, we'll be so happy! We—"

"Anne," interrupted the King in a dull voice, "you might as well know the truth at once. I cannot marry you."

"Alex," Anne gasped, "what—"

"The reason," said the King, "is prosaic and unpleasant enough. All I possess is a few stones set in some rings and stickpins, a little currency, a gold cigarette case, and a few odds and ends that one has—probably all together worth a few hundred crowns, but outside of that I have no money."

"I don't suppose," Anne said, in a low voice, "that it would do any good to point out to you that I have quite enough for both of us?"

"No," said the King, "under these conditions it would not."

Suddenly Anne smiled, and, running to the King's chair, fell on her knees beside him.

"Darling," she cried, "I have it! We're going to Paris—no, don't interrupt—and we're going to sell that jewellery you have. It ought to bring quite a little. Then we're going to America on a cheap boat to my house in Virginia. My mother's family came from there. You will love it, Alex; a big, cool house, high above the muddy waters of the James. Lazy ways, lazy, kindly people, and everything is slow. A big arbor of trees through which the breeze croons softly. The sky is as blue as the waters of Capri, and the grass is the greenest in the world. The roads are red clay and perfectly awful. We leave them like that; it keeps people away. And you are going to make a lot of money!"

"AM I?" asked the King dubiously. "How?"

"Simply enough," answered Anne. "You spent years in the Green Hussars, and graduated from the German cavalry school at Hanover. You are going to raise horses, school them, and sell them to rich people. What do you say to that?"

"I should say," replied the King, putting his arms around her, "that you have painted a wonderful picture of paradise."

"Darling, I didn't think it was ever possible to be so deeply, almost wantonly happy. And to think this is only the beginning! Alex you must go. I am really terribly, terribly tired."

He released her gently.

"I will go at once, darling, but for the last time." Bending over, he kissed her hand reverently and touched his lips to her forehead and then ran from the room, out of the house and into the street.

Tim rushed him back to the Imperial Hotel. The wheels seemed to sing. He jumped out lightly and gave Tim a handful of bills.

"I am the happiest man alive!" he cried.

The driver whistled.

"Your Majesty," said Tim," you look it!"

With lightning strides the King crossed the lobby to the lift.

"Let's go up like a rocket," he cried to the liftman.

He rushed down the corridor. The door of his suite was open; Count Hohenlohe bowed gravely.

"Joachim," cried the King, fairly hugging the Count, "congratulate me."

The Count's face was very white.

"I do, your Majesty," he said gravely. "I am privileged to be the first. I have known it for half an hour, and confirmed the news by telephone to Konigsburg. Ulric is already busy with arrangements."

The King frowned.

"Busy with arrangements by telephone to Konigsburg? What are you talking about, Joachim?"

Quietly the Count handed the King a cablegram and silently withdrew.

The King stood motionless a moment, bewildered, then ripped the envelope and read the message:

"The throne awaits your Majesty. Your immediate return imperative. Despite huge Communist gain plebiscite returns show slight majority in favor of restoration of the kingdom. You are the dyke holding back the Communist flood. Zagau needs you desperately to save your people from what comes after kings.

BRANDTENBURG, Regent.

SPOTS danced before the King's eyes; black spots, red spots, shimmering like rain. For an instant he steadied himself against the table for support. He shook his head like a blinded fighter to clear his vision, then re-read the message word for word. Slowly the threat of its inevitability took hold of him. Was it inescapable? Anne's face drifted through the words. To-morrow and forever, darling." They hummed in his ears like a prayer. "The people need you, the people need you," beat like a drum in his brain. With a gesture of fury he crumpled the cablegram and threw it on to the floor.

Like a ghostly symphony he heard the hymn of Zagau, "God preserve our good King Alex." Slowly he reached down and, picking up the crumpled cablegram, smoothed it out and laid it upon the table. The room was eerie with the stillness that seems to weigh upon a noisy city with the dim approach of dawn. He looked about the room. A desperate sense of loneliness clutched him.

"Joachim," he cried, "Joachim!" There was no answer. He ripped open the door to Hohenlohe's apartment. It was empty. He crossed to the bedroom of Von der Lanz.

"Ulric," he called, "Ulric, old man!"

He rushed to the door and flung it open. Von der Lanz was not there. A bitter smile came over his face.

"When a man needs his friends," he muttered, "they are never to be found."

Slowly he retraced his steps to his own living-room, galled by a sense of utter frustration.

The King continued his restless pacing, a thousand memories crowding about him, familiar faces and familiar sights, pictures that could not be erased. The greedy gods demanded the sacrifice of happiness. How futile and how masochistic to think of sacrifice as noble! It was only a necessary ordeal. If life was sad at least it was gallant to pretent it was not. Life trapped one, systems trapped one. Perhaps it took greater courage to give up in defeat. By what unmentionable abortion would life cut happiness out of his heart, leaving him a lonely disillusioned man? At last the scoffer against system was caught in its toils. Round his feet wound the crushing coils of a people's need. He saw the wise, sad eyes of Brandtenburg, the cynical smile of Hohenlohe, the hard, white face of Von der Lanz. He heard the pleading murmur of the helpless; he felt the presence of countless beings—stupid soldiers, heavy burgomasters, shopkeepers, bankers, merchants and peasants. He caught a sense of the passing, haunting, fragrant personality of Anne, then, fluttering and crowding about him like shadows, he saw the questioning, pitiful glances from the grey, pinched faces of the poor.

"Confound you!" he shouted, clenching his fists. Confound you, you've beaten me! Do you hear me? You've beaten me. I know it. I give up—I am going back—I'll be a puppet. I'll be a clown. I'll be King—but now, confound you all, leave me alone!"

His voice broke as he sank down in a chair and buried his face in his trembling hands. Quietly the door opened and closed behind him. He did not hear the light footfalls on the carpet. A soft hand gently touched his bowed head. He jumped to his feet like a man waking from a nightmare. Anne stood before him with a smile on her face. He opened his arms and clutched her hungrily. He drew her to him and rained parched kisses on her upturned face.

"Anne, Anne, darling!" he murmured. He felt her mouth quiver under his ravenous lips; then he felt her gently pushing him away and heard her voice speaking.

"Alex," she remonstrated, "darling, you must be calm."

"Calm!" cried the King, with a joyous note in his voice. "Silly, how can I be calm when you are about? How did you ever guess that I needed you so desperately? It must have been some telepathic power."

Anne shook her head quietly.

"No, dear," she said. "Something much simpler than that. Hohenlohe brought me."

THE King stared at her, bewildered.

"Hohenlohe!" he cried. "Then he told you? Then you know that——"

"Yes, Alex," said Anne calmly. "I know." Her eyes were wide open, her face was drawn. "I know everything."

The King's laugh had a strange sound as he came closer again. "My dear, my darling," he murmured, "I understand. You really thought that I was going—that I was going back, that I should let a throne separate us?"

She stood before him silent as a statue.

"Darling," he continued rapidly, "if I was blind for a moment I can see clearly now. Nothing and one one has the right to separate us. You are mine—absolutely mine."

He took a step forward; she held up her head in restraint. He reached for it and held it in his.

"Now, Anne," he continued hurriedly, "you are going to stay here. We are going to have breakfast and then we are going to be married, and then we are going to run away to Paris, and then—"

He saw her eyes were staring past him. His words were falling on deaf ears.

"Anne," he said sharply, "aren't you listening."

"Yes, darling. I am listening—and I am trying not to hear."

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"Anne, what do you mean? Anne!" the King cried hoarsely.

"I mean," Anne said, her voice sounding unreal, as if coming from a wooden statue, "I mean, Alex, that I am not going to marry you, to-day, or to-morrow, or perhaps—ever."

An inarticulate cry broke from the King's lips. He stepped towards her. She stepped away, striving for self-control.

"Alex, you must listen to me." Her voice was calmly deliberate. "All the things you have been saying, you have tried to make yourself believe, but not one of them is true. Don't you know that if we run away, as you suggest, we should spend all our lives trying to run away from life? It couldn't be done. I know you love me now, perhaps—I only hope—as much as I love you. But gradually with the passing of years when you began to feel the contempt of other men, my love could not shield you, could not save you. You feel that you cannot live without me. I like to feel you can't! I don't know; but I do know that you can never live without your self-respect, and if you marry me and hide you will kill it absolutely and you will grow to hate yourself, and then you will hate me too, because I was the cause of it all. Do you suppose, my darling, that it is easy for me to play the Spartan woman? Do you think I enjoy the sacrifice?" She clenched her hands desperately. "It is only, Alex, only that I know that the sharp knife is more merciful than the slow fires of torture. You have no choice. I have none either."

"Somehow we never had," murmured the King bitterly.

"I know, dear," said Anne quietly. "That is the only thing that seems unfair." She bit her lip to keep it steady and forced back the tears that welled in her eyes. "We shall have to do the best we can, dear. You must leave at once."

"And you?" interrupted the King.

"And I," said Anne, "am following you as soon as you allow me to. I shall stay as close to you as possible as soon as you are reinstated. Wherever you are, Alex, I shall be waiting, and I shall be perfectly happy if you will only come to me sometimes."

Silently he opened his arms. Sobbing bitterly, she rushed into them. He soothed her gently, tenderly.

"I shall come to you, darling, every evening when my work is over, just as any other man comes home, and the thought of you will make my work a joy."

ANNE gave the King one last kiss and, drawing herself away, brushed a handkerchief across her eyes as a knock on the door was repeated.

The King looked at her. She made a brave attempt at a smile, then nodded quickly.

"Come in," called the King. Hohenlohe entered, followed by Von der Lanz.

Anne turned to them.

"Thank you, Count Hohenlohe," she said, "for bringing me here. I am leaving at once." She held out her hand to the King. It felt very cold and very small.

"Alex," she whispered, "if I have been strong enough not to try to hold you I am weak enough to hope——"

"To hope," murmured the King bitterly, "for what?"

"That thrones," said Anne, "are not quite as stable as they used to be."

The King smiled ironically.

"So I am going back," he mused, "to work even against our hopes!"

She looked up with brave eyes—dry eyes that were full of courage. She tried to speak. The words choked her. She tried again and the words came.

"Auf wiedersehen, darling," she whispered.

The King's bow cloaked the agonised expression of his face as Hohenlohe escorted Anne out of the room and down the corridor.

When the King turned to Von der Lanz his face was grave. He seemed to be suddenly older.

"CAPTAIN Von der Lanz," he asked crisply, as he slipped out of his evening clothes, "how soon can we leave?"

"As soon as your Majesty is ready," bowed Von der Lanz, the perfect military aide again. "Hohenlohe has arranged with the Baron von Ulm for the use of a plane."

"Good work, Von der Lanz," cried the King as Hohenlohe re-entered the room.

There was a knock at the door.

"See who it is," snapped the King.

Hohenlohe opened the door and a moment later handed an envelope to the King. With a gesture of impatience the King ripped it open and drew out a folded piece of paper. The message was brief:

> Eight-one and one-fourth of the sixteenth. The key is in every hotel bedroom.
>
> Zuppke.

"What nonsense is this?" cried the King angrily, reading the message aloud. He glanced from the bewildered von der Lanz to the puzzled Count. "Wait, wait," he went on; "the 'key' obviously means the key to the message, not the key to the door. 'In every hotel bedroom'—'in every hotel bedroom.' Why, of course! I have it. It must be a Bible. Quick, Joachim," he went on eagerly, "look in the Bible—eight must mean eighth book."

"Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus," muttered the Count, turning the pages with unfamiliar fingers. "Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua—that's six—Judges, seven, Ruth, eight."

"Right," cried the King, "'eight-one and one-fourth of the sixteenth.' Try the eighth book, the first chapter, and one-fourth of the sixteenth verse."

"That's it, your Majesty," interrupted Hohenlohe eagerly. "Here it is, the first one-fourth of the sixteenth verse:

"Whither thou goest I will go—Zuppke."

A car rocketed down deserted streets, over cobblestones and down broad avenues, across the town of Gorlitz where Ulm Allee runs into the Friedrichsplatz, along Prince Heinrich Strasse to the garrison of Gorlitz. A siren shrilled, a command was barked, and the Pomeranian Grenadiers presented arms, a line of men who gave a sense of steel and fur and snow. The car raced across the wide cavalry parade ground of the Black Dragoons, at the far end of which waited a huge tri-motored plane.

Propellers whirred, motors roared, the plane took off. It sped over Saxe-Radig, then hummed over the beautiful countryside of Zagau, with its neat farms and bustling little towns, to land on wide lawns behind the ancient grey stone walls of the Palace of Zagau in Koenigsburg. Four men strode across an emerald lawn.

A voice cried from the guard-house door: "His Majesty the King!"

The sentry's pace came to a precise halt. Heavy boot-heels cracked together. A rifle snapped to a smart present. The voice again, compelling, sharp, commanding: "Turn out the Guard. The King!"

A confusion of sounds, of rifles being snatched, of hurried, stumbling feet. Light footsteps fell on an ancient flagstone courtyard. A clear command rang through the air: "Never mind the Guard!"

The great iron gates of the east wing of the Palace swung back silently. Two footmen bowed. The King entered. The doors closed, smoothly and quickly. The King was home.

Heavy curtains were drawn in a gracious pleasant room. The King rose from a deep easy-chair of Prussian-blue damask that faced the fireplace as Jonas entered, presenting a velvet cushion covered with jewelled orders. Slowly the King pinned on the household decorations, and Jonas fastened a golden sash with the Order of the Black Eagle over his green velvet tunic, then deftly snapped a catch behind the King's back, and the "Pour le Merite" glittered at his throat.

Slowly the King worked the fingers of his left hand into a white kid glove. At a nod from the Duke, Von der Lanz waved a signal from the window. An instant later came the distant cannonading of the royal salute—boom, boom, boom, boom.

The room within was silent as Jonas offered him a tiny white envelope upon a silver tray.

Boom, boom. Breathlessly he ripped the envelope:

"I love you, I love you immeasurably; I think I only live through you; I love you blindly, madly, because you have such gentle hands and wild, brown eyes."

Boom, boom.

QUICKLY he slipped the letter into his pocket and put out his hand for the black-visored cap of the Green Hussars. Hohenlohe's hand was on the door leading to the balcony. Through the night and through the cannonading floated the Te Deum of the Cathedral bells. Silver-throated came the song:

"God preserve our good King Alex."

Von der Lanz signalled again from the window. Instantly the Konigsplatz was ablaze with light, white flares bursting through the dark and lighting up the balcony.

"Ready," nodded the King. He crossed the room, past the grim statue-like figure of Captain Von der Lanz.

"Thanks, Ulric. Thanks, Joachim," he whispered. Hohenlohe bowed. The door opened.

The King stepped upon the balcony in the blinding glare of light and looked down upon a sea of upturned faces and eager eyes. The crowd saw the glamorous graceful figure. A roar went up that seemed to shake the castle walls. A shout came from ten thousand throats, a cry that rang in wild acclaim, then drifted off into a benediction and a prayer:

"Long live the King!"

The King waved gaily again and again. His smiling lips framed words that no one heard:

"Confound this business of being a King!"

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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